Outdoor America

JANUARY, 1926

Price 15 Cents

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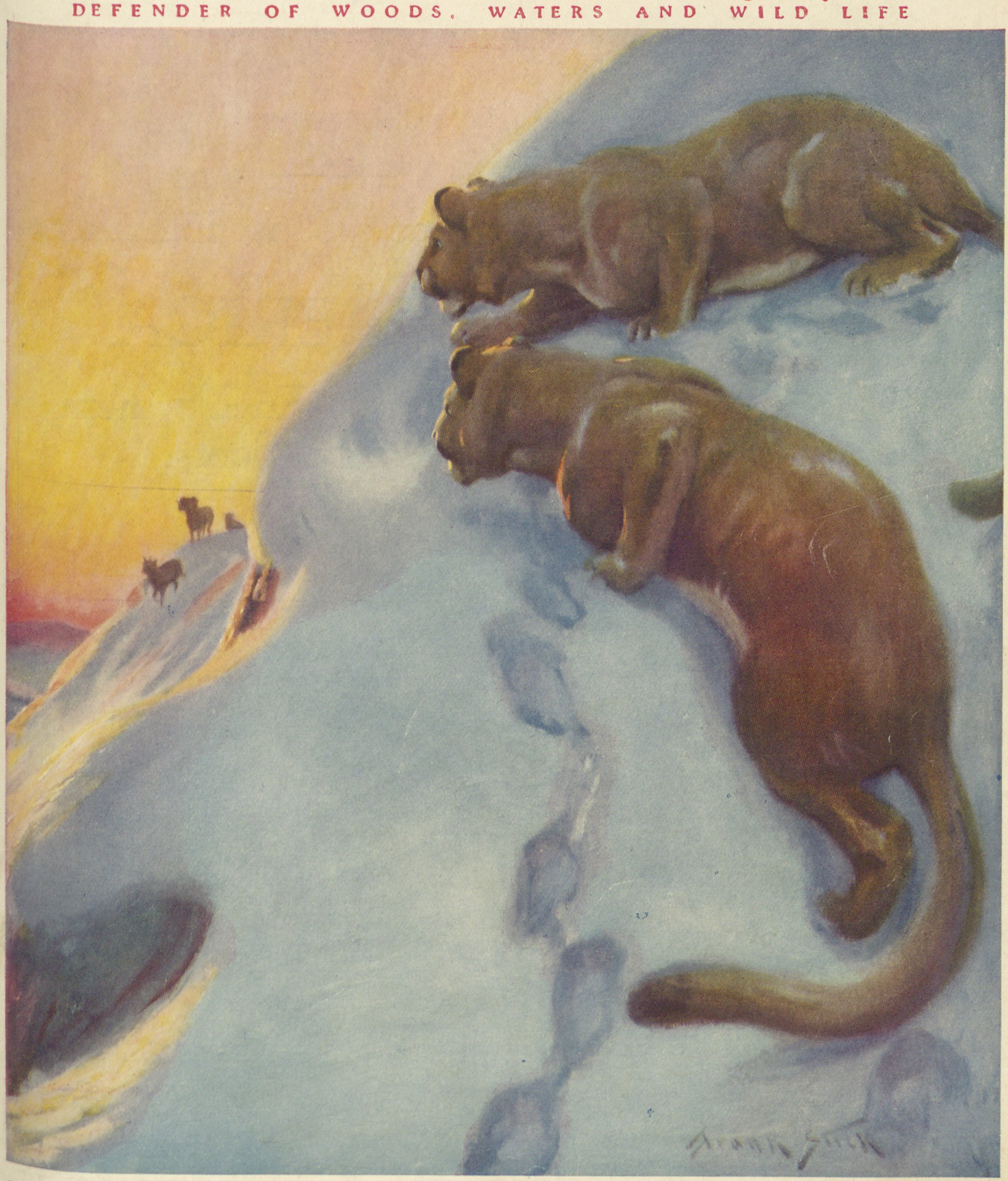

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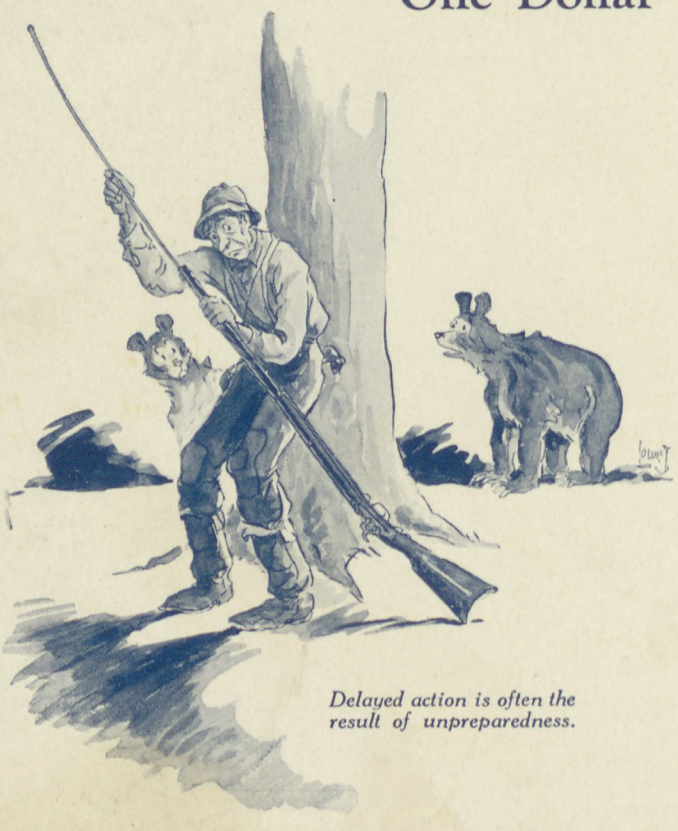

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By

Frank Winch

Formerly

Assistant Director of Sales E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

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For more than twenty years I have been before the public as a writer, sportsman, rifleman and angler. It has been my privilege to appear on the lecture platform of the largest clubs, civic, patriotic, fraternal and sportsman, in the United States. Millions of people have read my writings; millions more have heard me broadcast over station W. J. Z. Radio Corporation of America. Those of you who know me personally, and thousands of you do, have reasons to know that I have never in any way, at any time, commercialized my love for the outdoors nor have I ever accepted compensation for my writings or addresses. I worked and wrote for the love of the thing, the fun of the thing; and the best years of my life have been consecrated to the cause of better sportsmanship. Naturally all of this leads to the upbuilding of a personal following throughout the country, a colossal number of readers in every part of the United States, and these hosts have honored me with their friendship. This then is my answer to the loyalty that you have shown me, and on it I stake the reputation that it has taken me over twenty years to create, a statement from a square shooter to the best pals any fellow ever had, my brother sportsmen. *You can make money in Florida.* I'll tell you how—I'll send you without obligation a copy of Inside Facts on Realty Investments in the land of Sunshine and Golden Promise.

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The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though just four years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. No officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers and artists in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3. 1879

Volume IV — JANUARY, 1926 — Number 6

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The End of the Season

Vol. 4 No. 6

January Outdoor America 1926

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Take Old Friend Husband Fishin'

When the Yoke of Matrimony Begins to Take on Weight Give the Great Open Spaces a Trial, Says

MARJORIE KELLBERG

Photographs by the Author

If your thoughts are gettin' rusty,
Go fishin'.
If you're feelin' mean and crusty,
Go fishin'.
As you wander 'long a stream
Where all is still, and dream
Of the fish that you have taken
From beneath this very rock,
And the big ones sadly lost
At that same particular spot,
All your thoughts and all your feelin's
Do a sudden flipperty flop.
And you wonder just what's cured you.
I'm a tellin' you tain't wishin'.
Dog-gone,
It's fishin'.

THAT'S just what we did, John and I, we went fishin'. John is my husband. This is one thing that I have been wanting to write about for a long time. If more women would take their husbands fishing with them, there would be less—er—less—er. But I am getting away from my story, and I can't remember just what there would be less of. Oh, yes, I remember, there would be less fish.

Our dispositions were not as they should be. It was becoming an effort to be agreeable to each other. In fact we had arrived at the stage where we ceased to hide our feelings. It was very careless of us to let our feelings lie around loose, where our neighbors could find them. It gave them (our neighbors) a wrong impression of us. They began to lift their eyebrows and shrug their shoulders, as neighbors are wont to do, when someone mentioned our names.

We decided that something had to be done. This was one thing we agreed upon, now what to do. The neighbors did not seem to be of much help, at least their criticism did not seem to be very constructive. We decided to go some place where there was not a neighbor to be found within a day's journey. In such a place, we decided, we could let our feelings run around unclothed, exposing their naked truth. We would then become properly ashamed of them, and either reform or kill them.

We had heard of such a place, so we packed up our car with clothing, shelter and food enough to last us for a month, and started out without saying good-bye to our neighbors. (They wouldn't look our way when we came out to drive off.)

Well the first day we drove along, saying nothing to each other, and at noon, at least it felt like noon, I stopped the car at a gas station. John said, "Whatt'er yer stoppin' here for?" And I said in the same polite manner, "To feed the car and ourselves."

He was starting to say something sarcastic when I opened a box and presented him with a piece of fried chicken. This stopped him, and I thought I detected a kindlier look coming into his eye. After we finished eating, we started off with John at the wheel. We drove along, holding the same kind of an animated conversation we had held in the morning, until all of a sudden it dawned upon me that John was humming a tune. I was just about to ask him what that queer noise was when he said, taking one hand off of the wheel, and waving it out into the atmosphere, "Ain't that scenery wonderful?" I hadn't

Blueberry jam concocted over an open fire is conducive to a pleasant disposition.

While the music of nature is entrancing, one seldom has an aversion to "listening in" on the sounds of a great metropolis.

noticed any before, (being too busy thinking up something sarcastic to say to him, when he finally got tired of being quiet), so I just said, "Uh-huh" and lapsed into silence again. He continued to rave about the scenery the rest of the afternoon, and I answered him very intelligently with several uh-huh's, a few yeps, and one or two youbetchus, until I really began to be ashamed of myself. So I decided to contribute something toward the conversation, but couldn't think of any topic but the weather, so I made a general remark about it. We got along beautifully after that, and the silence wasn't so thick. By the time we arrived at a good camping place, along the shore of Lake Huron, we were on regular speaking terms again.

When we left Toronto we drove north to North-bay and then started west. The country from there on was very rocky. We passed a series of French villages, and then to the mining town of Sudbury, where we stopped to get the rest of our supplies, and our fishing licenses. John parked the car in front of the jewelry store, and I sat there and wrote a dozen or more postal cards, with pictures of wild looking Indians, bears, and deer standing on the shore of a lake looking at the wilderness beyond. While writing, "We are having a wonderful time, wish you were with us" (we didn't at all, but that was the only original thing I could think of to write), I happened to look at the jewelry store and a sign on it read, "Wedding rings and Marriage licenses." I didn't need a wedding ring, but a marriage license, one never can tell, particularly when one is taking a trip among wild animals and Indians. It did seem a shame to waste the opportunity to get one. There it was right in front of me. I think they would have sold it to me at a bargain, too, as business did not seem to be very rushing. I had just about made up my mind to go in and get one, when along comes John. I had lost my opportunity, as I sort of hesitated to say anything to him about it.

We drove on for miles without seeing anything or anybody, through country that seemed very desolate, until suddenly we came upon a wayside shrine, standing there in the midst of all this loneliness. We passed small mountains of solid rock with little or no vegetation on them. Finally we came to the town of Copper Cliff where nickel mines are located. I never saw a more barren or desolate place in all my life. Not a tree or even a stump of one, not a blade of grass, or any growing thing. The fumes from the smelting of the nickel ore kill any vegetation for miles around.

The next place we came to was White Fish. Here is where we left our car, in a shed. The town consists of three houses and the station. We stayed there all night, and the next morning ourselves and our duffle were packed into a wagon, taken to the shore of the Vermilion River, where we were dumped and abandoned. We were told that the Indians on the other side would come over and get our things for us, take us across the river and over the portage to Lake Panache, our destination.

Well, we sat and waited and watched the dark skinned gentlemen on the other side of the river. They were terribly busy doing nothing; we knew there was only one thing to do, and that was to sit on the shore and to await their pleasure. Finally, one of them got up, yawned, stretched himself, meandered down to the river and poled the flat bottomed boat over to us. We were taken across, our stuff thrown on shore, and off the gentleman walked. We thought the wretch was going to get the horses to pack our duffle, so we waited patiently one hour, then two hours.

There we were, on the edge of a wilderness, deserted. The forest in front of us, the river in back of us, and Indians on each side of us. Finally, John went in search of one of these miserable creatures, and came back with the cheerful news that the Indians' horses had wandered off and couldn't be found. So we decided the only thing to do was to camp right where we were until morning. We had just settled that question, when along came two of the boniest creatures I have ever seen. After looking at them fore and aft, it suddenly dawned upon me that they were horses. At least they had tails at one end, and heads at the other that looked like those of the horse family. After them shambled a couple of Indians. They packed on our duffle. When they had finished, we put up the bravest front we had, and looked at the Indians with the kind

of a look you give a dog, when you are deathly afraid of him, but don't want him to find it out. John stuck out his chest, waved his arm in the general direction of the wilderness and said, after clearing his voice a few times to see if it trembled, "MARCH ON, we'll follow." We had to, as the river was right in the road of the retreat.

We immediately entered the woods, and tramped on and on, through an avenue of pine and birch trees. Red raspberries grew in profusion along the side of the path. The peace and quiet of it was wonderfully soothing and healing to jangled nerves. We could feel the wrinkles smoothing out of our faces and dispositions. After what we thought was a distance of about ten miles, but which we were informed was only four, we suddenly emerged upon the shore of Lake Panache. The word Panache is an Indian name meaning "the spread of the antlers of the moose."

The first thing we did was to look around for the boat an Indian guide had promised to bring up to us, from Sudbury. He was to paddle it up through a number of rivers and lakes. The boat had not arrived, so again the only thing to do was to sit and wait.

By this time it was late in the afternoon. We pitched our little silk tent, cut enough pine boughs to make a soft bed, and retired as soon as it was dark. Here we stayed for two days and nights on the White Fish Indian Reservation, before our boat appeared.

The following tale was told us by a lumberman, about one of the squaws on this reservation. She is the laziest human being I ever heard of aside from myself. (I love laziness and admire the people who have the courage to be lazy, but to this Indian maiden I recommend the leather medal.) She is known by the name of Lazy Lizzie. Certainly no one ever had a more appropriate name. She lived with her mother and an aunt. One day the two with whom she lived went away, leaving Lizzie by herself. The lumberman who told us of her was curious to know what she would cook for herself, and stopped at her cabin. He saw that she had a kettle on the stove with something boiling away inside of it. She did not answer him when he asked her what it was she was cooking, so going over to the stove he lifted the lid, and, to his horror, beheld a whole frog floating around in a kettle full of water. Lizzie's culinary efforts consisted of going out to the shore, catching Mr. Froggie and dumping him into a kettle full of water, without any preliminary operations. Lizzie is a believer in simplified cooking, but I do think that the woman carries it to extremes sometimes.

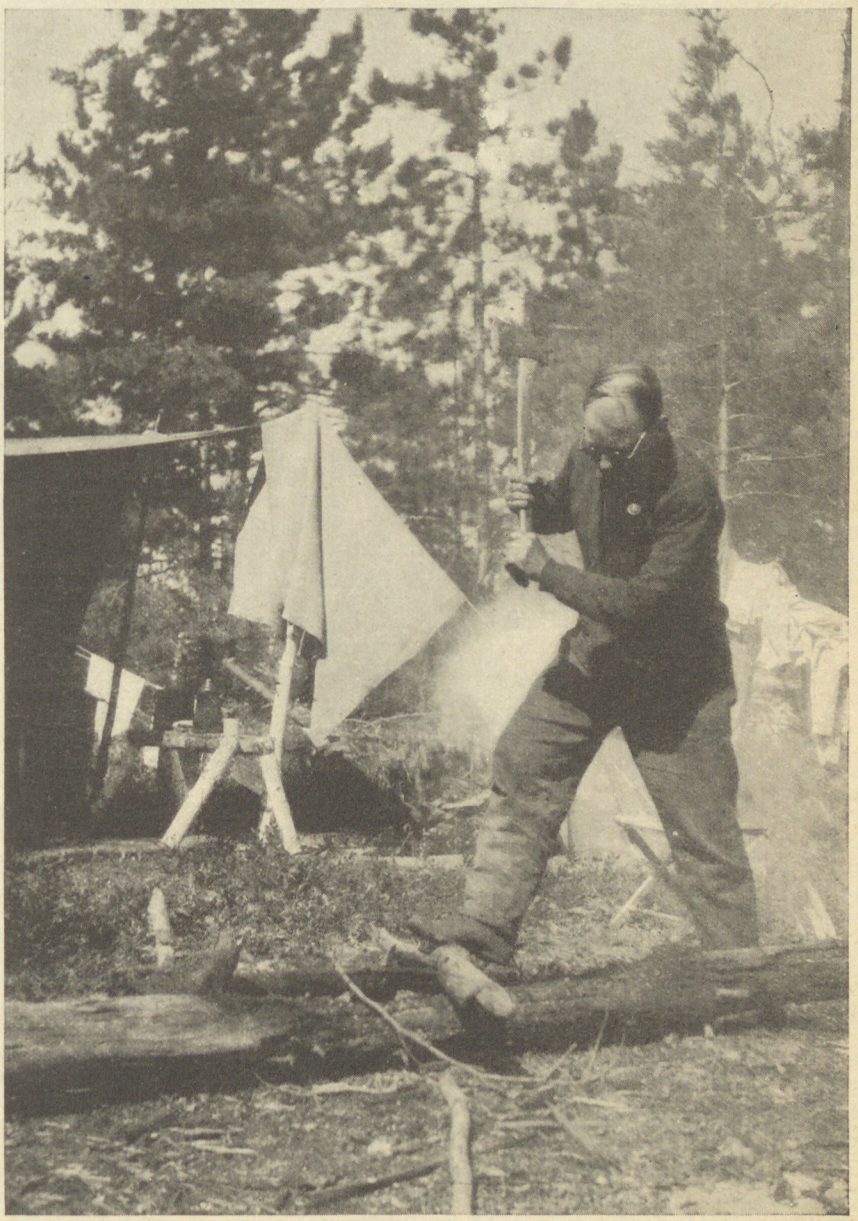
When our boat finally arrived, we packed in our duffle, fastened on our portable engine, that any child can carry, providing a man or two have a hold of the weighty end of it. John seated himself in the stern of the boat, and I, with compass in one hand and map in the other, sat in the bow. We went out on the lake about a mile, and through between two islands. Circling the island to our right and finding no camping place to our liking, we circled the one to our left with the same results. So, going on to another island and then another, we finally decided on a point on Big Pine Tree Island, about five miles out from our starting place. The spot was very well sheltered on the north, east, and west, open only on the south, which gave us a lovely view of the lake. There are several hundred islands on this lake, uninhabited, at least by two-legged animals.

When we had landed on the island we discovered that it was covered with luscious big blueberries. We could not step any place without crushing many of them under foot. They were delicious, and we would sit on the ground and eat quarts of them. One day I conceived the idea of making blueberry jam. John thought it a wonderful idea and started to pick berries.

Did you ever make jam over a fire built out of doors, with nothing over your kettle but the blue sky? Certainly, we had plenty of bugs and flying things up there. You know, when I stop to think of it, that jam when cooked *was* rather dark in color. I am glad we didn't stop to think about it while we were in camp, because when we spread it on our bread, we put it on so that it looked like a topographical map of the country we were in—very hilly.

We built a very comfortable camp, put a fly over the front of the tent and supported it with birch poles, to make a veranda. John built some benches and a table, and he surely was proud of his carpenter work.

The first morning we were in camp, as soon as I got awake, I hopped out of bed, wakened John and handed him his bathing suit. "What's that for?" says he. "To go swimming in, of course. Did you think you were going to a formal reception in it?" says I. "This is a glorious morning, and to think for a month we will be able to get up, put on our bathing suits, run down to the lake, take a swim and stay in as long as we want to, can you imagine anything more ideal? Hurry up and get into your suit, so we can go in together." "Awright, awright, I guess the lake will stay there a few minutes longer; besides, it's too darn far north to take a bath, and besides, I thought we were on a vacation." "Just the same, you are going to take a swim every morning; it's wonderfully invigorating and healthful." John proceeded to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 57]

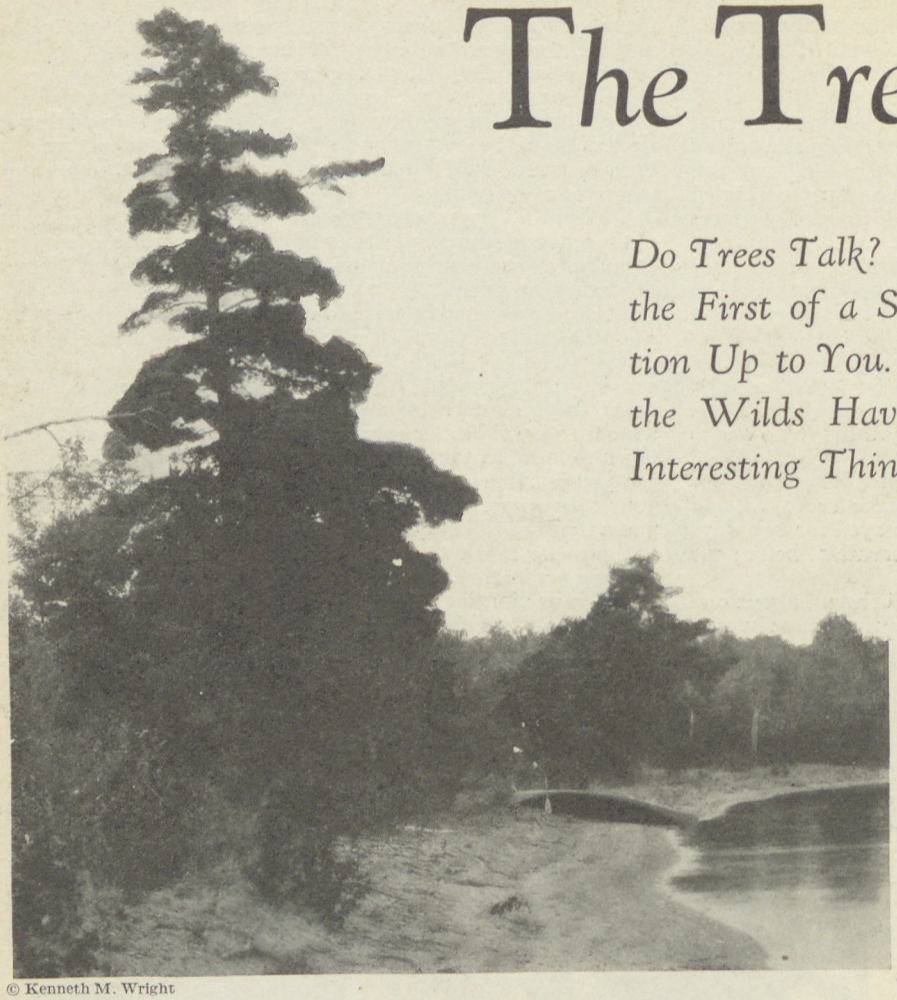


John spent each day striving to reach the proportions of a "Perfect 36".

The Tree People

Do Trees Talk? El Comancho in This, the First of a Series, Puts This Question Up to You. Comancho's Years in the Wilds Have Taught Him Many Interesting Things You Should Know

By EL COMANCHO



© Kenneth M. Wright

Couldn't this old White Pine, monarch of Ten Mile Lake, tell some interesting tales?

ALL of us who go to the wilderness see trees.

We admire the beauty of them, sit in the shade, listen to the rustling leaves, watch the birds come and go, learn to know an Oak from a Pine and—that's about all; some of us go further and learn to recognize the nut-growing species on sight because we like the nuts they produce, but the ordinary citizen doesn't really know one tree from another, or what they mean to us and to the world at large.

When we see a horse, a dog, a rabbit, cat, pig—anything that can move about of its own free will and eat and drink like we do, we credit that thing with intelligence and even admit that it may have instinct or the glimmering indications of a mind in the making, perhaps.

But trees—that's different! Who ever thinks of crediting trees with the ability to think or with being possessed of instinct and having an intelligent grasp on the idea of life the same as we do?

Nobody! Not even the college scientist who cold-bloodedly classifies groups and arranges species in related families and ponderously tells us all about a lot of things (which are perfectly plain for any man to see who knows how to use his eyes)—and does not tell us a lot of things we really ought to know, especially about trees, for our own good and the good of the world.

For instance—what does he know about trees and their mental ability and attitude toward life? Not a thing, any more than you do.

"Trees? Trees think? Bosh and nonsense, also poo poo and a couple of tuts" for good measure, to show his contempt for such a crazy idea—"why, trees don't think! They are rooted to the ground and they have no mental process—they are like a potato or any other thing which grows in the ground. Think? Nonsense!"

And there our learned brother dismisses the whole idea from his ponderous brain because he himself has not learned how to think, and is therefore a victim of his own ignorance.

Let's look beyond the end of our noses and see about this tree business, maybe we will learn something new.

Let's take the evergreen forests as a good place to start, for on the West Coast and around the Great Lakes there has been the most magnificent forests the world has ever known.

Miles and miles of three hundred foot tree trunks, each one as round and smoothly beautiful as though it had been turned out on a lathe, grow (excuse me, once grew) on the Pacific Coast north of the Columbia River.

Here the Douglas Fir, Arbor Vitae, Spruce, Hemlock, Larch, Tamarack, Alaska Cedar, Yew and many other species are at their finest—and are being lumbered off to the last one by man, who is thereby slowly but surely laying up troubles for himself all down the years to come, for he is recklessly disturbing the balance of nature.

The average ripe Douglas Fir will run about 300 feet high as it stands, and it has stood still wherever it may be in the woods when you see it, for from eighteen hundred to five thousand years because it is rooted to the ground and cannot run.

If it moves, it dies, so it does not move, but puts out roots that form a network of holding places and produce a myriad of feeding mouths all through the ground where it stands.

These roots are its foundation as well as its source, or rather its means, of sustenance, for it grips the earth with each rootlet and spread the whole mass wide at the same time, giving a firm, wide base to support the tall column of trunk with its plume top of branches.

Its tiny rootlets seek out all the food and moisture they can get to feed the great body of the tree.

All plant food is always taken up in the form of a solution; no plant ever "eats" anything solid—it must be received by the "mouths" of the tiny rootlets as a liquid solution containing mineral salts, extracts, juices, and whatsoever else it may be that the tree finally uses as food. Trees are the greatest users of moisture in the world and the heaviest forests always grow in the areas of greatest rainfall, because they seek the moisture.

Every tree is full of tiny tubes which run from the rootlet mouths up through the root, on up the trunk, on out through limb and twig and leaf stem to finally end with a microscopic opening on the underside of the leaf.

Every bit of food for that tree or plant is brought up through these tiny tree veins, or tubes, from the ground, in liquid solution, to come in contact with the light and air in the leaf and there undergo such magic changes that starches, sugars and fibrous forms are created from it, and the tree grows by extension of the twig on which the leaf stands. In no other way can any plant be formed. In the same way the trunk grows out from the heart, a thin ring each year of new fibrous wood being added to the outside of the trunk just under the bark—a slow but continuous process of enlargement from within.

This covers the whole idea of plant growth and it is the process through which all vegetable matter is built up into the myriad forms we know, from the tiny microscopic plant to the giant Redwood tree, and each form of the whole vegetable kingdom must go through the same painfully slow routine to get its growth.

Thus the tree is doomed to stand in whatever place the seed may fall and start to grow, and from this fixed point the new tree must meet the world and all in it and live its allotted span.

There is no way this tree can dodge or sidestep anything—it is a fixed life-unit which is designed to live its life, reproduce its species and carry on through such length of years as it shall take to grow, to ripen and finally to reach old age, provided always that it shall survive all accidents, escape its living enemies and endure, through freezing cold and sweltering heat alike, be lucky enough not to be crushed by the falling trunk of one of its fellows, burned by some forest fire, uprooted by some wild gale or have any other thing happen to it before it dies.

Confronted with a fixed place wherein it must live, whether or no, denied the ability to move or change its environment in any way, each tree alone or as a unit in one of all the vast forest of its kind—each and every individual of every species, wherever it may be upon the earth, must carry on and survive or perish at the original point where its first little white rootlet was sent down into the soil from the seed when it was dropped there by the whim of fate, unless it is moved by means or forces outside itself.

All the tribes of the great company of the Tree People must meet these same fundamental facts of life—and they do it—magnificently.

They have all kinds of problems to meet just as we have, and they work them out just as we do, only they are not in such a tremendous hurry as we are.

We are accustomed to thinking about life in terms of seventy years of total length; everything we do on earth, from the day we are born to the day we start on the final Great Adventure, must be done within the average span of "three score and ten" years—more or less.

That is the time we have "to do it in."

The Tree People live much slower; the Redwoods are still youngsters at five thousand years; the Oaks live into the thousands of years and the average big fir tree of the Pacific Coast lives about five thousand years before it reaches old age.

With this vast length of life ahead the Tree People find no occasion for hurry.

They take life easily; they are deliberate, leisurely, quiet folks much given to contemplation and not used to sudden emergency situations.

It takes time for them to meet and understand the problems of life, but that does not mean that they don't meet and understand them eventually.

Prevailing wind currents provide a problem for Friend Tree, because the force of wind blowing against his far thrown limbs, exerts a tremendous leverage against his embedded roots.

© Kenneth M. Wright

Norways against the sky—

The wind pushes with mighty force against his great leafy top and tries to tear Friend Tree out of the ground, and often does so.

The Tree, in the course of its growing years, comes to understand that there is always one direction from which it must expect stronger winds and more of them than from any other direction, so it meets this situation by throwing out a stronger and greater network of roots, fanlike, to cover the earth mass and grip it mightily in that direction.

The root growth developed will be considerably heavier, stronger and in more of a mass here to windward than elsewhere, for the sole purpose of resistance against the tearing force and uprooting tendency of the prevailing winds.

Do you tell me that Friend Tree does not think out cause and effect in this matter and then go further and think out ways and means to combat the menace to its existence—and then go ahead and do it? It certainly does just that—and each and every individual tree works out its own problems in this regard to suit its own situation.

It does not stop with providing extra root growth as a safety measure, either; if it did we might say it did not think, for it meets its problem two separate and distinct ways, first by additional root anchorage as above, and further by extending its growth to meet the thrust of the wind on its top.

This means that instead of growing straight up as the natural tendency is, if it grows in a sheltered place, it grows in an increasing bend away from the thrust of the wind, so that the resistance of limbs and leafage is reduced by growing them along stream-lines that run with the flow of the air currents.

Thus we notice in some localities, such for instance as the flat country around Chicago, that all trees "lean to the East" (as they do in this locality) because the strongest winds come from the West and the tree grows to the eastward with its longest limbs and bends its top in the same direction to lessen the surface exposed to wind-thrust.

Here we find only short limbs growing on the west side of the tree and long limbs on the east side, so the wind cannot break them off with the bend of the up-thrust that a gale would exert blowing against the outer end.

At the same time and for the same reason the tree grows its longest and strongest roots toward the West and thus has much stronger anchorage on the west side, which makes a double resistance to a force that would tear the tree out by the roots or smash its limbs or top if it did not meet its problems in exactly the manner it does meet them.

Our best civil engineers could not produce a better plan to cover the problems involved and provide the safety margin for Friend Tree which enables him to bow gracefully to the roaring winds and live serenely on to the desired end. It is so with every tree that ever grew in the world.

Say you then, Brother, that Friend Tree does not think just as we do—only slower—or, that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 51]

Old Dogs and New Tricks

Even in Fox Hunting the Mongrel Often Proves a Valuable Addition to the Pack

By CHARLES J. HANSEN

"DARN that dog!" exclaimed Hank as he slammed the car door. "He's getting to be a regular tramp. He'd be all right if it wasn't for that half-breed pal of his."

"Bob, old boy," he said, as he stroked the dog's ears affectionately, "you're keeping bad company. Guess I'll have to break you of this night prowling."

We were on our way to Sweetwater Swamp, about twenty-five miles distant, to hunt white rabbits, and I could plainly see that Hank was irritated over something. He stepped on the gas as Lizzie slewed on the ice under the new fallen snow.

© Cliff Powers

Ready to go—

"Slippery, eh! Well, we'll have to take it a little easy. As I was about to explain: About two or three times a week there comes a stray dog, half hound and half something else, that calls for Bob, and together they go out and run wild, sometimes running rabbits for eighteen or twenty hours at a stretch. Well, that's what happened yesterday. Yellowlegs, that's what I call him, called for Bob shortly after dinner, and Bob just got back about an hour ago. I hate to chain him up."

"But," I interrupted, "he won't be much good for hunting today if he ran all yesterday afternoon and all last night."

"Oh yes, he will. Besides, that's how I expect to break him. I'm going to give him work enough that he won't want to go lone-hunting with Yellowlegs. Then, too, I'm going to give Yellowlegs a little dose of—"

"Carbon disulphide?" I interjected.

"Yes, that's the stuff. Maybe that'll keep him away."

About an inch of heavy wet snow had fallen during the night, a steady wind was blowing from the east, and falls of wet snow came and passed intermittently.

"By George, this is a wonderful fox day! I don't know when I've seen better conditions for running foxes," exclaimed Hank.

To these remarks I had to acquiesce and give in to his superior knowledge of the game. Hunting and trapping foxes was Henry Pelawski's favorite sport. He had hunted and trapped in various sections, from the Pere Marquette River to Hudson Bay, and he would rather pit his skill with dog and gun or traps against Sly Reynard than fall a big moose or buck deer.

So, as we drove along, Hank never mentioned rabbits, but kept talking foxes all the time.

"I wonder if Bob would run a fox," he said, more to the dog than to me. Bob wagged his tail. "You know, when he was six months old he ran a fox for seven hours in company with my old fox hound, Bing. When still a youngster he would often pick up a fresh fox track while running rabbits. I would always scold him for this as I was training him for rabbits only. But now that faithful old Bing is gone, I've a notion to switch Bob over to a fox dog."

The farther we drove the more Hank talked foxes and fox dogs, continually remarking about the ideal fox weather. I really began to believe that his old rabbit dog would run a fox and that the weather was perfect for a fox chase.

"Say, Charley, if you don't mind I'd like to try Bob on foxes today. The conditions are just right, and I'm sure he'll run them." "Sure," said I, "it's your party. I'll do anything you like except run him on deer—skunks if you wish."

"Well," replied Hank, "we'll have the fun of hearing Bob singing on the trail—and we may be lucky enough to bag one."

We stopped at several places to examine some fox sets Hank had made two days before. All around the sets were many tracks, but not a single fox was caught in the traps that day. As these tracks were all quite old, Hank did not care to start the dog, so we went over the hills into a thicket to look for fresher tracks. Bob followed behind, somewhat listlessly, I thought. But every time we came to a fresh rabbit track he livened up and expressed an eager desire to be off, but was held back by a simple word from Hank. He was a very well behaved dog and Hank always had him under complete control.

Shortly we came upon a fresh fox track and Hank did his best to enthuse the dog and get him to take the trail, but Bob disdained to notice it. We had to follow along and coax him on. He ran on a short distance ahead and was soon heard yelping off on a rabbit track. Hank placed two fingers to his mouth, half swallowing them it seemed, and gave a piercing whistle. Very soon Bob came bounding in.

"Say, mister," he said to the dog, "don't you know I haven't let you loose yet? I'll tell you when I want you to go."

"How does he know what you want?" I inquired.

"Well, he doesn't, exactly," replied Hank, "but here's where the old dog is going to learn a new trick. You watch and see."

At that, Hank took him firmly but gently by the neck and pulled him along, holding his nose close to the track, scolding a little at first, then petting and encouraging.

"Move on, now, Bob—careful, careful—don't get off that track."

It was not long before he was again lost to view and we heard him barking some distance from us. This time Hank's whistle did not work.

"Is that you're new trick?" I inquired.

"He's after a rabbit again," said Hank, ignoring my thrust. "I guess he can't hear, or is only pretending so. We'll have to head him off when the rabbit circles, but don't shoot the rabbit. I want him to understand that he's not hunting rabbits today."

The bunny passed through, an easy shot, but was allowed to hop along in perfect safety, and Hank again whistled sharply. Very soon Bob came up, reluctant to leave the rabbit track.

"Sit down," commanded Hank sternly, pointing a finger at him like a school teacher.

Bob sank slowly to his haunches and his head drooped.

"Look up here," snapped Hank.

He raised his head slowly, with a look on his face that only a hound can give, that seemed to say: "What's the matter, ain't I doing all right? What do you want me to do, anyway?"

Hank then kneeled down and took one of Bob's paws in his hand and talked to him like a brother. As though he were talking to a human being, he begged and coaxed him to stay on that track. Not once did he lay a rough hand on him. He spoke sternly, but not harshly. Rising, he stroked him gently on the head, and pleaded: "Sure you will, won't you, Bob, old boy?"

Bob rose, wagging his tail rapidly, with an expression in his eyes that tried to say: "You bet I will."

Then Hank sharply commanded him to heel and we made our way back to the fox trail to begin anew.

For a long time we followed the trail and Hank would not let the dog out of his sight. At last Bob began to whine and whimper, and he seemed very impatient. Hank studied a minute, to make sure that he had not winded a rabbit close by. Finally, seeming satisfied, he cried out encouragingly: "Hi on, hi on! Go after him old boy! Go get him!" Bob was out of sight in a flash.

"Well," said Hank, "I guess we'll wait awhile. He seems to have the idea now."

We waited some time before we heard two sharp, joyous barks.

"Ah, that's different! He's not on a rabbit track this time," exclaimed Hank, confidently.

"How do you know?" I inquired, not being quite so confident.

"It 'pears to me that Bob has now learned a new trick," said Hank, ignoring my query.

I believe Hank understood that dog better than he did his wife—thought as much of him, too, maybe. Shortly there followed a series of excited barks, yelps and howls.

"There, he's jumped him!" exclaimed Hank proudly.

This excitement soon settled down to the deep baying of the steady chase.

"We'll now have to wait to see which way he swings," said Hank. After waiting for some time it appeared as though the fox was circling to the left. Hank waited a few minutes to make sure.

"Come on, follow me. I don't think Bob will run him very fast, but we'll have to hurry to cut him off on the first circle," said Hank as he started off on the run. Over hills, down ravines and through thickets we raced, and I had great difficulty keeping up with him.

After about a mile of hard running we reached a ridge and Hank motioned for me to stop and make a stand. He took up a position on the ridge about a hundred yards opposite me. The ridge was like a projecting peninsula, with a valley on each side of us. In front it sloped down to another valley which rose again to another large hill in the distance. There was no underbrush or large trees, only scattering scrub oaks, which gave us an excellent view, both in front and on each side.

The hound was now completely out of hearing. The fox did not make a short circle and we had arrived in plenty of time. I was still panting from the exertion of the long run, but even so, I could not help but wonder as I stood waiting: "Why did Hank pick this particular ridge? We had passed others just like it. Or, what was there to prevent the fox from circling twenty rods or a mile on either side of us?" I asked about it later, and he relied nonchalantly, "I'm sure I can't tell you. You'll have to ask the foxes why they persist in running through on that ridge. All I know is that they do."

After a long wait our patience was rewarded by hearing the faint baying of the hound over the far off hills. Gradually the baying became louder, and we became all alert and watched the opposite hillside closely. Presently I espied Red Reynard leisurely loping down the distant hill. He did not seem to be in a hurry and the loping changed to a trot. He stopped abruptly and looked behind for the dog. Bob was not in sight. He apparently was not rushing this fox. Redcoat, seeming satisfied, trotted on, then suddenly, changing his course, as though having seen us, swerved way off to the side. "Hank made a bum guess this time," I thought, as I watched our quarry slipping away. But no, he turned slightly and again looked behind, then angled back directly toward us. He loped along briskly, and reaching the foot of the hill below us, suddenly stopped, apparently frozen in his tracks, and threw his keen nose into the air. Slowly he swung his head back and forth in a half circle. "Something wrong here," he appeared to say. Meanwhile, I stood like a statue, my trigger finger itching. I did not move a muscle nor blink an eye. I hardly breathed. I wanted to call out to Hank, but dared not. One false move and the fox would swerve away and be lost. I stood very still. I decided that should the fox swing to the right I would take a chance at a long shot; should he make toward Hank I would let him go, hoping Hank would get a shot at him within range. Reynard did not tarry long, as Bob was slowly but surely closing up the gap. Soon he bounded off toward Hank's side, but he kept to the bottom, circling the projecting ridge. Bang! The instant Hank fired I raced for the opposite side of the ridge behind him, hoping to get in a shot should the red boy continue to circle the ridge and keep to the bottom. Hank's first shot was followed by four more in rapid succession. By this I knew he was taking long shots. I had almost reached the opposite side when, suddenly, I caught a glimpse of red. Whirling quickly, I hesitated for an instant to make sure, then, taking quick aim, fired. The flash of red stopped.

Hank came running over.

"Did you get him?" he panted.

"I think so," I gasped anxiously.

We ran over and found him in the snow be-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]

© Cliff Powers

Homeward bound.

Then I let him have it!

Hunting Grizzly in 1877

By W. A. ALLEN

Did You Ever Have a Wounded Grizzly Get So Close It Was Necessary to Hit Him With Your Gun?

September 2, 1877,
Montana Territory.

INDIAN SUMMER was abroad in the land. The first frosts had turned the Quakenasps a golden glow, and to the westward the lofty peaks of the Rocky Range of Mountains had mingled with silver and blue of the clouds. The wild geese came down from the northern lakes on steady wings and the ducks were making a boisterous noise quacking to their neighbors. A pair of coyotes were calling to their neighbors to help eat the carcass of a young buffalo close by our camp, when a herd of wild horses came thundering over the plain to the Yellowstone, driven by a beautiful sorrel stallion, head almost on the ground and his tail performing a complete circle and vanished among the sand hills across the Clarks Fork Valley. This was more than human nature could stand and Camp Yellowstone began to get lonesome for adventure.

John Lenn, a sea-faring man who had sailed the seven seas and had been in many countries, was Scotch Irish stock and genial to a fault. He had red hair and blue eyes. Some love affair started him on his roving and sight-seeing. He was burning with an intense desire to see the Rockies, the grizzlies, the elk, moose and the wild mountain goat. One night while sitting around our campfire, a cat owl set up a scream in a far off tree on the river bottom and John said, "That must be a panther." Again it sent a fierce cry on the still night, and as the sound died away in the distance, John said, "Why not go to the mountains?" "Well, John, I have had the fever all day for a grizzly, let's clean the guns, pack the outfit and hit the trail by sunup."

Our outfit consisted of five packs and two saddle horses. We had some bucking, as our horses had not been under the saddle or packs for ten days and the rich buffalo grass was too much for them. Our lead horse wore a small bell around his neck and whenever a pack got into the bushes it always came to the bell horse. Sunup found us on the old Nez Perce Trail crossing at Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone. We kept the south bank until we reached the Stillwater; here we forded to the north side and kept on till we reached the Boulder, where we started fishing—for this is a mountain stream alive with trout to this day, full of granite boulders of all sizes and worn smooth by the wash from the mountains. We urged our packs over this rocky trail as fast as possible until we came to the Natural Bridge. We passed on up about three miles and in looking out for a camp, we found a log cabin about twenty feet square, hewed logs, finely built, a good fireplace, splendid roof and a dirt floor, situated in a dense jungle of Quakenasps. A splendid corral about one hundred feet square and had been used for horses. Initials were cut on the mantel and dated 1869.

The entrance or exit was to wade an overflow from the main river. Our packs were unloaded and our entire luggage deposited inside. The horses were knee deep in blue-stem, and the lariats were soon fastened in for the night.

While John got supper, I took a turn about our camp. I sat down on a rock about a quarter mile from camp, and saw sixteen white tail deer come out of the willows. Beauties, in their fall coats of gray—sleek and bright. A splendid buck with a perfect set of antlers. Shoot! was the first instinct, but I had

already found fresh lion tracks, mountain sheep and three different sized bear tracks. The deer were on the alert with eyes and ears—one bite of grass, then survey the entire field; then another bite of grass, and so on. The buck was always on watch and also one of the large does, but the fawns were full of sport, jumping around. They passed out of sight and I went to the cabin and reported being surrounded by sheep, bear, lions and deer. John was all excited with the prospects of tomorrow.

Such a supper as John had on the crude table, which had been left in the cabin: brook trout, venison, onions, potatoes, hot biscuits and syrup, coffee and condensed cream. We surely had a feast for two hungry men, and we talked about what we would kill in the morning.

Several times during the night something scared the horses—a bear or a lion—but Captain Jinks was on guard, and held all prowlers at bay until morning, which came all too soon. The birds were chattering overhead in the Quakenasps and the king of birds—a Mountain Jay—sat high on a spruce pine, taking a sun bath already shooting its rays across the forest trees. John went up the river to a deep black pool for trout and I went up north to a great slide in the rocks, where I could hear two mountain sheep in battle, and the sound was a familiar one. I was at my best, hard as a bullet, and I ran about a quarter of a mile, then stopped to listen. Bang, went their horns together. I crawled up closely behind a jack-pine, where I could see their maneuvers, as I always wished to see the battle of wild animals. Here they were madly plunging at each other, they would back up until they were about forty feet apart, then they would strike an attitude of defiance, and charge like two infernal machines. When about six feet apart they would spring into the air, throw their heads down and crash together. After several charges, one ram seemed to strike his opponent on one horn and a side or glancing blow, which would turn his adversary half around, then quick as a flash he would land on his body just over his heart, which made him sick and he turned and started up the trail over the cliffs.

My Prize Ram stood erect, a gladiator and a victor, but he seemed uneasy and kept his eye on a crest of rocks above him, and as I was close up I could see the outline of two monstrous lions watching the ram. They, too, were on a still hunt, and they are past-masters in their profession. I was cramped from long strain, and trying to get the lions. My ram, a superb specimen, began to move away around a point of rocks. A thought struck me, and I drew a bead on his heart and fired a stream of fire and a 45 bullet tore through his lungs, and the lions disappeared, but I knew they would come back if I butchered the ram on the spot. The report of the old Bullard sounded and re-echoed through a thousand canyons and set the jays and squirrels chattering among the pine cones. The brave old warrior gave a few bounds down the hill and went to earth. The most perfect specimen I ever saw, in his September blue, and a royal head of horns 18½ inches, a perfect curve and a perfect set of horns to the extreme ends, which is very rare. I took the head and scalp back to the front legs as the meat was of no value. I cut him open, took out the entrails and started to camp with my prize, down, down a long ways, but I was planning to get those two lions.

When I got to camp old Captain Jinks met me with such a welcome smile I felt quite at home. John was surely going to get his mate tomorrow. But as the broiled trout was on our crude punchow table, I was not long in asking him to excuse me for not refusing such a supper, baked beans, venison, hot biscuits, maple syrup, fried onions and potatoes, coffee and condensed cream. Well, we went all over the sheep and lion hunt and John's trout and a young buck of the Virginia red deer, which abounds in this sportsman's paradise. The air was sharp and the stars glittering in the sky, the silvery moon was gliding over mountain peaks as we gathered some rich pine stumps for our cabin for night and a breakfast fire, while the wild things of the mountains were gathering a repast from nature's larder.

We were sleeping that pure, refreshing, restful sleep only known to mountain climbers, who scale where oxygen abounds, when morning came, as all mornings do among the craggy walls of the Rockies. We were ready to go about three o'clock, and I preferred to go alone, as it was a very peculiar trip to make and one bad slip or fall might spoil the entire plot.

The cougar is a still hunter, and you will find he is a past-master and is rarely caught asleep so I laid my plans to be on the ground first. The traveling was bad and I could scarcely see my way among the thick foliage. The pines were fragrant and the heavy frost made it fresh as a dew drop. I was just nearing my perch behind the big boulder covered with wild ivy under a mountain ash, when I heard a sound of heavy feet and snapping of dry sticks. I was sure this was not the lions, as they make no noise traveling. A bear was the only thing, and I was eager to get a shot, but it was entirely too dark to risk a shot where I had no chance of escape in case I did not make a fatal shot. I could hear him tearing up roots and digging the earth with his terrible claws, then I knew he had eaten the sheep and was covering up the remains, as they invariably do.

It began to clear up a little and I could see his outline—a mammoth Grizzly. He was working fast to finish. He would tear up a great stone and roll it down the hill and scrape off roots two inches through like pipe stems and I on nettles to get a shot at his vitals, when the two lions came skulking over the rim rock like a shadow. My post was a dangerous one, as I was surrounded on two sides, but I had confidence in my old friend Bullard. It had never failed me in all these years. I had ten cartridges in the chamber, and one in the barrel ready on a second's notice. I raised my rifle to shoot the bear on the first exposure of his ear, throat or brain, as he was too close for second or third shots. I could see him better, and the lions were still approaching, and I thought I might see a battle royal. I could see my front sight, but the fever was raising in my blood for action that must come in a few moments. The bear's robe was worth five hundred dollars, well mounted, while the lions, if both were killed, would be worth fifty. But the

Where the Bison reigned.

lions would kill more game by many times. I had it all planned out and raised my rifle the second time to slay the monster bear first, as the lions sprang off the rim and started toward the sheep's carcass, when, to my everlasting disgust, the bear walked around the rock and out of sight. "Never again," said I. The lions dragged the remains of the carcass out from under the dirt and stones and roots and began to devour the remains. The male growled at his mate and showed his ugly temper to the female, and would strike at her, until he had eaten to the last capacity.

"Well, old fellow, you should die easy now, on a full stomach," and as my bear had slipped away so easily, I was going to make sure—just at this critical moment they both started down the hill at full speed, when bang, went the Reliable, and the male curled up in a heap—another crash, and the female had traveled the same route, and both were in death's struggle—they both had the vitality of the cat of nine lives. I skinned them and started for camp, dragging the skins on the ground hair side down. I took the trail of the old Grizzly and followed him until I came to where he had heard my shots and down the mountain he went, tearing bushes and old dry sticks and leaving a trail like a band of elks. From the general course he was going, I was almost sure he would make for some of the Quaken-asps jungles near the main river, and as my lion skins were getting harder to drag, I took a straight course south to our camp.

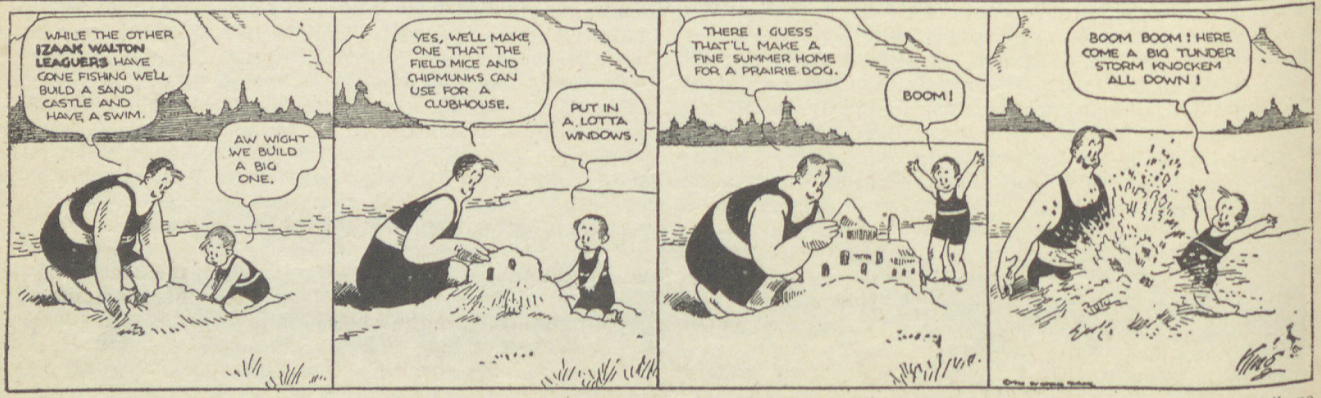
A down hill pull of a mile brought me to our cabin. It was deserted, as John and Captain went up the river, so I staked my lions down, flesh side up, and gave them a generous coat of arsenic. I changed our saddle horses to better grass, got a lunch, and started down the river, where I was in hopes of finding my bear, when rounding a small hog-back that jutted close to the river, I came onto a skunk eating a gopher. I came very close to him and when he had finished his meal, he started down the trail and into a jungle of cypress, hunting all sorts of bugs and mice, under stones and logs. Just at the turn of the trail he darted into a woodchuck's hole in the rocks. I hurried to see if he would stay or be chased out by the woodchuck. Just as I was turning into a canyon, under some cypress bushes, I ran into an old Grizzly bear. Old Ephraim stopped and showed me a set of teeth. I threw my gun to my shoulder. Heavens! Twenty feet apart! One shot at a monster! If not fatal, I shake hands with St. Peter. If I wound him—no more bears for me. He had the best of it all around. I held my gun on his brain pan. I was steady and confident. I said to him, "Get off the trail." He looked surprised, but did not move. I said a little louder, "Get out!" He looked angry and raised up on his hind legs, twenty feet in the clear. I was standing beside a jack cottonwood, but if I wounded him, I could not have time to get up, and would not be safe if I did. I was watching the bristles on his neck and back. They were raising, and he was getting ready for battle. If I could break his neck by a shot in the throat I would be all right. If I missed the neck bone I would be all wrong. I guess I thought of everything in my past life and of the many bear hunters who had been found in the mountains, dead, close to a Grizzly. As he began to show signs of a charge I let fly at his throat to break his neck. At the instant I pressed the trigger he lowered his head to charge and the point of his nose came in contact with my 45 caliber bullet, three hundred grains of soft lead driven by 85 grains of Hazzard's Diamond Black Powder, which tore his upper jaw into shreds up to his eyes. I never saw such a wound. He charged me and his roar would put an African lion out of his class, but I beat his time to the river and with one plunge, went into the swift current, clothes and all. I started down the river fast as I could. He gained on me and would have caught me, but I struck the bottom, and when I turned he was almost on me. I gave him a prod in the mouth, and he tried to grasp the barrel of my rifle, but his upper jaw was shot away, only the skin and some bone and teeth were floating around in his jaws. He tried to strike me with his great claws, but I could hold him off. I gave him one hard shove, held my rifle point down to drain the water out, and threw in a cartridge. He came for me again with his ears laid back and eyes green with rage. I let him get close to me and gave him a bullet between the eyes. He stiffened out full length and drifted into his eternal grave under the Natural Bridge. This bridge was formed by a break five feet wide where the water thundered down over sharp rocks and came out on top about forty feet below. My five hundred dollar bear robe is still buried among the sand and rocks under the Boulder Natural Bridge.

Returning to our cabin I found John had killed two cow elks and I got a black tail deer, so we packed our plunder and started across the divide to Mission Creek on the Yellowstone—the old Crow Mission.

We had a terrible trip across, but on top the divide, night overtook us and a terrible snowstorm came down upon us in a jungle of wind breaks and pine lodge pole saplings. While trying to get through this windfall a bull elk came thundering through it, tearing the small trees with his horns and scaring our packs almost to a stampede. We were walking and leading our horses, when the bull stopped within twenty feet of us and his eyes blazing like balls of fire. I had my rifle and in a moment I shot him square between his eyes, so here we made a camp. Cut some logs and trees away and built a fire. Skinned our old elk, scraped the snow away, and laid his skin, hair side up, and made our bed on this skin. We were in a sag and the windfall and the evergreen pines kept the wind from us. The horses crowded around the fire.

Next morning we found 18 inches of snow, and cold as Greenland. We packed up and started down the Yellowstone slope. Clouds and snow and timber blown in every direction. After two hours we emerged out into the sunshine, warm as summer, and dry grass—such a change seemed almost impossible, but we all felt happy and reached our camp on the Yellowstone with our lion skins, elk meat and venison. The next day we put in drying our elk meat for winter's use.

GASOLINE ALLEY—ANOTHER DISASTER

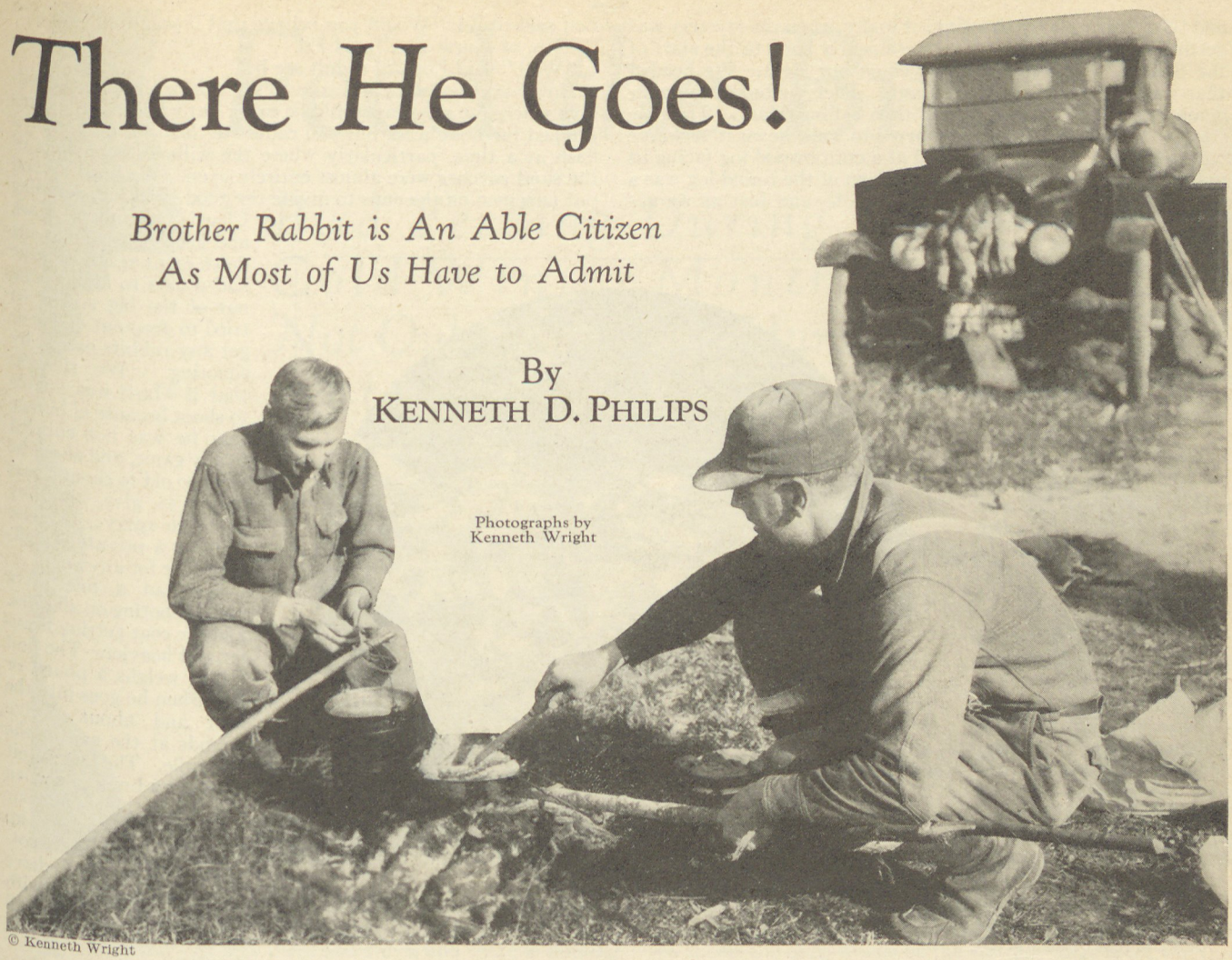

WHILE THE OTHER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUERS HAVE GONE FISHING WE'LL BUILD A SAND CASTLE AND HAVE A SWIM.
AW WIGHT WE BUILD A BIG ONE.
YES, WE'LL MAKE ONE THAT THE FIELD MICE AND CHIPMUNKS CAN USE FOR A CLUBHOUSE.
PUT IN A LOTTA WINDOWS.
THERE I GUESS THAT'LL MAKE A FINE SUMMER HOME FOR A PRAIRIE DOG.
BOOM!
BOOM BOOM! HERE COME A BIG TUNDER STORM KNOCKEM ALL DOWN!

Courtesy Chicago Tribune

There He Goes!

Brother Rabbit is An Able Citizen As Most of Us Have to Admit

By
KENNETH D. PHILIPS



Photographs by
Kenneth Wright

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"THERE come the lights. So long, dear, until sometime tonight."

"Shut the door tight, and don't forget your coffee," and I heard my wife turn over in bed to go back to sleep. Lucky stiff—she could sleep four hours yet, and I was all set to ride a cold running board forty miles—ten above zero and fine snow in the air and under foot. That's the way a good rabbit shoot starts.

I grabbed my gun, shells, flashlight, thermos, mittens, cap, lunch, and a few odds and ends, and started for the car. I dropped some stuff getting through the door, got hit by the screen I forgot to take off during the duck season, and finally got pretty well collected on the wind-swept front porch just in time to see the twin headlights go by—on a milk-truck. Migosh!

Anyway, I had my stuff outdoors, so I left the outfit and ducked back to wait for the gang. Why do we always hire the big rummy to haul us off hunting in his old rattletrap car when we know he will be an hour starting his engine, and hours late getting enough food tied up to keep his three hundred pounds from shrinking through the day?

At last, here they come. I can tell by the asthmatic pounding of the old motor and the rattle of its old copper jackets. They come an hour late, but it's only four in the morning at that.

Two of the real sportsmen help me in the car with my load while the poor sports make remarks about "why am I moving" and "where is the piano" and "why don't I hire a truck" and "why not get in and shut up." Then I got a leg inside the car, and we were off. We must have been off to start out at that time of day after a lot of rabbits that no one wanted, from farms where no one wanted us. It's a wise man who can explain the attraction of riding in a blizzard, wading in snow, jumping on brush piles, or crowding through acres of dusty weeds and prickly thorns to get a few rabbits that you give away when you get home.

We made the river bottoms a few minutes after daylight with a running score of seven cats and a horned owl for the trip down. It may be cold on the running board, but it's the outside guy that gets the shots. I would freeze one foot any time to kill a few cats.

We slid the car up on the side of the barn that was going to be sunny, shook ourselves loose from all the baggage, and jumped around to get warm. Then we filled up on hot coffee and cold sandwiches, and set out for the sandbars, intending to drive the rabbits out of the cane on the trip up, and get them in the willows coming back. This usually took about long enough to make us all hungry again and then we could eat and work back towards home, keeping one eye open for brush piles to jump a few more bunnies.

We waded and stumbled through a mile of dusty cane, sneezing and shouting, now and then getting a snap shot at the south end of a north bound bunny, usually scoring a splendid miss in that tangle of almost impenetrable brush and weeds. We pushed and tramped up and across until we felt that we had put go into all the rabbits in that particular locality. Then at last we reached the end, and the two outside men hurried ahead to cover the drive. They had a few shots, Ed getting four rabbits on his end, and Lou getting five on the side toward the river. This was better than usual and with the eleven cottontails picked up on the way through, made a fine start toward a good bag of powder puffs. We piled the game up and divided the load and looked around for Mark. He was not with us and had been absent for some time. We hollered and yelled and listened, but got no answer. Several of the fellows had seen him after they heard his last shot so we knew nothing was wrong, but we wondered why we couldn't raise him. The whole patch wasn't very long, and it seemed like he must hear us shouting. Finally Ed asked me to go back with him and look for Mark, which seemed the best thing to do, as we didn't want to work back until we were all present. No use shooting anybody, even Mark.

Ed and I went back down the middle of the cane, about in the line our departed brother had started, now and then calling, and even shooting a couple of times when we could see a rabbit

and tell where we were shooting. Finally, when the mystery was getting too deep for us and we were nearly back to the start of the thicket, we heard a thud over on our right. We headed that way and heard another thump. Then we began to holler again, walking a few steps, and then calling Mark. Then we came to a fine rabbit run and started to walk down it to where we could see a fine big white end of a cottonwood log facing us and blocking the run. Near the bottom of the round log was a little round dark spot, apparently a hole, and just as we approached, a rabbit jumped before us and ran lickety split for the big cottonwood. He ran up to within six feet of the log, and just as we were going to plug him, he jumped for the hole, smacked his head with a thump, and fell back in the runway with his neck broken. Then, wonder of wonders, a big hand reached out from the weeds beside the log and dragged the body away while a voice came to us calling, "Eight! Eight! One more, and I'll be even."

We rushed up to the end of the run and found the lost hunter. Here was Mark beside the log, gun on the ground and eight rabbits beside it. After shooting nine times without connecting with a single bunny, Mark had ingeniously contrived to roll the old log out into the runway and had daubed a little mud on it to look like a hole, taking his rabbits when the rest of us started them down the path to what looked like safety.

© Kenneth Wright

Find the rabbit.

We went back with the smokeless hunter and told the gang about his clever contrivance. They stood courteously at ease, giving us all attention, but no comment. They looked at Mark and they looked at us with sober faces and level gaze. Finally Lou said to Ed, "Would you believe that if you didn't see it?"

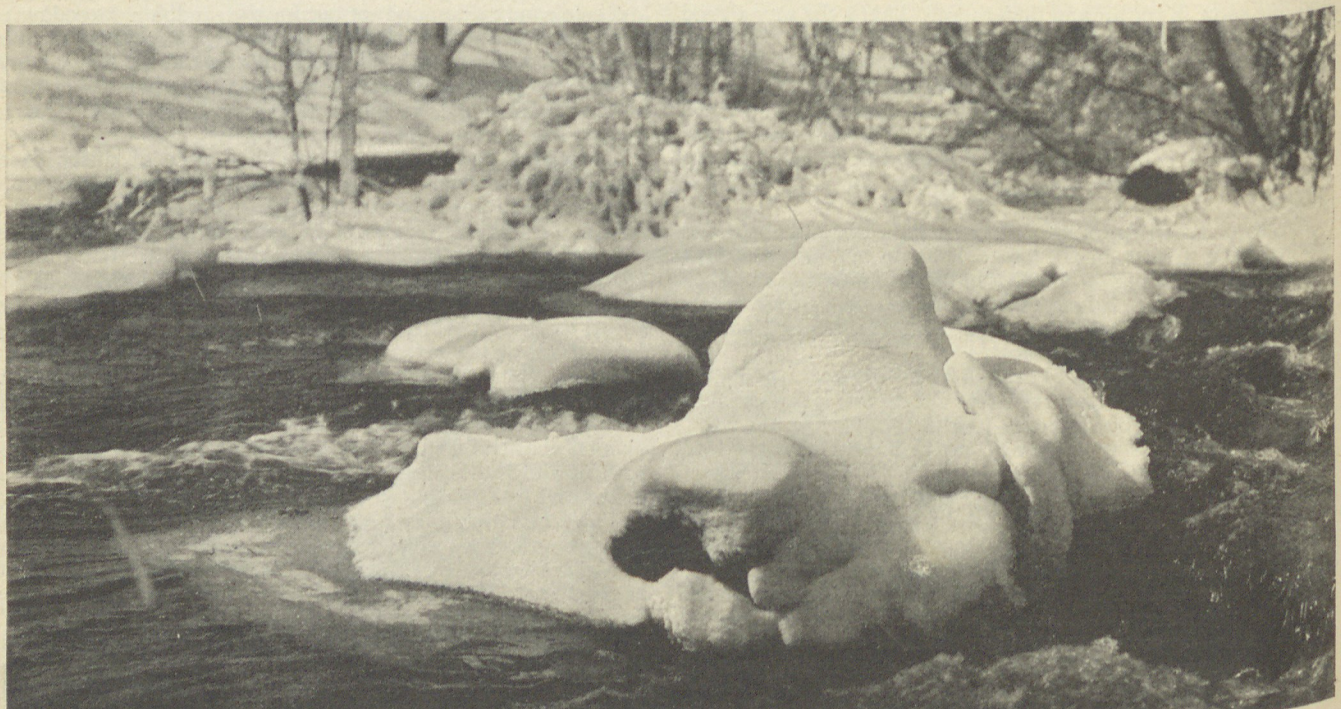
"No, of course not," said Ed.

"Well," said Lou, "I didn't see it."

However, they were all ready to start back through the willows where the shooting would be easier but wilder, as the game jumped further ahead, but you could see them for more than a flash at a time, particularly where the willows were short or the sand patches were almost entirely open. We lined up and put new men on the ends to divide the good shooting, detailing Charlie to follow Mark and keep him from laying down on us again. Charlie had orders to kick a lung out of the big stiff if he tried to drop out of line or get any rabbits except by shooting. We thought that if Mark was unable to shoot because of his age that he was not entitled to any game, and also if he was too old to shoot it was unfair to give him any game to carry. No use running a private slaughter house for any one.

We had a fine drive back, shooting on all sides, and the coat getting heavier and heavier. The first rabbit weighs a pound or two when he goes into the coat and about twelve pounds at the end of the first mile. The last rabbit feels like a brick pile when you hang him on your back. We picked up thirty-four of the wily cottontails in the back drive and reached the car with nearly ten apiece, all ready to unload and eat plenty.

It looked like Mark was punished for fooling the poor little animals because he had to carry eight of them all the way up and back, while the rest of us accumulated our load as we went along, and had it pretty easy on the trip up. Charlie re- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 47]



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The Ol' Creek in Winter.

Feed the Birds

Bird Feeding During the Cold Winter Months is Not Only a Splendid Humane Act but a Great Sport

By LOU KLEWER

Photograph by the Author

The chickadee is a friendly little chap.

THERE'S something about hunting quail that, once it gets into a fellow's bones and penetrates down as far as his liver, just sets there and stays, and there is nothing on earth or this side of heaven can replace it.

The same thing can be said about shooting ducks or gunning for yellow-legs along the flats of some favorite stream. Squirrel shooting, too, has its enthusiasts who would rather go gunning for the bushy-tails than taste deep-sea fishing.

But when the state legislature puts a ban on quail shooting, what's a fellow to do? And when shore bird shooting along the local rivers lasts but a few weeks at the best, the guy that takes his medicine by breathing deep gobs of outdoor air is going to miss a lot of tonic before the summer fishing time rolls around to lure him outdoors.

What about those cold winter months when the snow lays a foot thick all over the ground, the trees are weighed down with the stuff and all the favorite streams are frozen solid? Just hiking in the snow gets tiresome, tramping in the snow just for the purpose of identifying footprints of the wild animals and birds loses its kick after the second or third trip, and the city dweller is seldom so situated that he can pack his outfit together and head into the woods for a week of arctic camping.

There nothing thrills a duck hunter as much as the sight of a flock of canvasback or teal winging into the feeding grounds after a square meal. And once the duck hunter gets in the habit of feeding his waterfowl season after season, he gets the same kick out of the feeding he does out of shooting his game. The same thing goes for the man who feeds quail and pheasant every winter.

Sportsmen's clubs, conservationists and outdoor magazines in general, urge the feeding of the game birds every winter, but usually it is just from the selfish angle—plenty of feed for the birds when the snow is on the ground—plenty of birds when next fall's shooting rolls around. That's all fair enough, but there's another angle to this feeding game and it is of as much importance to the outdoorsman as the "more birds" angle.

To begin with, there are the material advantages of better health and all that sort of stuff that comes from hike after hike through the deep snow and in wintry gales, trying to find the best feeding places for the birds and to put grain and suet in the feeding stations already established. Better birds and better health should be reasons enough to get every gunner out with his bags of cracked corn and chicken feed. But there is the bigger reason, the reason that lures men to the streams, the sea shore, the deep woods or the swamp—that is for the thrill that is in it.

No kick to it, you say? Try it once. After you have had a chickadee or nuthatch eat from your hand or take food held between your lips, when the restless and wary red squirrel will come up to the feed box, run up your pants leg and eat from your hand and when as many as twenty different species of birds all feed within a rod or two of you at the same time, you'll get a kick out of it that only a six-pound small mouth or the head of heads can equal.

It was back in 1917 that I first tried winter feeding and then it was only on a very small scale, a few suet stations scattered through the woods that attracted merely chickadees, nuthatches, brown creepers, the woodpeckers and the red squirrels. Since then the winter feeding stations have been enlarged, more of them have been erected, a larger variety of foodstuffs has been used and, as a result, the list of birds using my feeding stations numbers twenty-six and these have been listed only during the winter months, from December 21 to March 21.

I have my birds listed into three classes—those that feed on the ground, those that use the grain boxes, and those that feed generally on the suet. The ground bird list is headed by quail and pheasant and, after severe snowstorms or after a week or so of continued cold and severe weather, it has been little trouble to coax quail and pheasant to feed about my feet. It takes time and patience. Much more patience, in fact, than it does to catch the wily trout or the fighting small mouth. The worst novice angler will occasionally get these fish. No novice bird-lover will get quail or pheasant to feed within touching distance.

Quail and pheasant, I find, are fond of cracked corn, and go for this sooner than any other feed I put out for them and this includes buckwheat, sunflower seeds, millet, hemp and oatmeal. Feeding with these two game birds are the slate-colored juncoes, tree and song sparrows, grackles, cardinals and bluejays.

The grain box list is much larger and includes practically all the song birds that spend the winter in the northern states. On this list are the cardinals, bluejays, song, tree and English sparrows, robins, pine grosbeaks, purple finches, white and red-breasted nuthatches and tufted titmice. The woodpeckers will visit the grain boxes quite [CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]

Lost River

A Guide's Story of the Ancient Chippewa Legend

By BEN EAST

Illustrated by Charles McFarlan

A Two Part Story

SYNOPSIS.

Helen Mayhew and her uncle, a self-centered individual, make a trip into the north country with Koot-nai, a full-blood Chippewa, and Jean Dardin, a Frenchman with university training, as guides. Jean is quite enamored of the young woman, but her uncle does everything to prevent them from being together. At the fireside, one evening, Koot-nai tells of the Lost River, where aged Chippewas, according to Indian lore, were wont to commit suicide when no longer able to travel with the tribe. A mad white bear is supposed to inhabit the region, and kill all who tarry along the shores of the river. The party decides to investigate the tale.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

THEY walked together that day. Koot-nai and I went first, and we goaded Bulbous to keep up with us. It was Jean Dardin who stayed with Helen and helped her on the rough going through the forest.

The second night at sundown, as Koot-nai had said, we made camp on the shore of the Lost River of the Chippewa.

The next morning we followed the shore down stream. The Chippewa had chosen well for their last journey. The river ran through the forest, a smooth black ribbon, with an edging of white sand. There were no rapids—nor sluggish pools. Only the steady, purposeful sweep of the swift current. Near the shores the sunlight fell mottled on a pebbled bottom. Out a few yards the water was black, as from an unguessed depth. For a way the river ran between high flanking ridges, where the somber spruce forest came down to the very shore. Then it dropped lower into the valley, and the dark cloaked ridges retreated away to leave a bottom growth of beech and maple—a giant meadow of russet and gold and red now, into which the river cut a black swath, to bank and turn against the wall of color, at some distant bend. The morning sun was drying the heavy frost from the dead leaves underfoot, as we went down the shore, and the pleasant smell of them was in the air. Down from the ridges, on the morning wind, came, in spurts, the tang of spruce and pine. Helen stopped once to look off across the riot of the frost lighted hardwoods down stream to where the dark tumbled ridges lifted into the sky again.

"The aged Chippewa must have seen visions on their journey down this stream," she said to Jean Dardin, standing close beside her.

We noticed finally, above the quiet murmur of the river, the roar of a distant waterfall. We came upon it sooner than we had expected. The river made a sharp bend, turning toward a rock-strewn ridge that lifted above the maple and beech. There was a tangled pile of logs at the foot of the ridge, under which the swift current seemed to suck into the side of the hill itself—and when we had clambered up around the log jam, the river was gone! Up from the tangled mass below us, out of the very heart of the hill—curiously muffled and hollow—came the roar of the waterfall.

This was Lost River! Lost in the earth itself—swallowed up, to travel no one knew what dark channels between the rock layers of the ridge—to emerge, no one knew where. Perhaps in some isolated spot of the dense wilderness, coming forth as it had entered, mysteriously from the heart of a rock-strewn timbered ridge. Perhaps boiling up, like a giant spring, out somewhere on the floor of Hudson Bay, countless miles to the north and east of us, its presence not even guessed!

The Lost River of the Chippewa! The river down which countless numbers of the aged of the tribe had journeyed to the Sunset Land. What was there, down beneath us in some dark pool below the falls, I wondered!

I think all of us were possessed of the same thoughts. We even forgot for a minute the legend of the bear, and why we had come all this way, to this isolated valley. It was Bulbous who broke the spell. The awe of it must have penetrated even his thoughts, and made him a little less important in his own sight. For the first time on the trip he tried to joke.

"Great place for 'em to go swimmin' the last time," he said, jovially; and in the awkward pause that followed—"Well, Koot-nai, let's go bear hunting!"

Koot-nai shook his head. "You have not seen Lost River yet—not all," he said, shortly, and started on over the ridge.

Four miles farther down the valley we came to the crest of a steep slope, and there Koot-nai stopped us. Before us the hillside dropped steeply down for twenty or thirty yards, while the timber grew thinner as it went down, to dwindle finally into a few low stunted spruce. Below these there was a ledge of bare gray rock—and from it the hillside fell in a perpendicular wall. A hundred feet across from us the opposite slope dropped likewise, in a sheer fall, and the two swept together at the ends to make an oblong giant cistern.

Koot-nai led the way down through the trees to the rock ledge. There we stopped and stood, looking straight down. For a long way we could see the rock walls. They faded finally, at an unfathomed distance, into impenetrable darkness.

"Listen," the Indian cautioned us. We listened, and from somewhere, far down there in the earth below us, came the tinkle and swish of running water.

"Lost River—Chippewa say," Koot-nai told us. It seemed likely. As we clambered back up to the crest of the ridge, up a bank so steep that we clung to the dwarf spruce as we climbed, "There is another such sink ten miles or so to the north," Jean said. "If it is indeed the Lost River running at the bottom of those pits, as the Indians believe, that is the last that is ever even heard of it, so far as I know."

On a little stream halfway between the great pit and the spot where Lost River entered the hillside we made our camp, and began our hunt for the mad bear.

We hunted for a week, and did not see a trace of any bear. We combed the cedar and balsam thickets. We waited out on the rocky ridges for hours, sweeping the wilderness with Mayhew's field-glasses. Twice we went back for a long trip along both shores of Lost River, and in the sand along the water side we did not even see the track of a bear. Jean and I gave up. Only Koot-nai believed we would still see the Mad Bear. We could not shake his faith. Each day Bulbous grew more ugly, and more outspoken in his disgust and sarcasm toward the guides. They took it quietly, but I could see a deep resentment growing in each of them. I was worried. Jean's French anger, or the Indian's stolid hate, would flame finally, I was afraid, and make an ugly scene. Doubly ugly, with Helen Mayhew for a witness.

As the week went by, the nights of full moon came. The forest became a sea of silver by night, with the moonlight on the frosted spruce, and Helen came to sit often on Jean's side of the fire, close by him, shading her eyes with her hand, to keep the firelight out, while she looked out over the forest. Sitting so one night, she caught the gleam of a pair of yellow eyes in the shadows at the edge of the trees. She caught Jean's arm and pointed. We all glanced up at the gesture, and Koot-nai spoke in an awed whisper—"The Mad Bear—I can see his white coat." His face was solemn—almost touched with fear when we looked at him. Behind Mayhew's back Jean smiled in spite of himself. A lynx or a wolf will come to a fire, as will a deer, to stand just outside the circle of light cast by the flames, and stare. A bear—never!

"Get your gun quick, Mr. Mayhew," Jean urged him. The guns were in the log camp, thirty feet away.

Bulbous' face was ghastly white, and every one about the fire realized suddenly that he could not have moved, or even

I saw Jean balance for an instance tugging at the sheath of his hunting knife—and there, as the snarling beast raced by beneath him, he flung himself out and down.

spoken, had he tried! Jean caught up a burning stick from the fire and flung it. The eyes were gone, and for Helen Mayhew's sake Jean spoke seriously, without even a smile. "You were wrong, Koot-nai. It was the gray body of a lynx you saw."

Bulbous' speech suddenly returned. "You're a hell of a guide," he exploded, "if you can't tell a bear from a lynx."

Koot-nai stared at him across the fire without answering him, and after a few awkward minutes, Bulbous went to his cot. Helen followed him to the log shelter, and I noticed that she gave Jean her hand when she said good-night.

We three were left alone by the fire.

"I'm afraid I can't stand that much longer, Jim," Jean said, soberly. "Koot-nai nor I either."

"You've got to stand it, Jean," I told him, sharply. "You

are hired guides—and besides don't think that she will say good-night to you that way again, if you forget to be a gentleman."

Jean nodded. "We will wait, Jim," he said, with a quiet smile.

The next day we heard Mayhew's elephant gun a dozen times, when he was by himself in the forest, and we knew that the gaudy, fearless jays and tiny, trusting chick-a-dees were paying for his anger and humiliation of the night before. Flame smoldered in Jean's eyes at each shot.

"He shall pay for that," he told me, finally. "He can insult me—but he cannot shoot chick-a-dees in this wilderness to see them die, while I am guiding him, and not be sorry!"

Jean's revenge came the next morning. Bulbous went down to the little stream below the camp to wash, and Jean followed him with a skillet that needed scouring. Helen had already washed in the stream, and was standing by the fire, watching Koot-nai broil a pair of grouse for breakfast. The three of us watched Mayhew make his way gingerly down to the edge of the stream. If there was any one hardship of the camp to which he had shown an aversion on the entire trip, it was cold water. We knew, Koot-nai, and Jean and I, that if it had not been for Helen, who always went gayly down to plunge her hands and face into the little ice-fringed stream, Bulbous would not have washed on the entire trip, unless we had heated water for him—and we despised him for it. As it was, he took his bathing with more fluent cursing than any other hardship he encountered, and the three of us by the fire watched him with little smiles of anticipation as he bent to dip his fingers into the cold current.

A dozen feet behind him Jean stumbled suddenly on an imaginary root and smashed down on him with all his weight. Bulbous pitched head-first, arms and legs sprawling. For one brief instant he looked like nothing so much as like a giant spider. The stream, two yards wide and half as deep, swallowed him completely. On the very edge Jean saved himself by a clump of willow brush.

Bulbous came up choking and blowing. He wallowed ashore, and started up toward us, the icy water running from him in streams, his arms held clumsily out at his sides, stiff. Koot-nai broke out into a laugh, loud and hearty. I laughed with him, and I could see Jean, following the chattering, raging Bulbous up the slope, shaking with silent mirth. Only one of us did not laugh at him. Helen's face was grave, and I could see displeasure and genuine regret in her eyes as she went toward him.

"Get out of my way," he thundered at her. "Of all the damned clumsy fools that ever tried to guide a man into a place he is the worst! And of all the hellish places a man ever poked into this has the limit beat! Don't stand there and look at me and grin, you brainless fool," he shrilled in futile rage at Koot-nai. The Indian was still laughing in undisturbed appreciation of the best thing he had seen happen on the whole trip. "Poke up that fire! If I wasn't so damned near froze," Bulbous howled on above the clicking chatter of his teeth, "I'd show you how to laugh, you blank-faced Indian idiot!"

Koot-nai was too thoroughly pleased to take him seriously, and he whirled for relief on Jean, already busy with the fire. He was seeming to poke it up, but I could see that he was really scattering the hot coals of the broiling fire so the dry spruce he laid upon them would be slower to catch. "You'd better move, you awkward cow-faced fool," Bulbous bellowed out at him. "If I was dry I'd kick you clear across that damned frozen creek, for that trick!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mayhew, that you are wet," Jean apologized, dryly. "I don't know why I came to do that." He drawled the "why" out with irritating slowness. "I was watching a pair of chick-a-dees in that little pine, and I guess thinking of them made me careless."

Bulbous looked at him a minute suspiciously, and then Helen came up and wrapped two blankets about his shivering shoulders. He grunted at her in acknowledgment and then he lapsed in a sullen silence. We got the fire going finally, and ate breakfast in awkward strained quiet. Something was amiss besides Mayhew's anger. I sensed it and so did Jean.

He was washing the dishes after breakfast, down at the stream, when she came down to him. Bulbous was still sitting by the fire, cold and sullen, drying his heavy hunting clothes. Koot-nai and I were busy gathering dry spruce, so Jean and the girl were alone by the creek.

"I do not like what you did to him this morning," she told Jean abruptly when he glanced up at the sound of her coming through the brush.

"I'm sorry it offended you, Miss Mayhew," Jean said soberly. Of course, he did not deny the deliberateness of his act. "I sort of thought he had it coming."

"Perhaps he did have something coming," she acknowledged. "I know how mean he has talked to you and Koot-nai, and I know you haven't deserved it. He isn't likable—but he didn't deserve *that!* It was so small—so despicable! A little contemptible trick such as one school boy might play on another. If you had struck him, or asked him to fight with you, I couldn't have blamed you—but to sneak along behind him and do that—oh, it was small!"

Jean's face reddened at the word "sneak." "Perhaps it was a little small of him, Miss Mayhew, to make such a fuss over a little thing. I have fallen into icy streams many times, and I did not rave."

Her chin went up. "I'm not talking about you're falling into streams," she told him, coldly. "I'm not interested in your forbearance. You might have exercised a little of it this morning. You knew his ill nature would spoil the trip for me as well as him."

"I'm genuinely sorry for that," Jean said again. "I had wanted this trip to be to you a memory of pleasant days in the forest. I had wanted you to carry away bright pictures of the Lost River."

She laughed shortly. "I had wanted that, too. Uncle in a tantrum can hardly be called a pleasant memory though. Nor shall I like to think that you took that way to get even because you were afraid to fight him!"

Jean flushed again, but did not try to answer.

"I am going up and tell him that it was not an accident," she went on after a minute, "and that if you two do not settle it in a man's way within an hour I am going to leave camp for home. I won't stay here in this atmosphere! A good, clean fight might clear things up somewhat."

"A good fight," Jean thought. She didn't

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

Gray Dawn

PHILIP C. BRANIFF

The poets sing of the ending day
When shadows gently fall
With the fleeting sun on its blazoned way
When the night birds softly call.

Night, when a lazy, smiling moon
Climbs o'er its starlit trail
Night when lovers softly croon,
Wrapped in enchanted veil.

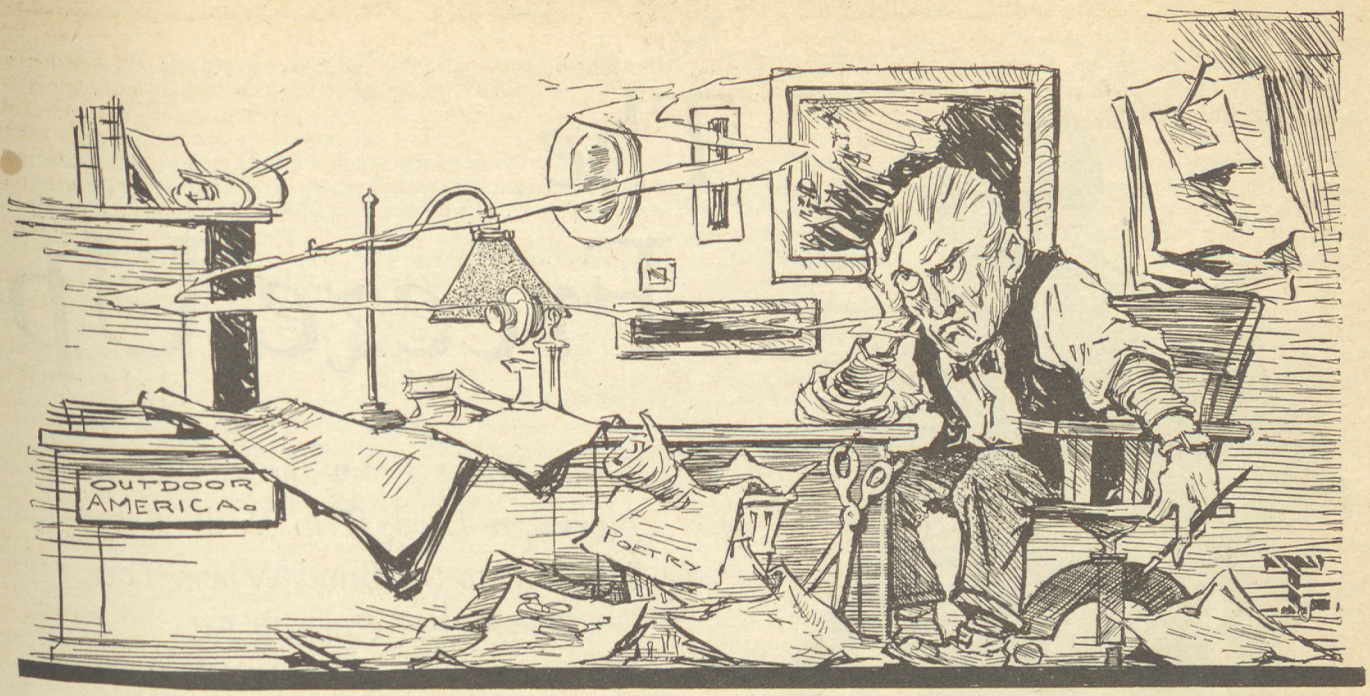
But give me the stillness of unborn dawn
When the gray mist adds a chill,
While the weary world is sleeping on,
And things seem ghostly still.

Give me the shock of the chilly stream
As the decoys splash and quack;
Give me the thrill of a hunter's dream,
Far from the beaten track.

Give me the call of a good decoy,
Answered with whir of wings;
Give me the wonder and then the joy
The first good shooting brings.

Give me the hunger for just plain bread,
Bacon 'n coffee—Gee!
Cooked o'er a fire with embers red,
For just the dog 'n me.

Give me the sun with its soft salutes,
Bringing the daylight on;
Give me my gun and my hunting boots;
Give me the cold, gray dawn.



Get It Off Your Chest

Here Is That Chance You Have Wanted,
To Tell The World What's On Your Mind

LAST month we ran a coupon asking you fellows what you wanted to see printed in your magazine OUTDOOR AMERICA. From the flood of coupons with which we have been deluged it is rather evident that there is a wide divergence of opinion.

Hundreds who clipped the coupon sent a letter along with it in order to be more explicit in expressing their likes and dislikes. Many of these letters contained such good stuff and showed such a genuine feeling of interest in the Izaak Walton League and its magazine that we have decided to devote a page each month to this most interesting material in the belief that it will please you personally.

We are very much interested in what you think should be done to further the cause of conservation in America. We want to get the idea you have stowed away that will help your League accomplish its ultimate objective.

Should they catch more fish in your neighborhood, or are they catching too many to suit you? Are the game hogs in your territory cutting into the supply, or is there an abundance of game?

What do you think of shooting crows, hawks, wolves, bear, cougar, lynx as predatory creatures?

There is the old musky and nothern pike controversy for those who enjoy a crack at it; game refuges, bag limits, guns, dogs, and hundreds of things in which you are interested. You have (if you are a dyed-in-the-wool outdoorsman), some very decided opinions on each of these and hundreds of other things.

The only requirement is that you sign your full name to each communication, as anonymous contributions will only locate in the waste basket. In the event you do not wish to have the letter printed over your name you should indicate the name you wish to use, or your initial.

You can get just as enthusiastic as you want to. Like the coupon, this is to be no collection of roses—say what you think and limit yourself to two hundred words or less. We cannot handle letters of greater length, as this would not give everybody a chance.

We will print the letters in the sequence they are received. Each will be stamped and dated, and no preference shown.

We believe that this will prove to be the most interesting feature of your magazine, and we need YOUR help to make it a humdinger.

Here are two samples of the letters we have received to date. As the writers did not intend them for publication, we will omit the signatures.

Let'er Go

Don't sit down and grieve with your favorite peeve
Or your favorite message of joy
But grab your old pen when you next have the yen
And shoot it right to us, my boy.

—From "Necessity."

Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA, Dear Sir:

I am a subscriber to your magazine, and like to read most of its contents. However, I strongly oppose your apparent support of the killer—the man who destroys the game and the fish.

Would it not be better to teach your readers to love these beautiful creatures than to teach them to destroy them? The denizens of our wild places are fast disappearing before the merciless aim of the gunner, and our streams and beautiful lakes are being robbed of their inhabitants by men whose only joy seems to consist of snatching the fish from the waters.

A big organization like the Izaak Walton League should champion advanced thought in matters of conservation, and not cater to the appetites of lust.

Sincerely yours, J. M. B.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]

The Freeze-Up

These Notes From the Log of a Northern Duck Trip Will Take You Out to the Blind Where You Feel 'Em Coming In!

By BERT BROWN

Photographs by the Author

THE northern flight is a thing to be dreamed of, discussed and actually experienced before one can properly appreciate the thrill that comes with it.

In my country it is the one big topic of discussion from the middle of August on, among the duck hunters.

Always about the middle of the summer my hunting partner, Cleve, calls me up and comes over for a chinfest about the annual event.

"Well, old topper," he begins, "when do you want to go duck hunting?"

"Oh, I don't know," is my customary reply to that question, "I've been ready since last December—how about yourself?"

We then get together like a couple of kids and plan that trip. Guns are taken out and oiled, the equipment gone over and the catalogues perused religiously from that time on.

This year Cleve's vacation was due about October 15, so we decided to leave the Twin Cities the night before and get an early start.

It was a long call from August, but finally September and October slipped away and the magic hour arrived.

We climbed into the car on the night of the fourteenth and rushed northward so as not to miss one precious day. The following morning found us in familiar territory.

After we had straightened up the shack and started a fire we looked around a bit and found the old bogs looked the same—except for some, where the wild rice had choked the channels.

Now Cleve's idea of the ideal existence is to handle the mysteries of the shack range. His biscuits and doughnuts are of the prize winning variety so we were soon quite comfortable.

Watching the weather changes each day is indeed interesting. It is a puzzle at night to lay plans for the next day's hunt, so the first ten days just slip by with a little hunting in the mornings, big eats and long sleeps by going to bed early. (No poker games in our camp.)

The weather changing, Pete announces, "Better try east bogs in the morning, boys, if this wind stays in the west." The next morning there was weather aplenty, snowing and blowing. We had a big breakfast of little pig sausages, hot cakes and what goes with them. Pete puts on his slicker and said, "Leave the dishes to me, boys, and get out!" He always wants to do the housework on the windy day—doesn't like waves more than three inches high.

The boat is loaded with decoys, gun shells, a dog, and an extra gun.

We head to the rising sun. We are early—just breaking day—but we still have a good distance to go. Flocks of ducks whirl and whistle by, both going and coming.

We reach the great floating bogs and thread our way up the channel to the rice fields. Here and there we can now see open water surrounded by rice and bull rushes—water only a foot or two deep. Many ducks rise and fly away, breasts to the storm; thousands of rice hens are now scurrying and getting under wing in their own ridiculous way.

We left Cleve in the duck boat in a little cluster of rushes. The last we see of him, he is throwing dummy ducks here and there.

We now row farther to the northeast and decide that by present indications we can't do better than to set out at the tree on mainland.

We hear the opening gun. Some of the ducks we disturbed have gone over to visit Cleve's dummy ducks, we surmise. Hundreds of ducks are now on the move, and Otto remarks that they seem to keep on the move. But we have our share of fun as the morning passes. By fun we mean cold wind and snow pelting us. Then a

Breaking the ice.

flock of redheads almost come in. Next, a couple of bluebills come by, we greet them and they don't ever hesitate.

Then, from right over our heads there is a roar. We connect with three redheads, and some real fun. I miss two shots at a single, to have long Otto get him when he is tailing it way out. But the day is young and I even up later, making a neat double when his picks itself up and beats it amid a fusillade of two more shots.

Evening again at the shack. We live over the day's hunt with the gang—'tis part of the joy of the trip.

So the days pass, each with its happenings that we can recall at later dates about our firesides. Weather growing more unsettled, keeps us keyed up for the northern flight we all wish to be in on.

Another day—wind strong from the north—snow flurries. Geese are seen going north. Gulls seem restless and many thousands of rice hens are feeding as though they were preparing for a night flight. At sunset winds seem to become a sigh of desire to rest and means to us that we might expect quiet waters and a freeze.

Morning found us up early and on our way. Rice fields are frozen, and here and there are open waters in all the feeding grounds. This means a good day for the blinds and decoys. We pick sheltered points and put out our sets—as the north winds blow.

Daylight, and the fun starts with real action from the bluebills. Hundreds of flocks are seen going south at a great height, passing up Leach Lake. There are a great number of large birds: mallards, canvasback, redheads, also many bluebills. Bluebills will come in as only they can. We really have as much sport watching them pass us by as we do shooting at them. Twelve a day is not very many when they decoy, and we are not ready to go home yet.

That night we feel that our duck hunting days are numbered for this season.

Thermometers show steady drop! So early to bed—one more day and then home and the tread mill for another year.

But such a day! Wind from the northeast blowing a gale, snowing and steadily getting colder. Ice forms almost instantly on guns and oar locks and sides of boat and oars are coated with polished ice. Ducks! So ahunting we must go. Pete decides the weather conditions are fine for duck, also, that the waves of ice cold water are rolling too high—that lets him out of any more hunting this season. Otto decides that the camp needs a little more wood for the last night—that lets him out. Al must get away at noon—that lets him out. Cleve, the companion of many a hunt, said, "Well, Brownie, let's go!"

"You said it, let's go, long time between hunts now."

We put in a half hour of ice breaking work launching our boat. Start the motor and head north through white-capped waves. We reach a pack of cane under the shelters of Bear Island. Finding that there is lots of ice floating even in this deep water, we put out our decoys, and now let them come as fast as they will.

Duck are on the wing, but all seem to know where they wish to go. Mark low left coming in. We crouch—in they come—breaker set for a stop-over. We stand up and the action begins. There are three bluebills on the field of battle. Boy! They come in pretty. Next a pair of canvasbacks, not expected, sneak by and we talk to ourselves for five minutes.

Getting colder every minute, a snow storm breaks. Winds howl and our decoys rock and ice covers their backs, hangs from their bills and we say, "and they call this fun." More waiting. Mark front—in they come forty strong. Cleve remarks, "this is going to be good." It was. He shoots a pippin. First shot, score perfect—snap, no report—words of high explosive nature. And I, shooting a Parker double, first shot—dead bird—pull—no report. What the H—? We both find ourselves looking at each other. We then examined our heretofore trusty arms. "My left trigger froze, Cleve."

"Mine's jammed, Brownie."

Thirty-eight northern bluebills on their way south. We row out to pick up our birds, and find that it is getting colder and a thin scum of paper-thin ice is forming about our decoys. We break the ice from their backs and make for our blind just as a fine flock of Golden Eyes try to come in. Did you ever see it fail? Nothing stirred for half an hour. We stand up and fan our arms about to warm up.

Mark right, too late—they had seen us waving our hands on high.

Another half hour and we both make doubles. Birds are changing their tactics—going to our left. We decide they don't like our ice ducks as company. We take up our decoys (a cold proposition, too), and look for a new place to sit out and break ice into a new channel of open waters. We find open water through a rice field near the shore of an island. Thousands of ducks rise ahead of us, so we decide we are right in the duck pasture. But hunt as we go we can not find a blind to get into—all frozen out beyond the cover.

We go back to camp after trying to break ice for a short cut back—such work, but we get warmed up. Big feed, and told the bunch about all the fun we had and thawed out in due time. The other fellows think we are kidding about the fun we had—nine ducks, red noses, ice all over coats, guns and boat. So out we go again for the afternoon shoot.

Breaking ice is the thing. Wind now shifting northeast and our channel is full of slush ice. We set out again where we were in the morning and soon have callers. Bluebills from the north, five beauties, stop over—then a lull, a smoke, and—here they come! Canvasbacks! Cleve gets three. I? Oh, I was on the wrong end of the boat. Five and three is eight, need five more. They don't come our way, so we smoke, stand up and wave our hands. Sitting down we load our pipes and—mark, a lone duck and my end of boat. He soars down, dives up—he comes—Bang! Then Cleve opens up. More diving, more bangs. We leave our blind and row out—up he comes, bang! Got him that time. Fish duck (saw his bill) at that. Cleve said he thought it was a redhead. We row back and light our pipes. Mark—Cleve drops pipe overboard. We get a redhead together. Three to go! We gather up as it is near quitting time, and there is wind and ice to break back to camp.

We rescue our ice festooned decoys and sight two ducks on edge of ice flow. Rowing over we find they are wounded birds. We get them.

We make camp by dark, cold but happy. The gang comes down and helps us pull up boat, lock up the decoys and we look out over an acre of ice, beautiful in the moonlight.

We had been in on the northern flight and freeze up. Had a great time and look forward to more fun the coming season.

Photo raph by Bert Brown

Can't you hear those doughnuts sizzle?

Try These Tricks on the Cabin Range

These Recipes Will Make Your Mouth Water, and Strengthen Your Belief in an Open Season on Wild Rice!

By MARION COLE FISHER

Baking Expert

THE season for wild game is in full swing. At best it is so short that the housewife has little time to get acquainted with it and little opportunity to experiment in the preparation of wild game and wild rice, which accounts for the indifferent way in which they are so often served.

My advice is: "Do not pay any attention to old trappers and Indian guides as to how to cook wild rice," they always spoil it.

Wash the rice in half a dozen waters or more and put to soak for at least three hours. It is well then to set the colander in a larger vessel and allow water from the faucet to run through, which will serve to float the loose chaff to some extent.

To Cook Wild Rice

Drain the rice and put it on to cook in boiling salted water that will cover about two-thirds of the rice. Boil gently about fifteen minutes, by which time the water will have been taken up and the rice tender. Place the vessel over another vessel of boiling water to steam off for a few moments. Do not use the ordinary rice boiler. Select a wide, shallow vessel, the round aluminum double roasting pan is good, as the other half can be used as the steam kettle to finish off the rice.

How to Get Down Off a Duck

Ducks and other game birds are the despair of the average

housewife, because the meat is so apt to be dry and the down is so difficult to dispose of. A simple and effective method is to pour hot paraffin over the birds wherever the down is thick and allow it to cool thoroughly. It is a still better plan to put the birds in an individual loaf pan and cover with hot paraffin, if time permits, in which to chill well. When ready remove the cold wax and the down will come away with it. The wax is not wasted as it can be used many times.

Preparing the Birds

Split the birds down the back without making any vent at the neck or below the breast and make the split from neck to rump. Make no other opening, as the craw, windpipe and viscera can all be removed with one movement, leaving a perfect shell into which to put the dressing.

Split the skin of the neck at the back and separate it from the neck. Chop the neck away at the breast bone without taking the skin.

To close the back after stuffing, push one skewer through opposite sides of the split at the shoulder, drawing over the neck skin and holding with the same skewer. Place another skewer at the rump and another midway. Lace a length of twine around and over the skewers, drawing the split together. Hold each leg over the edge of the table and with a blow break off the extreme end of the drum stick. Loosen the skin and push the legs up close to the body, holding with the twine or with a long skewer. Cut out the oil sack. Flip the wing tips back of the shoulder.

Game birds are often spread out pretty flat and left open instead of closing over the dressing.

The neck piece, liver, giblets and heart may be cooked in a little water over the simmering burner, later adding them and the water in which they were cooked to the gravy, or they may be put in the roaster with the ducks.

An important feature of wild duck is the forcemeat or dressing. As before mentioned, the flesh is apt to be dry, therefore special care must be taken with the dressing to make it tasty.

Sausage Meat Dressing

To make about a quart of dressing, fry one pound of pork sausage brown and crisp. Put this into the chopping bowl with one large, mild onion and two or three red apples, cored and washed without peeling. Barely sprinkle toasted whole-wheat or white bread, grated, to fill one pint. Chop all together, mix in one pint of the cooked wild rice, one teaspoonful ground mace, one tablespoonful each of sugar and powdered sage with a seasoning of salt and pepper.

Do not use a roaster many times larger than the birds. Put a little water in the covered roaster. Do not make the error of not having some water in the roasting pan. The roaster will fill with steam—let it be steam from water and not drawn from the meat. Bear in mind, too, that meat when cooked at low temperature, after having been seared over, will not shrink as much as when subjected to a high temperature.

At the last the water is taken up, leaving some fat in the roaster. Then place the birds breast side up on a heated platter, surround with thick fried apple rings or equally thick half slices of orange. Time for searing, ten minutes; temperature, 500 degrees Fahrenheit. One hour for roasting; temperature, 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Relish for Duck

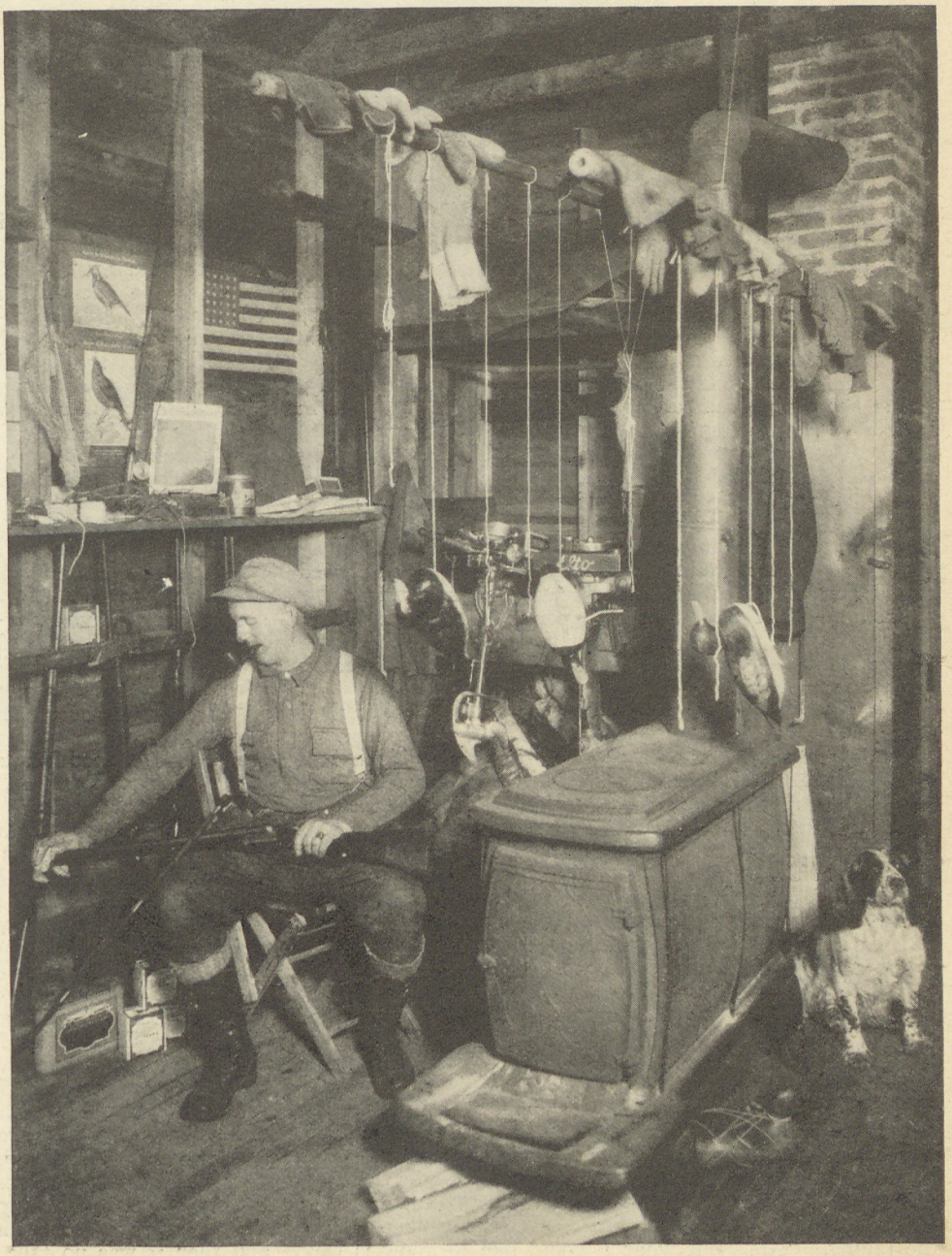
To each cupful of applesauce add one rounding tablespoonful of prepared horseradish and see what a whale of a difference it makes.

Roasting Ducks in the Land of the Tangerine

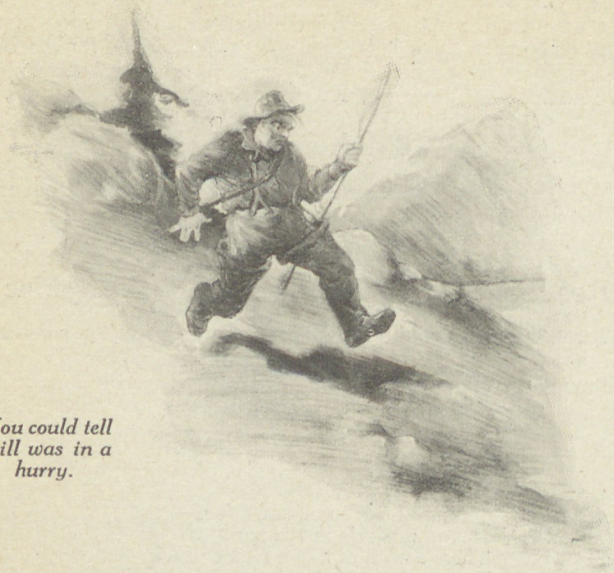
Tangerine pulp, cold boiled yams chopped together, seasoned with mace, salt and pepper and with some toasted bread crumbs are made for filling for wild duck. The rinds of the tangerines are laid over the duck while roasting.

Roastin'

Oh baby! can't you smell 'em—
Hear 'em sizzle in the pan?
There's nothin' like a feed o' duck
To warm the heart o' man. B.



At the end of the day we give the gun a treat.



You could tell Bill was in a hurry.

Illustrated by John Thoman

Chubs

Here Is a Story You Will Remember—a Chub, Parasite of the Fast Water and a Quitter, Turns Trout

By KARL B. MATHEWS

WE had just said goodbye to Jack Laird, and we were honestly sorry to see him go. Quite naturally we hated to see any of the boys leave when the trout were really coming, and particularly as good a fishing companion as he. Outside of Paradise, in the world that knew no wonderful streams, he was the famous John Laird, uncrowned ruler of a score of railroads, a rich man's son who had made good, and who was forever appearing in photogravure sections. But to us he was just "Jack," one of the youngsters of the club, and a fisherman who casts a real fly.

He had just gone chugging and rattling on through the winding road among the jack pines and scrub oaks in a dilapidated Ford, his duffle piled high on a rear seat, and the fragrant smoke of his farewell pipe still hung in the calm May air. We turned to go back to the club, that is Cupid, the meaty, profane, and yet marvelous chef and keeper, Milton, one of the oldest members and surely the most respected in his statements, and myself, when across the river we heard the breathless and annoying whistle of Bill Ryan. There was no mistaking that whistle. From the time the first arbutus scented the soft air, until the most hardy snowshoe rabbit called it a real winter and holed up, somewhere along the old river could be heard that half whistle and half hiss, vainly trying to catch the strains of the "Day of Jubelo," that marked the coming of Bill Ryan. By vocation a brick mason, by choice a poetic fisherman, he had gnarled fingers that seemed all thumbs, and mashed thumbs at that, and yet those same fingers could fashion a fourteen-eyed hook into a whirling dun that was fairylike.

This time the whistle was more like a leaky boiler than ever, and it was evident that Bill was hurrying. Soon we saw him crashing through the thick witch-hazel, his basket bobbing about on his broad back, and his patched waders rasping a snare drum accompaniment to his whistle. He scuttled across the swinging bridge, halting his whistle only when he nearly lost his balance, and met us before we were half way down the hill.

"Has Jack gone yet?" he asked, giving his apparently heavy basket a hitch further across his back.

"Just left," said Milton. "He had to catch the night train at the Junction. But he'll be back in June."

Bill grinned.

"June," he said. "Hell. That'll be a long time to be curious."

"Curious?" I remarked. "Why curious? Has Jack sprung a new killer?"

Bill eased himself down onto a step about half way down the long stair—"Jacob's Ladder Reversed," we call it—that leads to where the club house hides under the elms, close to the brink of the long rapids. Cupid ambled off towards the club, and Milton and I fitted ourselves into the seat below Bill.

"No," said Bill, carefully leaning his ancient bamboo against the railing. "No. But what I would like to know is why Jack takes such an interest in chubs. Today, as I came from the little riffles down towards the sucker hole, I saw him, sprawled out on that log that lies over the slack water at the head of the hole. About a dozen chubs were making bubbles, as there always is, and Jack, he just lay there and watched them for about ten minutes. Finally he looked up and saw me, and all sudden like he hopped off that log and disappeared up the trail. It wouldn't make me curious to see anybody watching trout. I've done that myself. But why any fisherman should watch chubs is beyond me."

Bill grinned again, and shook his head.

Across the river, on the broad flats, the first moonlight rested on the green and silver tops of the young poplars. An over-ambitious whip-poor-will was trying out his voice on the hill behind us. A few small trout were rising with tiny splashes at the edge of the hole above the rapids. From the kitchen came the sizzle of bacon and the slam of the cook stove door.

For a few moments we were silent, drinking in reality the scene we had visualized all winter. Then Milton, twisting slowly around, looked up at Bill, and said, quietly,

"Bill, don't ever mention that to Jack."

I imagine I was fully as surprised as Bill, and we both looked wonderingly at him.

"Perhaps," resumed Milton, turning again and facing towards where the moonlight now flowed in ripples over the flats and danced across the first break of the rapids, "perhaps before supper I can tell you why—and satisfy your curiosity."

We waited, Bill and I, for the story we knew was coming.

"Looking at chubs," mused Milton, and again he gazed silently into the moonlight.

"Trying to find another miracle, I suppose," he said. He leaned back against the railing, shifted until he was facing me, and Bill leaned forward to listen, his whistle stilled.

"I think you remember, boys," he said, "when I first brought Jack Laird to the club. I don't think you'll ever forget. I can remember yet your amazement when you found he had never cast a fly. And as for you, Bill, your whistle stopped when he asked you what bait you used. I knew I was taking an awful chance when I brought him here. I realize now it was desperate. Yet I figured there might be a chance. I never reckoned on a miracle." Again there was silence while Milton looked once more across the dancing moonstruck ripples.

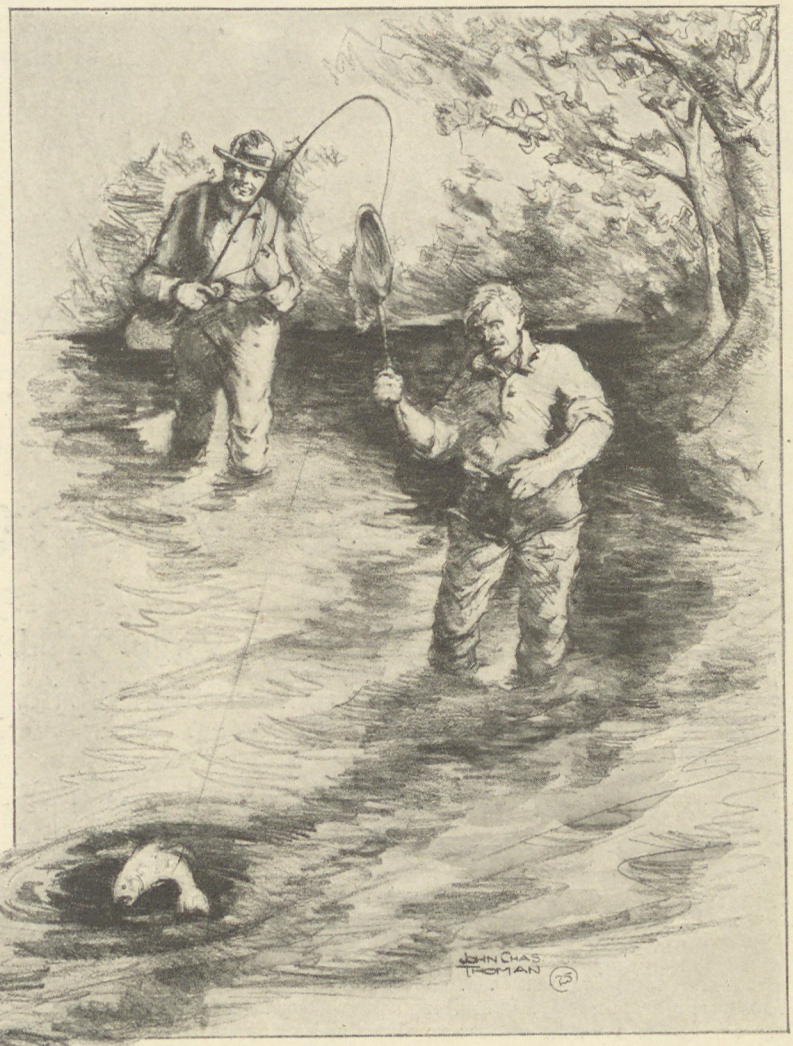
"I have known Jack for a long time, longer than I want to remember. I knew his father before him, even when that father had time for Jack, and used to boast to me that the boy's first move was a perfect wrist motion. I remember when Jack's mother was alive, and that was only the first five years of his life. I saw Jack grow up, first with his father and then apart from him. I saw his father strike it rich, and I saw the very machinery he built, catch and drag him into it, away from the out of doors, away from his friends, away from me—and, away from Jack. Only once in a while then would I see him, and then it was no talk of wrist motions, or arguments on flies, or boasting of Jack. If he mentioned the boy at all it

was only to say his college career was disappointing, or he was off travelling somewhere. And I knew Jack when that same machinery finally got his father—and reached out for Jack,—the machinery of millions of dollars—with all its power—and worse, all its responsibilities, turned over to a boy who didn't know life.

"I know you had heard of Jack then—for the papers in those days gave him plenty of space. The boy magnate they called him. And all the men whose money had gone into the making of old Laird's fortune grinned—and prepared to make the boy magnate pay—with interest. Jack's gilded friends redoubled their flattery, and the sirens of Broadway scented new game.

"Poor Jack, he didn't have a chance. The stuff was in him—time has proven that—but he didn't know it. He was as a two-year-old hatchery trout would be, dumped into the wildest water of those rapids. He tried—he tried hard—but he had never known anything but his own way. He'd never felt the hook—he'd never known opposition. And when it came, he merely sidestepped it, followed the easiest course, and kept on down hill.

"It wasn't a year before that massive machinery began to disintegrate. Power and money can only be kept by fighting twice as hard as you fight to get it. And Jack couldn't—or rather wouldn't fight. Jack was no fool—he knew he was slipping—and at a moment of utter discouragement—I brought him out here. I told him of the love his father had had for the river—for the game—and glad to turn to me, largely, I guess, because I didn't feed him up on flattery, he came.



Again the fish flashed.

"As I said, you boys remember when I brought him here. I knew I'd be about as welcome as an angle worm. I knew the chances I was taking—and yet, somehow, I have an abiding faith in the old river—I knew it could make men, as it makes trout. I felt that if it could not bring out the strain that was in the boy—then nothing could.

"For a long day and a half I wouldn't let him fish. I took him up here on the sand stretch above the old jam and hour after hour I taught him to throw a fly. It was hard to keep up his interest—I talked—I pleaded—and I guess I told some yarns that were a little strong. Finally, he got a hint of the knack, and tossed a fly that didn't hit the water like a brick. Up the river I took him, up the head of the little riffles, Bill, where you saw him this afternoon. And there I left him. I wanted him to buck that current—to fight his fish—alone. I turned him over to the river—my river.

"Perhaps in an hour I came back. I hadn't fished much. I was worried, half afraid I'd find him at the club house. But as I came down the trail I caught sight of him, standing in the middle of the river, right out from the old log you saw him on this afternoon. And idly he was casting a sloppy fly into the slack water. The whole picture was so typical—so true to him—that I knew I had failed. When he saw me he looked up and grinned.

" 'I thought these fish were man eaters, tigers, or bob cats,' he said. 'I've caught five and I haven't had any serious frights yet.'

"Slowly I waded out to him and peered into his basket. There lay five chubs. I felt old and tired then, even my river had failed me. Perhaps it made me talk a little more frank—a little bolder than I intended.

" 'Jack,' I said, 'these fish aren't trout—but I guess they're fit for you. These are chubs—plain, spineless, worthless chubs. They were born and raised in this wonderful river. They live in the midst of this glory of waters and woods. But they're just chubs. They live their useless lives in that slack water. They won't buck the current. They take a fly—but the first prick of the hook licks them—they won't fight. They're the parasites of Paradise.'

"I put my hand on his shoulder and his idle casting ceased. 'Jack,' I said, and looked straight at him, 'they're like a lot of men. They're just chubs—livers in slack water—quitters—and they never can be trout.'

"I was sorry then I had spoken, for Jack flushed and looked away from me, out towards the blue hills. He knew what I meant, and slowly he repeated, 'And they never can be trout.' With an impatient shrug of his shoulder he shook off my hand, and whipped out his fly on a short cast. I watched it flutter down right at the end of the old log, landing on the little flickering ridge of water that divides the current and the slack. As it touched the water I saw a flash of white. 'Strike,' I yelled, and Jack, still gazing out over the hills, automatically struck.

"I never saw a trout act as that one. For an instant the line held taut, the rod bowed, and then with a slow rush the fish started upstream. On and on he went, in short quick runs, never leaping, and seeming to hug the bottom. A brookie, I thought. Jack was changed. Gone was the easy, good-natured air. With his right hand glued to the bowed rod, he was making frantic jabs with his left hand at the spinning reel handle, while his eyes never left the running line ahead of him. My river was working. Of a sudden the line slacked and Jack grabbed the reel handle.

" 'Take in your slack,' I yelled, figuring the trout was sulking. I heard the first few clicks of the reel as Jack obeyed, then saw the slack line bow, and down past us, in those same quick runs, swept the fish. Again the

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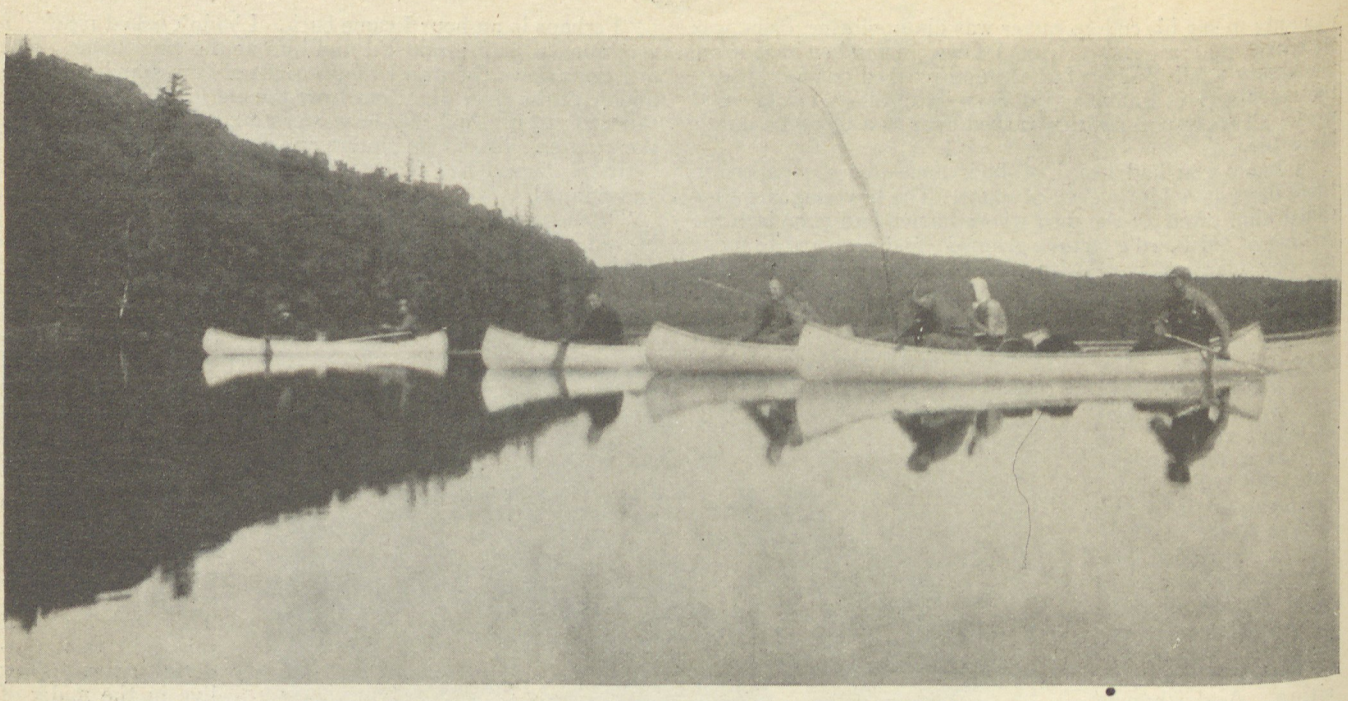


The start.

Ho! to the Woods

The Log of a Canoe Trip Through Virgin Wilderness in Quebec Kept by This Interesting Writer

By Dr. GEORGE PARKER HOLDEN

Author of "Stream Craft"

Photographs by the Author

WE accomplished the seemingly impossible. Leaving New York on Tuesday night, June 23, and arriving at home again after exactly two weeks almost to the minute, we had traversed by canoe and portage 200 miles through lakes and down a delectable river through a virgin, fresh green Canadian wilderness, a section undevastated by forest fires, beyond the encroachment of the lumberman, the land of the Indian birch-bark canoe, and occupied only by the fire ranger, the moose, black bear, big gray timber-wolf, beaver, martin, mink, partridge, black duck, eagle, crane, hawk, rabbit, lake trout or togue, northern pike, fighting square-tailed trout, some pike, perch or dore, and a few other wild creatures—including the black fly!

There were five canoes, five sportsmen, and five guides, comprising only the second expedition of sportsmen to make the whole trip down the West Branch of the Lievre River, from the Canadian National Railway southwest to Mont Laurier on the Canadian Pacific, which, when reached, found us six hours by train from Montreal.

Two of our guides had been down through that wild country once, a few weeks previously. The course was through a magnificent 300-square-mile game and fish preserve under control, by recent lease from the Canadian Government, of Campbell and Ogilvy of Parent, Quebec, the latter being "Dave" of the famous Ogilvy Brothers of Oxbow, N. B.

Through the initiative of one of our party who had secured a fine moose-head trophy up there last fall, we had arranged a talk here with Ogilvy in the winter, who had guaranteed fly-fishing in June for Canadian red brook-trout and a canoe trip through a beautiful wilderness that would "stick in our memory as long as we lived." We took him up on this proposition.

Through the courtesy of the Canadian National Railways, from whose New York offices we had obtained through tickets and who are ever alert to the interests of the sportsman, we were dropped at about five a. m., of Thursday, June 25, at Seymour Club (Siward's), a flag station some seven miles this side of Parent. As the train for Parent leaves Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, at 4:15 p. m., we had a good part of Wednesday to utilize in sightseeing Montreal by motor bus. At Seymour Club Dave Ogilvy and guides were ready to receive us, with canoes and a large canoe to the stern of which was attached a "kicker." These canoes, by the way, were models built especially for Ogilvy at Fredericton, N. B., being 16 feet long, of generous beam, and having an extra allowance of freeboard, because of the rough water not infrequently encountered on the larger lakes in his territory. Having changed into our woods togs and packed our train clothes in suit cases for shipment by express back to the Hotel Windsor at Montreal, we proceeded to embark.

The first leg of our journey was forty miles from Seymour Club, by Lake Menjobagus (Lake of Big Trout), portage, and Long Lake, to the Campbell and Ogilvy main camp, a commodious new peeled pine-log structure nicely situated on a cove on the east shore at the foot of Long Lake. A gang of Ogilvy's men had been only three weeks erecting this camp, right out of

the woods by all-hand power of axe and saw, and had it nearly completed on our arrival, Thursday evening, when immediately we did ample justice to the eats that Blair, the cook, had lavishly provided. It seemed quite mysterious how he found time to accomplish his miracles of cooking in the intervals of breaking in his Indian pup "Sque Wah." Next, without more ado, we hit the balsam tips.

Ogilvy had a second outboard motor and large canoe cached in the bushes at the far end of the portage beginning at the foot of Lake Menjobagus, so that the string of canoes was towed through most of the initial forty miles of our journey, and very little paddling was necessary.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday we spent in fishing and resting about the main camp. We traversed a magnificent gorge. Side trips included a try at the togue in nearby St. Pierre and other lakes, a close view of moose, and examination of a wolf den. In the evenings we "chased the circles" out in the lake-like expanse of river in front of "Lievre Lodge"—for such, we, the first party to occupy it, christened the camp for its owner. In chasing circles you watched for the rings of a trout's rise, your guide paddled for it at full speed, and when within casting distance you dropped your fly in its center. About every other time, and if not at first then at the second cast, you would hook your trout. And what fighters they are! from first feeling the taut line to the last struggle at the landing net! They shake themselves frantically, jump two or three times clear of the water—not simply boring down into deep water like our eastern U. S. brookers. A variation of this game was "hitting the bubbles," where at occasional places in the close-to-shore quiet outside of the back eddy beyond the riffles, thick foam would cover a patch of water, which foam imprisoned thousands upon thousands of insects. The foamy coating would prevent rising circles, but the careful eye would detect a bubbling at the surface at which you shot your fly. From underneath one of these foam patches you would pull out about fifteen trout in half an hour. Then you would let your guide enjoy the fun for a season.

These trout very consistently ran from about one and a half pounds up to three in weight, and occasionally more. They were beautiful fighting specimens, in superb condition, with rich dark coloration and having flesh as deeply red as that of salmon. Of course we caught any quantity of them beyond what we could use, and returned many more than were kept. You soon realized that the single hook, and that without a barb, was the right dope. Most were caught fishing the wet fly, and confined to three patterns, Parmachene Belle, Dark Montreal, and Silver Doctor, in size No. 8 or 10. The first two are really all that you need, and very likely the Parmachene Belle pattern would alone be adequate.

If it so happened that you lost track of the number of fish you were keeping, you soon were made aware of it. The guide would unhook your fish, hold him up for a moment for you to admire, and then gently slip him overboard. Two flies on the cast are inappropriate because there will be too many doubles.

Saturday I caught my largest pair of trout, and mounted the skin of one on bark, in Indian style.

Monday, June 29, the writer, with Doctor G—— and our guides Coll Mackellar and Alphonse Lepointe, made a side trip to Peabody Lake, a beautiful large body of water. We had arranged to meet the rest of the party the next afternoon at our camp at the foot of Peabody Brook, from whence on Tuesday we would all proceed on our route down the river. Here we shot our first rapids, at the foot of which I caught a fine two-pound trout and was snapshotted in the act by Doctor G——.

About twelve miles down the river—through a very beautiful winding stretch of alternating smooth bits, riffles, and rapids, between whose banks of green, comprised mostly of pine, spruce, cedar, balsam, and birch, with occasionally some poplar and tamarack, spread away the seemingly illimitable forest—here we saw a twelve-foot Indian birch-bark canoe, with paddle, stood on end against a tree in the bushes, and stopped to inspect it.

Later on there were moose tracks along the bank. A short carry around rapids, and behind a small island suddenly we came upon a cow moose placidly feeding. She was snapped by Doctor G—— at close quarters. Then a beaver house on the left bank, and more moose tracks. We had six fine trout for supper, caught from 5:30 to 6:30, and obtained a photo of the mouth of Peabody Brook.

We had been caught in a heavy rain up on Peabody Lake, but heading for shore, the guides soon had a good fire started around which we quickly dried out comfortably. The greatest care was taken thoroughly to douse all fires. When they were made in the woods at some little distance from the water's edge a big birch-bark scoop, easily fashioned, was an efficient water carrier.

We saw two cow moose on this lake trip, and a crane's nest in a pine tree, with a crane posed stationary and in silhouette on its very tip. Returning to the mouth of Peabody Brook at 2:00 p. m., the rest of the party had arrived but a few minutes previously, having left Lievre Lodge about 9:00 a. m. We lunched and all proceeded down the river.

C. E. W. and guide surprised a timber wolf swimming the stream a short distance ahead of their canoe—a big, ugly brute with the hair bristling from the back of his neck. Rapidly

Breaking Camp.

gathering clouds portended a heavy shower, and making for the left bank and shelter under the pines, the canoes were drawn up and turned over and we were made snug in surprisingly quick time. Camp was made for the night high up on the right bank of the river at about 6:30.

Wednesday, July 1, opened with a beautiful morning, as we broke camp at about 5:30; and once out on the river we were free of flies and mosquitoes. Silently we paddled along for hours, sometimes in file and again abreast. Every sloping sandbank at the frequent turns of the river showed moose tracks, Doctor G—— getting a photo of an especially good one. A young bull moose was seen on the right bank, and a little farther along a beaver house on the left.

A succession of black ducks and their broods was encountered. Soon as the mother duck would espy our canoe brigade advancing she would marshal her ducklings aside by the bank, bid them to stay put till her return, and then would make off downstream, dragging her wings and legs along the surface in frantic invitation for us to chase her. When we had followed her for a half mile or more, she would rise and circle back to her awaiting brood.

A small sandy island marks the entrance to the big lake, Mitchinawekus. This lake is about ten miles long, but is one of a continuous chain of three lakes nearly twenty miles in length. We reached the island at 11:00 a. m., when the guides celebrated their release from the confinement of the canoes by engaging in a jumping contest on the sand. Fred Padget carried off the honors. After a rest, and the taking of pictures of the party, we left the island and made for a ranger's camp three miles down the lake, which brought us to our half-way station. From the railroad at Seymour Club to the railroad at Mont Laurier is two hundred miles, though we had but seventy-five miles to go, as we were to end our water trip at Le Val's, about 25 miles above Mont Laurier, the river from there down being comparatively uninteresting. We were very glad to be snug in camp as it turned out a rainy night. Before turning in, the guides told characteristic stories of the trail as we sat before the stove in the log shack.

Catching 'em and letting 'em go.

Thursday, July 2, the party broke camp at 9:45 and experienced a morning of shifting light winds and showers. The first stop was at an Indian camp site on a large island below the ranger's camp, and in the quiet lee of which we had fished the black waters the previous evening. These Indians, a mixture of Cree and Ojibway, occupy these camps and live there in tents in the winter only, when they are trapping for furs for the Hudson Bay Company. In the summer time you can smell them at a great distance, with a favoring wind, because of the rotting moose ribs hanging about, etc. Here were found the decrepit remains of a birch canoe, the frame of one they had started to build, some snowshoes, bow and blunt-headed arrows. We obtained a photo of the place. During the summer the Indians mostly loaf about the Catholic missions and Hudson Bay Company's posts. We had thought the Indian birch-bark canoe quite extinct, but they are built right along in this section.

Leaving this island, soon a trout circle appeared about ten feet from our canoe. We sheered off and, casting, netted a two-pounder. A picture was taken up the lake of the canoes with the expanse of water in the distance. At the outlet of Mitchinawekus, above the rapids, the trout were the fiercest of any yet encountered—also the black flies. I caught six fine trout in a little more than half an hour, including one double, and the largest of the trip was brought to net by C. E. W., a three-pounder. Kenneth C—— caught two others, only a matter of a couple of ounces smaller. One member of the party caught forty-five this day, from one and a half pounds up to three pounds, returning most of them. Below the rapids the writer experienced the greatest fishing of his life, on a single barbless hook, catching them and then letting them go.

We camped this night at another Indian camp site, quite inodorous, on the left bank of the river, where there was a shed moose-antler. At dusk, in the shallow water near shore, the trout were cruising about in groups of four or five, with back fins and tails appearing above the surface, like miniature sharks. You could almost touch them with your rod tip.

Friday, July 3, we were up and away at 6:00 a. m., and reached the outlet of the big lake proper at about 7:30. The trout were rising by the hundreds as we paddled along. There was a hatch of a small buff fly as we came down the lake, their husks and dead flies, millions of them, covering the water with a yellow scum as far as the eye could reach. The only other fly life noted on the water was apparently a drake, with black-mottled gray wings and yellow body, of which Queen of the Water was a good copy, and this artificial also proved taking, toward evening; but perhaps they would have taken anything offered. This big lake is a series of lakes, the water like a mirror as we silently paddled on our way, stopping awhile, now and again, to fish the riffles at a narrows. These riffles at narrows and above and below rapids were the premier fishing spots. At the outlet, at one time three of the party were into good fish all at once, and each had the thrill of watching the others while playing his own fish. Can you beat that! My guide's cry rang out intermittently — "Stay with him, Dochter! He's a tiger!"

Soon we noticed an eagle's nest in the top of a big pine on the left bank, with eaglets, and the old pair sailing overhead. Lunch at 11:00 o'clock. Immediately after we encountered a two-mile portage, the hardest of the trip, but at the foot of which we were rewarded by viewing a beautiful twenty-five-foot falls dividing against a central huge rock. We negotiated today eight rapids, of which we ran three, had three carries, and the guides poled the canoes down two of them. This was the guides' especial play, and we could hear their exultant yells and catch an occasional glimpse of them through the trees from the trail, as they went down. Freddy was the particularly brilliant performer at this stunt. About twenty-five years old, yellow-haired, and with sparkling gray eyes, and weighing not over 125 pounds, he was as hard as nails—an animated, compact bundle of steel springs. Carefully arranging the dunnage in the canoes to secure proper balance, the guides stood in the stern, with a light peeled spruce pole about ten feet long grasped in their hands, and in a slightly crouching attitude of keen alertness. These waters are of a dark amber color, and the rocks are dark, offering almost no contrast, and the water would glide over a smooth rock three inches under the surface without making any warning back swirl. You had to see these to avoid them, and you couldn't see them 'til almost over them. In such a contingency, to relieve the canoe of his weight, Fred would jump up on his pole, remaining suspended in the air during the critical moment, and then land safely in the canoe when the rock was cleared. Camp was made on the left bank at 5:30. This was the only hot day.

Saturday, July 4.—Last night was the night of the particularly diabolical fly and mosquito pestilence, which was the immediate cause of our getting started at 4:30 this morning, Mr. C—— emphatically declaiming that, while he did not generally approve of swearing, anybody had his free permission to cuss long and heartily, then and there. But in the thrill of running a series of rapids for about four miles, sliding downhill at ten miles an hour, through water as rough as could be without shipping it, flies, etc., were quickly forgotten. Dr. G—— and Alphonse saw a full-grown black bear on the left bank.

At the next carry, trees across the trail had to be chopped away to get the canoes through. They had fallen since Ogilvy

was over the portage but a few weeks previously. While the guides were thus engaged, the five of us Staters, being together the trail's foot, gave three cheers for the good old U. S. A. in celebration of the Fourth. Light rain the first half of the day. Two carries, and one lift over a small falls. A comparatively new Indian birch canoe lay bottom up on the right bank.

Shortly we came to a lumbering bridge built of logs, the first sign of "civilization" thus far. A little later, at the junction with the East Branch of the Lievre which is the outlet of the American Lake chain, we encountered the first logs. Had our "first lunch" at 9:00 a. m. and dried out on the high bank.

En route again, we soon stopped to inspect bear and deer tracks on a sand beach on the right bank. There are many large pike in this lower part of the river. More bear tracks in sand on another right bank, about three miles above Tapani Farm, the first outpost of civilization, which was reached at 1:30. This is a lumber depot with farm and stables. From here Ogilvy telephoned to Mont Laurier for autos to convey canoes, dunnage, and party to meet us at Le Val's, about twenty-two miles farther down.

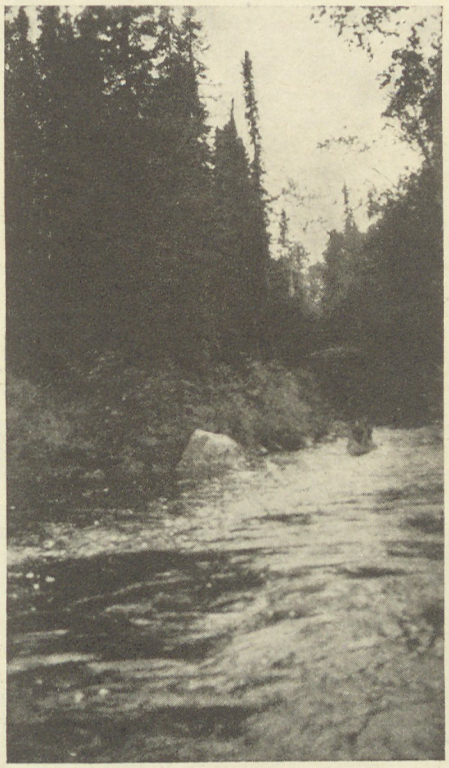
Leaving Tapani Farm we ran our last rapids and had our last carry around a second rapids, and at the foot of the latter had our second lunch of the day, and last in the woods. We then had to get out over and through the logs below an extensive jack-straw jam, and reached Le Val's at the mouth of the Tapani River, the outlet of Tapani Lake, at dusk, after paddling fifty-six miles this last day, and the final twenty miles being through scattered floating logs. We had seen twenty-two moose during the trip. Le Val's is a stopping place for lumbermen. Adjoining his place were camped two or three Indian families, including an old fellow, the head of those whose winter camp is at the foot of the big lake. With him Ogilvy had a pow-wow, apprising him of the fact of his acquired lease of his territory, and warning him, while the Government rule of trapping being strictly reserved for the Indians would be enforced, the Indians must not trap out of season nor shoot any moose. "Same as club?" queried this old Indian, who spoke very good English, and, coming to an understanding with the pale face, the agreement was sealed by Ogilvy presenting him with his old straw hat. During this palaver the old "chief" inquired, "Will white man shoot Indian if he kill moose to keep from starving?" Ogilvy assured him on the well understood woods law that in case of actual necessity for food he could kill a moose, but warned him that it should be only in case of real need. Most of the Indians understand only French. The nearest Hudson Bay Post to Lievre Lodge is about forty miles distant, on Kemp Lake of the American Chain, and it was Ogilvy's intent, soon after we left him, to see the Scotch factor at that post and to secure his co-operation in influencing the Indians in this section to obey the game laws and play fair with him. This factor is married to a full-blooded Ojibway wife, and the Hudson Bay Company prefers to have their factors married to Indian women, as this assures life service.

The Hotel Chateau Laurier was reached over very muddy, slippery roads, at about 10:00 p. m.

Sunday, July 5, until train time at 4:00 p. m., was spent in the interesting lumbering town of Mont Laurier, having a population of about 2,200. The government is constructing a gravel road, which will be completed in the fall, from Montreal to Mont Laurier through the Laurentians. We attended a local ball game, at which Alphonse played with distinction. It seems he is an old hand at it. Montreal, the Windsor Hotel, our suit cases, and hot baths were reached at 10:00 p. m. The train ride from Mont Laurier to Montreal through the Laurentians Hills was especially interesting. At 10:00 a. m. the following morning (Monday) we entrained for home.

He who sighs, "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness," may have his dreams realized by a sojourn at Lievre Lodge, and it is inconceivable that it could be under better auspices, and, further, the charges are most reasonable in view of the quality of the service rendered. The woodsmanship, expert water work, consistent courtesy, constant effort to see that we had a good time, and unremitting fostering care of our guides defy overpraise. It is a never-ending marvel to see these men so swiftly and surely carry a pack and seventy-pound canoe over the rough portage trails, often steep, nearly overgrown, and tree obstructed. It is a wonderful demonstration of the results of original adaptability and of special training. Our hats are off to these sterling men of the woods and the waters, Dave, Ogilvy, Steve Campbell, Coll Mackellar, Alphonse Lepointe, and Fred Padget; and once more we express our appreciation of Blair's cooking at the Lodge, and also would record the services of George Foss, of Parent, who guided the writer before we started down the river, and who perhaps is the star pack toter of the outfit. Foss is particularly well posted on the country, having traversed 5,000 miles of it with the chief fire ranger.

Ogilvy and Campbell, under the terms of their lease, have assumed the responsibility of conserving the game and enforcing the fish and game laws. In the matter of moose, it is their intention not only to see that bulls alone are shot, but that only adult bulls shall be considered legitimate game for the hunter —"ten-point antlers only." As to the trout fishing, they will abet the use of a single barbless hook. With such a policy the game value of the lease should steadily improve with coming years.



Running the rapids.

But do not too long defer your visit to this delectable sportsman's land. While the lumberman as yet has not invaded the section, on the Gatineau, only a few miles to the westward, 80,000,000 feet of timber were cut last year, and 90,000,000 feet in 1923. How many years will elapse before the woodsman's greedy axe will demand its toll of that pine and spruce along the Lievre?

This trip should not be attempted by anyone not reasonably familiar with paddling and life in the open, and only by women who are rugged and agile. It is axiomatic that you must "watch your step" every minute, the disastrous result of a turned ankle caused by slipping on a stone or a wet tree root along the trail being easily visioned. And any woods tourist in any section of Canada in the summer should carry a generous supply of the most effective fly dope that can be obtained. We recommend a mixture of equal parts of oil of pennyroyal, oil of pine tar, and vaseline. And a head net, and even half-fingered gloves with net extensions held about the forearm by an elastic band, are not to be dispised at times.

But one making this trip after the opening of the hunting season, September 10, would be little bothered by flies, and could catch all the trout needed to satisfy his fishing propensities, though they might not come to his fly as ravenously as they came to ours in the last week of June.

A final word suggestive of the primitive state of this country. Although according to the latest government map (1924) our course was as I have detailed, Ogilvy insists that the map is not correct; that we started our trip in Gatineau waters, to be strictly accurate, and not in those connected with the upper West Branch of the Lievre; and that the name Menjabogus and not Mitchinawekus, has reference by the Indians to the big lake. My personal guide Mackellar, told me that the "boss" intended soon to establish one of several outlying camps on a certain lake of good size that the rangers had told him was especially good moose ground. Says "Mac," who is a lumberjack in the winter time, "The first thing we have to do is to find the lake. Then we'll have to figure out and cut a trail the nearest way to it." A little job like that is all in the day's work for these chaps.

White Pine

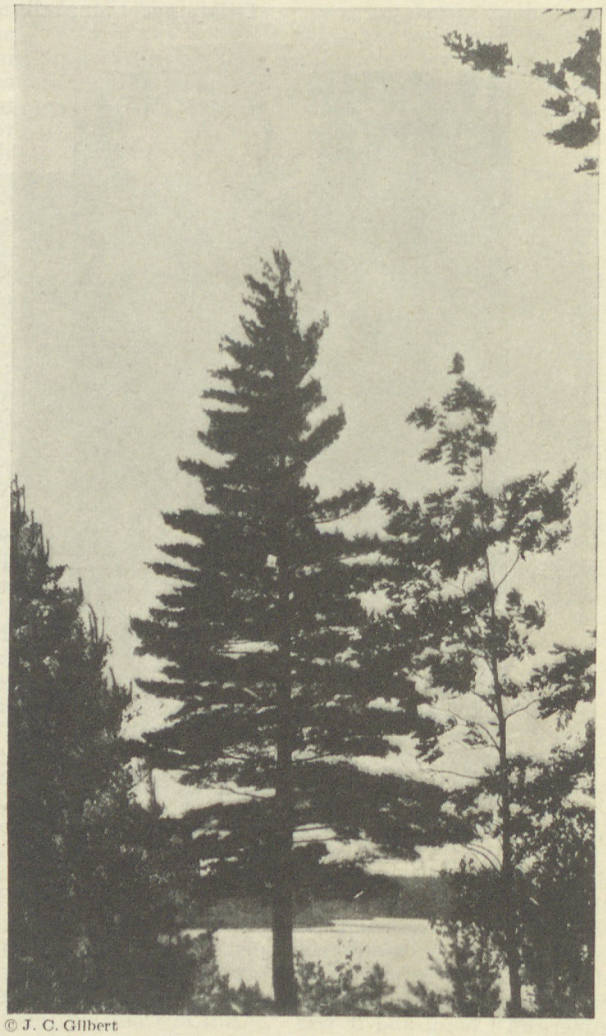
King of the Forest

A Common Sense Description of Our Need for More Tree Planting

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

I CAME upon him in the evening. He is a dark, somber white pine. He stands on the lake shore, erect, and proud as an old warrior. The setting sun threw long, cool shadows on his dark foliage, and beyond the lake glistened, mirror-like in the evening, an entrancing sight. I viewed him in all his majesty down a narrow lane of younger pines which have grouped themselves about him as if to learn wisdom from the patriarch and do him homage.

He stands like a sentinel, guarding the boat passage between Lake Guthrie and Section One Lake, in Otsego county, just north of the Crawford-Otsego county line. Through the forest dusk, richly scented by the fading heat of the sun, the aroma of pine needles wafts up the aisle. A thrush sings in a young Norway tree top. To me this liquid lilt is the exact expression of the evening's beauty. The zoom and whir of a nighthawk gives evidence of approaching darkness. The old white pine is in a beautiful, restful setting, ready to sleep the night through, alone by the quiet lakeside. It carries its years serenely. Standing there so tall, so peacefully in the fading twilight, it dreams of its far-off youth, and of the many woodside happenings it has witnessed. The love-making of the wild creatures, the joyful song of the wild birds, the agonized cry of a trapped animal—all the happiness and tragedy that haunts the forest pass in review before it.



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The white pine. Note the difference in the foliage compared to the Norway or red pine in the left foreground.

In the gathering gloom I ask the old tree to tell me of the many things it has seen during its busy lifetime. How many generations of men have hunted and fished in these haunts since it first peeped from beneath the brown needles of its forefathers, to view the light of a May day. What do you recall, Old Sentinel Pine?

A faint breeze stirs the topmost tip of the tree. It seems to bow and the wind sighs through its myriad needles with a soft, soul-easing sound.

Many changes have taken place since the sun of an unexplored country first shone on my tiny seedling needles. While yet a sturdy young tree, in the dim days of the past, I recall hearing the soft, sibilant, hiss of the Indian's stone-tipped arrow, and its dull "plink" as it struck my trunk, perhaps pinioning a wild creature to a crevice in my dark, shaggy bark. Again, at my feet wild red men held their feasts of fish and venison, making the forest ring with their glad, free cries. Their birch canoes scraped the sand under my overspreading branches. Other canoes are in fancy upturned again on the beach among my roots. Again I see tiny, copper-colored children climbing my trunk for the cones that bear annually. Deer and moose and occasionally wandering elk rasp their itching horns on my sturdy trunk in spring to remove the velvet. Porcupines nibble at my limbs, denuding many of them of bark. I give freely of what I have. There are many of us in these days and no one suffers.

Twenty years pass.

The Sacs and Fox tribes cease to camp at my feet near the water's edge. The dull, reverberating boom of the war drum has called them from the old hunting and feasting grounds. They are hundreds of miles to the south. They are on the warpath fighting an invader. They have joined Pontiac, Tecumseh, and other noted chiefs. Many fall at Forts Detroit, Vincennes, and along the Maumee. Time passes.

It is autumn in the northland. The woods are scarlet and yellow. A still day with dead leaves fluttering down on the surface of the lake. The trapper comes with stealthy tread. A tall, lean man with buckskin clothing and coonskin cap. An intrepid scout of the far-flung outposts of American civilization. A long-barreled muzzle-loading musket is laid lovingly against my trunk. He makes three or four mink sets at the shore nearby and passes on. Later in the fall he builds a lean-to beneath my broad branches—a sort of half-way house on his ten-mile trap line. Fur is plentiful and trap lines are short. Spring comes. The snow melts and the trapper bundles his beaver pelts and other skins and hits the trail for the Au Sable, where he will float down to Lake Huron in his heavily laden canoe and from there, in company with hundreds of his kin, will paddle to Fort Detroit, the nearest fur market.

Years pass.

It is spring again. The trailing arbutus is in bloom on the south sides of the hillsides, and the air is redolent with their fragrance. Men in thick, cowhide boots carrying packs, rangerods, transits and chains, unload their strange paraphernalia in the old Indian camping place. There is much talk of

"correct field notes," "meander lines," "Section twenty-nine North of Range Three West of the principal meridian of the state." Notes are made in black leather books. Rough maps are drawn. Mention is made of fine pine timber. These are the United States Government surveyors making their first survey in this wilderness. They depart with their queer tools and surveying jargon. Again a quiet unbroken, save for the occasional visit of a wandering trapper who now must extend his trap line farther as fur-bearers become more scarce. Twenty years elapse.

Again the transit, chains and range rods. This time it is a whiskered giant in search of pine. White pine only, and it must be straight, tall, clean of limbs and growing thickly together. It must lie in a position easy to log, and there must be waterways available for driving the logs to the mills. Quarter lines are run, trees blazed and notes made in books. Talk of "Government land office in St. Paul," "One dollar and a quarter per acre," and the like. The timber cruisers and surveyors leave. An ominous silence for five years. Not even a trapper. It is the lull before the storm.

Now "development" begins in earnest. A road-making crew swamps out a wide trail from Elk Rapids to Chub Creek. A small settlement starts at Otsego Lake. A dam is built on Chub Creek. Another on the stream farther down. Three more dams are built on the North Branch of the Au Sable. Winter comes. Men with saws and axes enter the deep colonnades of the forest and begin a ruthless murder of all white pine. Nothing but white pine. No shaky butts. This timber must be all sound from the heart to the bark. Good, clear white pine in the little village of Saginaw brings all of $3.00 a thousand feet. (Today it brings $150.00 a thousand and you cannot get it clear of knots in Michigan and the shaky butts of logs are strewn on the barrens of the north today, rotting into the sandy earth, but with the old crosscut saw marks still plainly visible and the ancient skidways still standing, rotting into the earth.) Many trees are cut down, sawn up and left because they show a faint heart rot an inch or two in the center. The hustle and bustle of lumbering goes on apace. Huge, bearded giants, dressed in brilliant checkered mackinaws and stagged off Soo Wool trousers swagger through the forest brandishing axe and saw. Hilarious curses, songs and all the uproarious freedom of the pioneer rings through the deep colonnades of pines. The days resound with the death of comrades crashing to the ground. The hungry maws of the Saginaw valley and the Oscoda mills must be fed, that a pioneering nation might have shelter as it pauses on its westward sweep. There are millions of acres untouched west of the Mississippi and the Lake states. The Southern Pineries have not been scratched. A war-torn southland is too weak to more than feed its starving population. Not a seed tree is left besides myself and a few more Norways who grew too close to the water's edge, and therefore had plenty of sunlight. With a sufficiency of light the bodies of pines grow limby and therefore knotty and worthless for lumber—until now, when anything goes. Protected at the lake edge we survived. We propagated a new, young forest standing today. Wild passenger pigeons come in millions each season and weigh down the branches of the few white pines left. The Norway pines are also heavy laden with pigeons, so much so that great branches fall to the ground with the weight of the roosting birds. Market hunters join the timber butchers and hold high carnival. The birds are clubbed to death at night, smudged out of their roosts and netted by the car load. They are shipped to the already glutted markets of the south. Each year the birds come in decreasing numbers. At last they come no more. They are extinct. The last bird dies a captive in a zoological garden. Fine stuff! Another victory for the white man! Another creature driven off the earth!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 68]

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"The timber of tomorrow for the men of tomorrow."

John Moreland—Fisherman

The Tale of a Hard Fought Bass Battle

By WILL H. DILG

Illustration by William Schmedtgen

Chapter 7

Synopsis

JOHN MORELAND and Walter Strong, piscatorial enemies of the first water, make a large wager on which will land the largest black bass of the season. As both of these men have ample means to use every possible fishing facility, this story is of gripping interest. The contest is narrowing down and the end is drawing near.

Go on with the story.

"WE must get my big bass to John Moreland the first thing in the morning so that he can weigh it—it will lose an ounce or two as it is. He will, I know, though, take my word about its weighing five pounds and two ounces, still I want him to see it at the earliest moment possible," said Walter Strong.

"I'm betting they are below us, as I have a hunch Bill Pohlman has lit out for the Winneshiek country," answered Nate Ward.

"All right, we'll first search for them down river—only let's have an early breakfast and start out just as soon as it's light enough to see to steer the launch. I want to go along this time and show Moreland my big fish myself," said Strong.

"I guess he'll quit and pay up when he sees that five pound bass," remarked Nate.

"Quit, hell, not he, John Moreland never quits and doesn't know the taste of defeat. He'll do just what I would do—fight it out till the season's over. My big bass will only make him more determined to win."

"That five thousand dollar bet is as good as won. I'm willing to bet my season's pay on it and if Bill Pohlman wants a good bet he can sure have it. Bill's too wise, though, to put up any money against our fish. He knows five pound two ounce black bass aren't caught every day and here we are within a few days of September with the best of the season behind us. No, Bill Pohlman is too wise a bird to bet against our big fish," said Nate.

"What time in the morning do you think we can get started?" asked Strong.

"It's plum light by four-thirty and if it's not too foggy we should be under way by five o'clock sharp," answered Nate.

"Well, let's turn in and get to sleep," said Strong.

"It's 'lights out' just as soon as you undress," sleepily replied Nate.

By four-thirty next morning Lars Peterson had breakfast on the table, and sixty miles down river Pete Lafitte also had breakfast ready.

"Well, ole fren', I tell you long tame dare beeg bass in de Winneshiek. You and Bill mus' get dat beeg fish dis morn'. I wan' win dat one hundred tirty dollair I bet dat Swede, Lars Peterson," said Pete.

Just as Walter Strong and Nate stepped into the launch Lars Peterson shouted out: "Please tell dot Frenchman, Pete Lafitte, dot Lars Peterseon say 'ha-ha-ha,' just like dot—'ha-ha-ha' just like dot. Many times I say it."

Both Strong and Nate smiled as they stepped into the launch. "Give her every bit she's got in her, Nate," said Walter Strong as he sat back in his chair. Perfect contentment with all the world shone on his face as the Victory shot down river at better than twenty-five miles per hour.

By five o'clock John Moreland and Bill Pohlman were making their way through the pearly grey morn to the spot of spots, where the mighty bass of the evening before had located his headquarters. Never had two fishermen started forth in higher hope and never had God made a more ideal morning for a fly fisherman. The blackbirds were out in force—kingfishers shot up and down the river like blue flame—a muskrat crossed the river just ahead and squirrels were chattering in the tree tops. The anglers saw and heard bass working on the banks but they did not think of pausing. These two had no time for just bass—they were after one big bass—the King bass of the river; every day, plain bass had no attraction.

As Bill pulled hard on the oars so that they might cover the half mile quickly and not lose a second of such a fishing morning, John Moreland said: "I dreamed of that big bass last night. I hooked it in my dream and after hours of fight he broke my leader. I waked up in a sweat."

"So did I dream of him," said Bill, "only in my dream we got him."

"Dream or no dream, something tells me we are going to hook that big bass," said Moreland, "and we are going to stick to the old lunker till we do get him, even if it takes all summer. I wouldn't sell out my chances of getting this big fish for half the bet paid over right now!"

"That's the way to talk," said Bill. "I've got a hunch we're going to get that old he-bass and it's a cinch if we do get him that we win."

Little did John Moreland and Bill Pohlman know, as they were so confidently starting forth, that Walter Strong and Nate Ward were clipping it off at twenty-five miles per hour in search of them and that resting on a bed of green moss they carried an old warrior which exceeded the weight of their four pound two ounce fish of a week ago by an even pound.

"We're pretty close to that little slough, aren't we?" asked Moreland. "Now, what fly do you think I had better try first?"

Bill rested on his oars and carefully looked over Moreland's abundant supply of bass bugs and wounded minnows. "I like that silver bodied Brann's Glory," he said. "There is just enough yellow in it and it looks like 'the goods' to me—I'd try it anyhow."

"On she goes!" said Moreland.

As they drew close to the lair of the big bass they saw hundreds of bass working on minnows. For a space of eighty feet the water was threshed into a foam by the plunging fish. So eager were the feeding bass that minnows could be seen flecking the black clay bank, the bass in their smashing attacks throwing the small fish upon the bank. Here a wise and lucky black bird marched up and down the bank and pounced upon the minnows the instant they were cast up.

"My, what a sight, but I don't think any of those fish are as big as that one last evening," said Moreland. And as he spoke his eyes were glued to the spot where the giant bass of the evening before had been barely pricked. Suddenly the water rose into a foam and a wham, bang, sounded out sharply.

"There he is—now, shoot out your fly at the spot where he came up," directed Bill.

The big fish saw Moreland's fly and plunged at it and as he struck he came half out of the water.

"Missed it clean," said Bill.

Again and again Moreland cast his feathered minnow but without getting another rise from the big bass. Occasionally though, and in spite of himself he would hook a two or three pound bass and then he would savagely fight the fish until the rod creaked in his anxiety to land the fish quickly so that he might again try for the king bass. Everything being relative, Moreland had no time but for the big one.

"I'm fishing for the Royal family and I haven't time for any fish but that old king of the river," he said.

To add to his distress, it seemed that each time he was fighting a smaller fish the old monster bass would be particularly active. His smashing rushes after the minnows sounded as fiercely as the war-time Big Bertha booming forth.

"These bass are all babies when compared to that big old whopper," said Bill.

"I know it," answered Moreland, and as he spoke again the king of the Winneshiek bottoms exploded the water into a foam.

Fly after fly was tried without avail. Often it seemed that Moreland's feathered lures actually touched the old bass as he tore up the water, and often he showed his whole body as he smashed at the minnows.

John Moreland had now been casting steadily for nearly an hour and his wrist and casting arm ached from the work. "Let's rest up a bit," he said. And so Bill pulled the boat to the opposite shore. As they rested they watched the spot where the Monarch bass of

When they go the ducks start to come in from the north.

the river had established his headquarters, and they could see what an ideal place it was for a big fish. The clay bank of the river here took a sudden bend which permitted the big fish to rest in easy water just at the edge of the rushing current, giving it a chance to see everything as it passed down river.

Bill, after studying the bank, said: "The river is at a standstill and will remain at this stage of water for a week or ten days and that means that our bass will stick to that dandy spot until the river goes down. I don't think, though, we had better try for old man John Bass any more this morning. The sky is too clear and there are no minnows running as you can see. Better wait till evening, is my advice. No doubt of the old boy's being right here."

"All right, let's call it off for this morning," answered John Moreland.

Bill pulled out of the slough into the big river. As they were slowly making for the house boat, Bill looked up river and saw Walter Strong's launch, The Winner, in sight and called Moreland's attention to the rapidly moving boat.

"I wonder where The Winner is bound for?" he said.

John Moreland turned around and saw The Winner coming down stream at full speed.

"I bet they have caught a big bass and are looking for us," he said. "Better stand up and hail them when they get close enough."

Bill stood up and waved his hat. Nate Ward saw him and saluted with his whistle.

"They're looking for us, all right," he said, as The Winner slowed down and changed her course to their side of the river. Soon the two rivals saw each other and each waved as Bill pulled his boat up to The Winner.

"Hello, John," said Strong.

"Hello, Walter. Thought we had lost you—what's up?" inquired Moreland.

"We've got the winner and want to show it to you," said Strong.

"Not yet—the season's not over. I scratched a fish last evening at sundown that spells PAY DAY. I know just where he holds forth and I'm going to keep fishing for him till I get him. Bill here says he's the King bass of the river and I believe he is all of that," tartly answered John Moreland, with a challenge in his voice.

"Step in The Winner and let me show you my bass," said Strong. "You never saw a bass anything like this, old boy." The confident ring in Strong's voice was far from music to Moreland. "Step in, John, and feast your eyes on a real He bass."

"All right, trot him out," said Moreland as he climbed over the side of the boat and sat down.

Nate, after giving the wheel to Bill, brought forward the regular Upper Mississippi fly fisherman's ice box and with a smile raised the lid. There, lying flat on a cake of ice cut the exact size of the box, lay Walter Strong's twenty-four-inch bass.

John Moreland gazed at it in silence for a full minute before he spoke.

"That's a big fish, what will it weigh?" he asked.

"Five pounds and exactly two ounces," said Strong.

"Not big enough," said Moreland. "I'm going to beat it by at least a pound. I scratched a bigger fish than that last evening. Got one jump out of it. He's still there—saw him a dozen times this morning."

"You don't want to press that bet of ours any, do you?" asked Strong with a snap.

"I wouldn't mind," said Moreland. "Let's make our little bet ten thousand instead of five?"

"You're on," said Strong.

"Let's shake on it," said John Moreland.

They shook hands in silence but at that particular moment it was quite of the same order as when Dempsey and Firpo shook hands before the big championship fight at the Polo grounds.

"I'm willing to bet Bill five hundred that we win," announced Nate Ward.

"I'll take you," snapped Bill.

"Shake on it," said Nate.

"Shake it is," said Bill.

To say, as goes the usual fishing story, "the fight was on" would be putting it mildly.

After John Moreland and Bill had returned to their row boat, and just as Bill was ready to push off from the side of The Winner, Walter Strong leaned over his launch and said, "John, you haven't a chance to beat my five-pound two-ounce bass. It's a case of stealing money to raise our bet from five thousand to ten thousand. Don't you think you had better back up and let our bet stand at the original five thousand?"

"Not on your life—she stands at ten thousand, and take a good look at the boy who's going to knock down the persimmon," defiantly declared John Moreland.

"All right, John, throw your money away if you want to, the ten thousand goes," said Strong, and with a snap he plunked himself down in his chair.

"Five hundred bones," said Nate Ward to Bill, holding up his hand with thumb and four fingers extended. Bill made no reply, but silently raised his hand and slowly counted, beginning with his thumb, each finger on his left hand and with a nod and a final wave reached for his oars.

John Moreland and Bill Pohlman sat in silence and watched The Winner as it sped up river until it turned a bend and was lost to sight. For some time neither spoke but both were plainly thinking. Finally, Bill cleared his voice and with a half smile said, "Well, Mr. Moreland, the season is drawing to a close and so far as I can see it's up to us to get that old King bass. If we get him, we win. That's certain. I'm here to tell you it's no snap to beat a five-pound, two-ounce bass. I know lots of old fishermen who have fished since boyhood and never caught a five-pound small-mouth black bass on a fly. That King bass in our little slough is just worth ten thousand, five hundred dollars to us, and—"

But here he was interrupted by the determined voice of John Moreland. "I'd give ten times ten thousand just to have that old King bass hooked right now and be perfectly willing to take my chances of getting him. I never wanted anything half so much as I want to get that bass. I've been in many an interesting business fight—I've had a million or two at stake more than once, but this bet has all the thrills of the best of them and then some extras piled on top for good measure."

Silence now obtained and Bill slowly pulled toward The Victory. Both he and Moreland were thinking of the King bass and ways and means to get him.

On board The Winner Walter Strong and Nate Ward rejoiced. Nate considered his bet of five hundred as good as won and he could hardly believe that Bill Pohlman was sucker enough to bet that much money against their five-pound bass. "Our luck was with us when we struck that old dam below Pidgeon Island and at just the right time too," he said.

Strong, though, wondered if John Moreland had really hooked and lost a bigger fish than his and asked Nate if a big fish was apt to hang about any given place for any length of time. Nate replied that when the water was at a stand as it was at that time a big fish was very apt to remain near one place if the feeding continued good. He was, however, of the opinion that Moreland and Bill were mistaken about the size of the fish they had lost. "A fish always looks bigger in the water than it does in the net," he said.

"Well, well, ol' fren', I see by your face you no get dat beeg Winneshiek bass dis morn'," hailed Pete Lafitte as Bill pulled alongside the houseboat.

John Moreland and Bill were not in a mood to talk and at once adjourned to the forward porch, lit their pipes and proceeded to look over Moreland's great supply of flies and tackle. Old Pete followed, as the keen old Frenchman sensed something unusual in the manner of both Moreland and Bill.

"You see dat Lars Peterson?" inquired Pete.

"We saw his boss and Nate Ward and they showed us a five-pound, two-ounce bass," answered John Moreland.

"By Gar—by Gar—dat beeg bass. Ole' fren' you mus' get dat beeg bass you hook an' los'. By Gar—Pete Lafitte can no stan' have dat Swede beat dis boat. I hate give dat Swede one hundred an tirty dollair. You got fish like hell and beat dat Swede."

"I pressed my bet five thousand dollars and I'm betting ten thousand now that we win, and Bill bet Nate Ward five hundred," announced Moreland with a laugh.

"Ole' fren' I got hunt beeg bass—dis tam year beeg bass dey stay one place long tam an' by Gar—Pete Lafitte go hunt dis Winneshiek country for beeg bass. We mus' not lose dat bet."

To say that every man jack on board The Victory was thinking black bass would be to only tell a simple truth. Walter Strong's five-pound and two-ounce bass was the all possessing subject and Moreland's crew fairly prayed that the old man would hook the King bass he had scratched the evening before.

At luncheon Jim Crow said, "I wonder what the King of the Winneshiek is doing now." And from that moment the big bass was always referred to as the King of the Winneshiek.

After luncheon Moreland and Bill again adjourned to the forward porch and again discussed a choice of flies. Bill was of the opinion that a small spinner with fly attached might fool the King and so tiny silver, gold and copper spoons were selected. The hours moved slowly for John Moreland and over and over again he looked at his watch and frequently he looked at the sky and hoped for a dusky grey evening. Bill Pohlman too, was on tenterhooks and watched the sun which seemed to stand still instead of performing its regular business of setting in the west.

At last four o'clock arrived and as that was the time scheduled to start forth, Bill had the boat ready and John Moreland had his rod jointed and leaders soaked, so they started forth, needless to say bearing the wholehearted blessings of the crew.

"The leaves are beginning to turn and it's getting almost too late to expect bass to feed many days on the surface," said Bill, "we had a little frost last night and a few more frosty nights will mean that the King of the Winneshiek will make for deep water and seek winter quarters, so we must fish our best because we can't tell how many fly fishing days we have ahead of us."

"Yes, there's no use kidding ourselves," said Moreland with a sigh. "I remember now that the wild grapes just above the headquarters of our King bass are beginning to turn purple." "Let's pray that the yellow butterflies continue to flutter about, because when they go the ducks start to come in from the north and then it's good-night to fly fishing," replied Bill.

Though Moreland and Bill were engrossed with the ambition to capture the King bass they did not fail to notice how glorious was the evening as they turned into their little slough in which the King of the Winneshiek was located. The sun was streaming through the trees and the birds were rejoicing. A flock of black birds lit in a wild rice field off to the left and chattered in musical, flute-like notes as they fed. A gang of young fish ducks splattered through the water down current as the boat turned a bend and surprised the brood still too young to fly well. A pair of blue herons arose with a squawk of protest as Bill eased his boat toward the black clay bank.

"There's our old King and doing business just as he was this morning," said Moreland. "And there's our old black bird and that means the minnows are running and the bass are there and smashing away and giving the minnows hell." "Let's wait a few minutes before we begin to cast," said Bill, pointing to some black clouds which were coming with the wind and would soon cast a shadow over the rapidly swirling waters along the clay bank. Soon the clouds were overhead, casting a deep shadow just as Bill had declared. With the greatest care Bill eased his boat within casting distance. John Moreland glanced back at Bill and at his nod whipped out a Yellow Sally, attached to a gold spoon directly onto the clay bank and then gently twitched it into the water just above the Royal den of the King. It caught the current and then the old King saw it just a little late but he made a dash for it, his back finned battle-flag cutting through the water like a knife. Smash! went the water as he missed, again smash! crashed the water and again the King missed the lure.

John Moreland's heart banged against his ribs each time the mighty bass missed his lure. He glanced back at Bill and Bill saw that Moreland was drawn and white with excitement. "Let's pull to the opposite bank and give him a chance to settle down before we try again," said Bill.

"I'll never forgive myself for missing those two strikes," said Moreland and his voice actually trembled as he said it.

"You're not to blame," said Bill. "Your cast was just a little

too close to the spot where the bass lies. The lure caught the current too late and therefore his strike was short each time because of the current carrying the fly so fast."

"Fishing is the greatest game in the world and I hate myself for one time thinking that fishermen were a bunch of crazy nuts," said Moreland.

"I don't think we had better try again for some minutes," advised Bill.

"All right," answered Moreland, "I'm pretty jerky and I guess it's best to give me a chance to pull myself together, but did you notice how angrily he cracked away in those two walloping strikes? Only an extraordinary bass could tear up the water as our old King did."

After an hour or more casting, the heavy clouds which now hung low brought on a drizzling rain and so they decided to quit for the evening.

Pete Lafitte and Jim Crow were anxiously waiting and as soon as they heard Bill's oars they came out and helped him land alongside the houseboat. Pete was disappointed beyond words but he took some consolation in the thought that the drizzle was a warm rain. "If we get cold rain—dat mean heavy frost and de bass she go down deep water," he said. "By Gar—we mus' win dat bet. It mak' me seek to have pay dat tam Swede one hundred tirty dollair."

A serious crew sat down to dinner that evening. No one seemed to care to talk. John Moreland ate in silence. Jim Crow, naturally a talker, finally burst out and said, "I bet I can get the King of the Winneshiek in five minutes with live bait."

"Sure," said Bill.

"Gee, wouldn't he go to a frog or a craw fish," remarked Jim with a laugh.

After dinner, Moreland beckoned to Bill to come into his forward room. "Bill," he said, "is there much danger of a live bait fisherman finding our big bass?"

"There are few campers at this season of the year," said Bill. "The bass has established his headquarters at an unusual place. Some outboard motor fisherman might happen to come through our little slough and if he did he would be sure to try the clay bank where our big fish is located. Most fishermen at this time of year are after pike, so they carry live bait and a live bait fisherman would be more than apt to get him."

John Moreland remained silent for a minute and then said, "What do you think of our moving The Victory closer to our big bass so that we can see the clay bank and watch it?"

"Good idea. Let's do it the first thing tomorrow morning," answered Bill.

"It would be nothing short of double distilled hell to lose our big bass and our bet because of a live bait fisherman getting him," said Moreland. "Yes, we'll move the boat tomorrow."

The warm rain continued to drizzle through the night and the next morning the river was wrapped in a thick fog. John Moreland was up just as soon as he heard old Pete stirring in the kitchen.

"I dream we get dat beeg bass," said Pete, as he served breakfast. Everybody laughed, and then it developed that the whole crew had dreamed of the big fish.

About ten o'clock it stopped raining and the fog started to raise. Moreland and Bill started forth just as soon as it was possible to see. They heard the old giant of the little slough before they could see the clay bank. "We ought to get him this foggy morning," said Bill, as he carefully brought the boat within fly casting distance.

Luck was against them and even though John Moreland changed flies innumerable times, and offered his feathered wares with his best cunning, he failed to get even the hint of a rise.

As Bill pulled toward the houseboat John Moreland sat deep in thought. Finally he roused himself and said, "I believe that old King bass is on to us. I can't see how he could have failed to see my flies. I offered him just about everything I had. Once I thought I dropped my feather minnow right on top of him as he plunged after the minnows."

"Can't tell a thing about bass," said Bill. "Sometimes they will take any old fly and at other times they are mighty notionable. We know our bass is still at his old hangout and as long as we know where he is we have a chance. This evening we are just as apt as not to give him just what he wants. He was feeding on minnows this morning and there must be something to the color scheme of our flies that doesn't suit him."

"I think I'll wire for my young friend Robert Patterson and ask him to come up and bring his fly-tying outfit," said Moreland. "Perhaps he can get up a fly that will suit our old King. He's the best fisherman in the world and maybe he can help us out."

"Good idea," said Bill. "Let's hurry back and send Clyde Randall to town in the launch. He can make McGregor in two hours or so and perhaps Mr. Patterson can make tonight's train, and if he can we will have him on board the houseboat by noon tomorrow."

Two days later Robert Patterson arrived and a council of war was immediately called. It was held on the opposite shore in full sight of the black clay bank where the King of Winneshiek held forth—veritably an unchallenged sovereign. The doughty Monarch of the slough was busy, as usual, and Patterson was at first of the opinion that the big fish would take any old fly no matter how it looked or how offered, just so it was cast where the bass could see it as it smashed at the minnows. Moreland and Bill soon convinced him though that this was untrue and recited their sad experiences during the past week.

It was a balmy early October afternoon as Moreland and Patterson and Bill sat in consultation. The woods were golden with the first autumn tints, a gentle wind was blowing from the south, sweet with the smell of the woods. Occasionally a leaf came tumbling, turning and twisting through the air. Squirrels chattered in the underbrush and curiosity overcoming them came close to see what all this ado was about. A flock of wood ducks whistled down the wind, and changing their course made for a clump of woods across a swamp of billowy wild grass.

Patterson sat in silence and drank in the wild beauty of the Winneshiek. "It's been a daily fight for me to stay in town, but John Moreland Incorporated and all his big mills are going along fine and hitting on all cylinders. I've buckled down to business and I I like it too, and I think I'm getting on to things."

"I knew you would, boy. Willard writes me you're worth your weight in gold to the business and I'm glad. I knew you had the right stuff in you and I was glad to give you your big chance. I'll never forget that you taught me how to fish and instead of your being under obligations to me, just the opposite is the truth. Fishing is the greatest game in the world and if it hadn't been for fishing my race would be over, just as Doctor Kimbark said."

Bill Pohlman, sensing that Moreland and Patterson might want to talk confidentially, had long since wandered off by himself. The old man and the young one sat and watched the rapidly running water as it swept along the opposite bank. A brown wood butterfly came out of the woods back of them and fluttered across to the opposite bank but a sudden gust of wind caught it and swept it into the water just above the den of the big bass where, on balanced fins lay the only chance of John Moreland's winning his bet. The butterfly fluttered only an instant. The water exploded with a plop and the butterfly disappeared down the gullet of the big bass. "I've got it," cried Patterson, and springing to his feet out came his watch and seeing that it was only two o'clock he called for Bill.

John Moreland wanted to know what all the excitement meant and Patterson explained: "I'm going back to the houseboat and make an imitation of that woodland butterfly and if we hurry I think I can have it ready in time for this evening's fishing."

A few strokes of the oars brought the party back to The Victory. Patterson hastily brought forth his feathers and fly-tying apparatus and never did he have so interested an audience. Pete Lafitte and Jim Gore and Clyde Randall had been told of the plan and watched every move Patterson made.

"It's a good thing I have some cork cut just about the right size," said Patterson, as he fixed it in his vise after having first set the hook. Patterson was perhaps the best artificial fly tier in America and he worked fast. Soon the audience was amazed to see a dark brown butterfly develop. At last, just as the clock stood at five-thirty, he pronounced his work finished.

"By Gar," said Pete, "I think dat fool dat beeg bass sure. By Gar, ole' fren', we must win dat bet. I can no stan' sit here. I go 'long an' watch." And so the whole crew started forth.

The river was aglow with the rosy tints of a flaming sunset. There were streaks of yellow and fiery red clouds across the heavens and there was a warmth to the evening that augured well. As the boats silently moved through the water Bill whispered to Moreland, "We are going to get him this trip." John Moreland made no answer but from time to time he looked at the feathered creation Patterson had made.

The party stopped at a safe distance from the black clay bank. Just before Patterson stepped from the boat he advised Moreland to drop his artificial butterfly about five feet up stream from where the old bass lay. "Don't twitch it too much—make it act like a butterfly trying to raise from the surface," he said.

Moreland did not answer.

The party walked softly along the opposite bank. Not a word was spoken by anyone as Bill gently backed up to the right spot. "Now get your distance and don't forget as close to five feet above the big bass as you can manage it," said Bill.

John Moreland nodded, whipped his fly through the air, and then shot forth the golden brown shaft of feathers. The hook hit the clay bank and stuck. "Careful," whispered Bill. Moreland gently twitched it loose and it tumbled into the water and caught the current. "Twitch it lightly," again whispered Bill, and then there was an explosion and the water crashed into a foam. Moreland had set the hook. The bass sprang into the air and madly rushed up current just at the edge of the bank and then made a wild leap into the air. Bill pulled and shot his boat up stream with every atom of his strength. The instant the mighty bass hit the water it bolted down stream and Moreland's reel shrieked in shrill crescendos as it gave forth yards of line. At eighty feet the fish again sprang into the air and shot the water from its glistening bronze sides in every direction. Afterwards Patterson described the leap as being four feet clean of the water and the falling drops like a bright spray of diamonds.

The King of the Winneshiek, with a heart of fire, battled as should a royal warrior. Often had he been fast to hook and line and shaken free; often had he been caught in the sweep of a vast net, and often had he sprung over the top of the highest of nets. Verily,

no ordinary black bass was this mighty Monarch of running waters. The battleground was not of the choosing of the valiant fish and therefore he swam down deep in the rapid currents, making full use of his broad sweep of tail and muscles of steel. About one hundred yards down below, the water was more shallow with brush piles and hidden roots and for these the great fish desperately struggled. Moreland gave the fish all that his rod would stand and Bill held back on his oars as hard as he dared. Still the boat slowly travelled toward where the brush piles hung in the sand. It was for these brush piles the brave bass was struggling and every atom of his strength was directed to bring the boat there. To this end the great fish strove and tugged mightily. The brush piles and hidden logs and roots spelled freedom to the mighty bass John Moreland had hooked.

Patterson first saw the danger and after repeatedly shouting advice Bill finally comprehended, saw the danger and put forth more strength on the oars. "We must hold him here," he said to Moreland, "those brush piles below mean we lose our fish and you must not give him an inch of line. We must chance breaking something right here."

The old man understood and slowly took in line, his rod meanwhile creaking dangerously from the strain. The great fish faltered and lost ground. For an instant it seemed as though his knightly heart had failed to command him. But only for an instant. Again he dug down and again he plunged down stream, fighting desperately for every inch of line. Blind with rage the fish came up and threw his body down stream and churned the water into an angry foam. The rod held, the hook held, the leader held, the crisis was over and the splendid fish had failed to make the brush piles. Slowly and grudgingly it yielded to the torturing strain of the rod.

There was still plenty of things which might happen—the hook might wear a hole large enough to slip out, or even pull out.

"We must hurry him," said Bill. "Give him every bit your rod will stand." John Moreland did as he was told and fished as he had never fished before. He slowly took in line and when the fish slashed the water with his head half out he kept a tight line and never ceased to coax it closer to the boat. "Get his head up and hold it just a little above water," said Bill, "so we can drown him."

"We've got him, if nothing happens we should have him in the net in a minute."

Bill dropped his oars and reached for the net. "Keep him a-coming," he said. John Moreland played his part to perfection and slid his mighty fish over Bill's net. Bill raised the net at the proper instant and with a shout laid it and the fish in the bottom of the boat and took to his oars.

The scene on shore was beyond description. Pete Lafitte was crying out of sheer happiness. Robert Patterson's eyes were misty and Jim Crow and Clyde Randall had hold of each other's hands and were jumping up and down and whooping like a pair of Comanche Indians.

Bill brought the boat to shore. John Moreland's hat was off and he tremblingly wiped his face with his handkerchief. Bill brought the bass to him and all gathered around and looked with admiration and respect at the King of the Winneshiek. As they gazed, the dark bronze of the fish turned into a golden yellow and then blended back into a dark bronze brown. The King was dead, but the red of his eyes shot forth a flame of defiance even in death.

"Let's weigh him, and let's hurry," commanded John Moreland. And so the happy party got into their boats just as the red sun sunk down and made for the big river. Darkness covered the river as they reached the mouth of the slough.

"What's that boat all lit up across there?" asked Bill, as he pointed across stream.

"That's Walter Strong's outfit to a certainty," said Randall. "It must have arrived while we were in the slough."

"Let's pull over there and we'll let Mr. Strong weigh my fish," ordered John Moreland.

In ten minutes they were alongside The Winner. The crew had heard them coming in the darkness. Walter Strong came out and seeing Moreland, invited them all to come aboard.

"I got him, Walter," were John Moreland's first words.

"Bring him in and let's have a look at him," said Strong.

"I want you to weigh him, Walter," said Moreland.

The fish was brought into Lars Peterson's kitchen and weighed. No one breathed as Strong weighed the big fish.

"Just five pounds and two ounces to a hair," he announced, and then his hand shot out and grasped John Moreland's'. "It's a tie," he declared.

"By Gar, Lars Peterson, you damn lucky," excitedly exclaimed Pete Lafitte.

Both crews were talking loudly and excitedly as Moreland, Strong and Patterson left the kitchen and made their way to the forward deck where they stretched themselves out in comfortable chairs and lit their cigars. After a few minutes' silence, Strong said softly, "I never expected you to tie my big fish. We've both had the best summer of our lives. I'm having my bass mounted and now why not have our two bass mounted on one board and present them to the club and show those birds two real black bass."

"Good idea," answered Moreland.

"Our old friend George Baron has been writing me about the Izaak Walton League of America, a national organization of sportsmen," said Strong. "He sent me a copy of OUTDOOR AMERICA, a magazine owned by the League. It's a great movement and as I figure it there's no more an argument against it than there is against the flag of the United States."

"He wrote me, too," said Moreland. "I see it's backed up by a lot of our friends and now that we have become sportsmen it seems to me that we ought to chip in and do our bit. What do you think of you and I becoming Patrons of the League? I don't see how we two old boys can make five thousand dollars do better work."

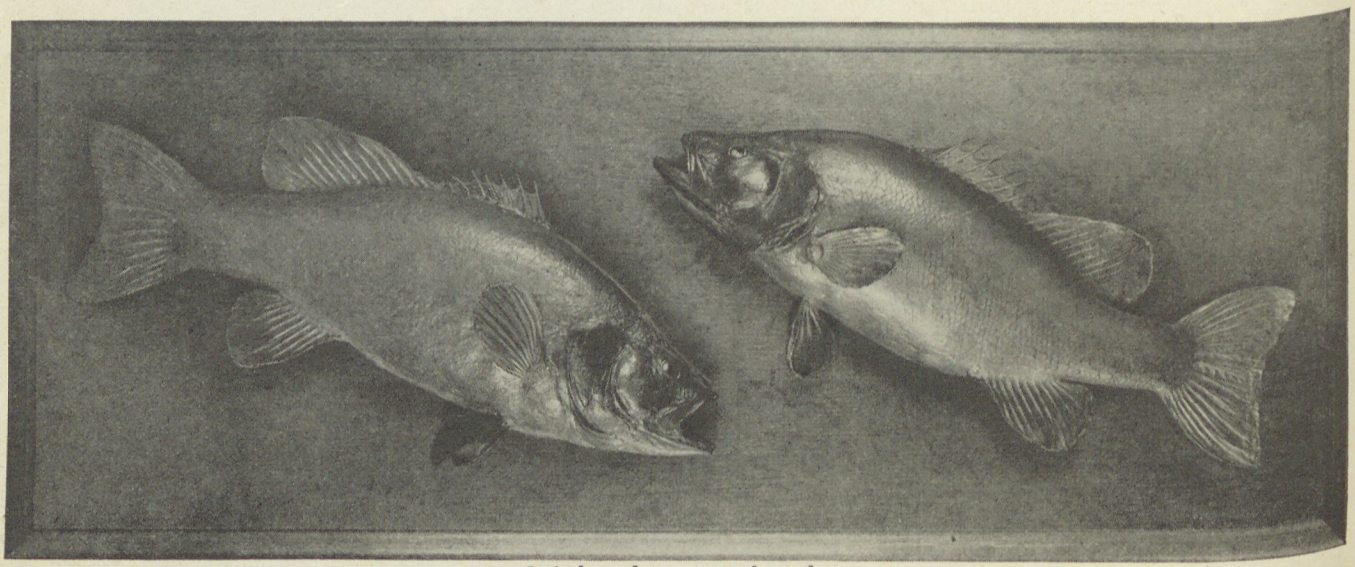
"That's more than a good idea, it's a *great idea*, John, let's do it," said Walter Strong.

"Now you're steamboating!" said Robert Patterson enthusiastically. "I have the honor to be one of the original fifty-four who started the League and it already has won National Jurisdiction. Future generations of American boys will bless the League for saving the remnants of the Outdoor America of their ancestors."

As John Moreland and his happy party were returning to The Victory he turned to Bill Pohlman and said, "Bill, I'm going to fish the Florida coast this winter. Don't you want to go with me?"

"You know me," answered Bill.

THE END

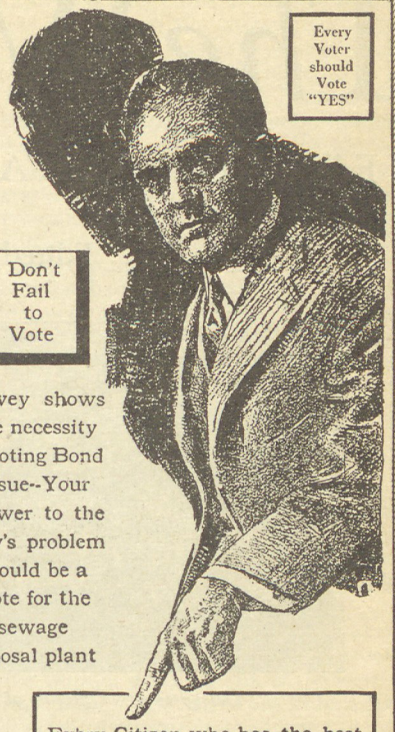


Let's have them mounted together.

This Space Written, Inserted and paid for by the Izaak Walton League of America

Modern Sewage Disposal Plant City's Greatest Need

If you Mr. Citizen expect Sioux Falls to grow and take its place industrially with other cities of the Middle West don't fail to vote "Yes" on Nov. 24th, on the question of bonding the city for $600,000 for the erection of a modern sewage disposal plant.



Survey shows the necessity of voting Bond Issue--Your answer to the City's problem should be a vote for the sewage disposal plant

Vote Yourself--and See that Your Neighbor Votes Too!

Sample Ballot

(X) "In favor of the proposition of issuing bonds to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars ($600,000) for the purpose of constructing a sewage disposal plant and necessary appurtenances for the city of Sioux Falls."

( ) "Against the proposition of issuing bonds to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars ($600,000) for the purpose of constructing a sewage disposal plant and necessary appurtenances for the City of Sioux Falls."

PERTINENT FACTS ABOUT THE PLANT

- ¶ Sewers designed for 89,000 people in 1970.
- ¶ Plant itself designed for 42,500 people and industrial wastes in 1937.
- ¶ Settling tanks are 100x168 feet by 29½ feet deep.
- ¶ Four filter beds, each 195x226 feet by 9 feet deep.
- ¶ Sludge drying beds 200x250 feet by 18 inches deep.
- ¶ About 30,000 wagon loads of excavation.
- ¶ 51,800 cubic yards of crushed stone in the filters.
- ¶ 1,500 carloads of materials, 90% of which will originate in Sioux Falls.
- ¶ Plant covers six and one-half acres.
- ¶ To be in operation during the Winter of 1926-1927, and to be fully completed in the Spring of 1927.

Every Citizen who has the best interest of Sioux Falls at heart should vote "Yes" in the special election to be held November 24

EVERY LABORING MAN IN SIOUX FALLS SHOULD VOTE FOR THE BOND ISSUE

Election November 24

$451,000 of the total cost of this plant will be spent here in Sioux Falls for labor and material. Again, we say, every laboring man in Sioux Falls should vote "Yes".

Election November 24

An advertisement that will turn the trick.

Action Not Talk!

The Officials of Your Country, State or Community Are Working for You. The Only Way You Can Get What You Want Is to "Say It With Votes"

The Pollution Department is edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, a leading national authority on this subject. We are particularly anxious to know what the individual Chapters of the League are doing to eradicate pollution from their community streams or lakes. Address all such material to Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Pollution Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA, *536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.*

HERE is a wonderful story—a story of achievement, a story of what can be done by every Izaak Walton League Chapter in the United States that is located near a polluted body of water.

Reproduced at the top of this page is a newspaper advertisement paid for by Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Chapter in their battle to establish a sewage disposal plant in their community.

This sewage disposal plant will cost approximately $600,000 and *the Chapter* put over a bond issue for this amount with flying colors. Returns from the election showed a majority of seven to one in favor of the bond issue.

That's action—not talk. If Sioux Falls Chapter can accomplish this, so can every other Chapter in the League.

Sioux Falls Chapter is only nine months old. Immediately after they organized, a campaign was started to finance this plant. They worked hard and intelligently. *They showed the people the value of such a plant to the community and they convinced the officials of the community that the people of the community wanted a plant.*

Your Chapter can do the same thing if you will see that some *action* is taken. Do not depend upon the other fellow to do it, for the other fellow will never start it, and unless you start your campaign *now* you will be unprepared when the time comes.

In a recent letter from Dr. Ferdinand Brown, President of Sioux Falls Chapter, he says:

"Watch us grow. The people in this part of the country know that the Izaak Walton League of America stands for something more than a lunch club, a civic club or a fraternal club. They have learned that Waltonism stands for something which concerns the future of America's out of doors and therefore is of importance to every

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]

The Waltonian Nook

NEWS OF IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Edited by CARL E. SIMON, Executive Secretary

Delegates and Officials at the Wyoming State Convention.

Wyoming State Convention

Friday, November *13th*, held no terrors for the Izaak Walton members in Wyoming, and the first convention of the Wyoming Division went by without a slip.

On account of the many conservation problems continually coming up in Wyoming, and for the reason that Wyoming still has possibly more of the natural beauty of the out-of-doors than any other state in the Union, it was decided to immediately perfect a State Division and Rock Springs was chosen as the meeting place for the first Convention.

While the attendance was comparatively small in numbers, every Chapter in the state was represented by delegates, with the exception of Jackson, where a snow storm and blizzard came up just as the delegates from Jackson were starting out to the Convention, making it impossible for them to get to Rock Springs. However, what was lost in numbers was made up in enthusiasm. Every delegate present was on the floor at some time or other during the Convention and took an active part in the various discussions.

Mr. W. C. Hamblin was elected permanent chairman of the Convention, and very ably handled the meeting.

Resolutions favoring the reduction of various bag limits and shorter seasons on game were passed by the delegates.

It was also suggested that steps be taken to ask their sister state, Montana, to co-operate in having uniform hunting seasons with the state of Wyoming.

The greatest interest of the Convention was displayed during the discussion regarding the annexation of a portion of the Teton Mountain Range District to Yellowstone National Park. When the final vote was taken delegates present voted for the annexation. This will include approximately two hundred and twenty thousand acres of some of the most beautiful country in the United States, and the National Park Association has recommended the annexation of this district.

A message to the Convention from Will H. Dilg was read by the National Executive Secretary, Carl E. Simon. The message was well received and the resolution was passed expressing the regrets and sympathies of the Convention in President Dilg's inability to attend.

The Convention closed with a banquet, which was held at Masonic Temple, where more than one hundred visitors were present.

Members of the Rock Springs Chapter provided for a dance, which was held immediately following the banquet.

Much credit is due the Rock Springs Chapter on the hospitality extended and for the royal way in which they entertained the visiting delegates.

Officers elected are as follows: President, M. W. Medill, Rock Springs; Vice-President, H. M. Albright, superintendent of the Yellowstone Park; Secretary, J. S. Preece, Rock Springs; Treasurer, William Yates, Green River.

It was also decided that a director be elected from each Chapter, and to be elected by the various Chapters.

Arkansas State Convention

By A. C. Williams

The Second Annual Convention of the Arkansas State Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, held at Marion Hotel, Little Rock, on November 18th and 19th, has passed into history.

Many changes in the existing laws were recommended governing the killing of squirrels, prohibiting the sale, reducing the bag limit, shortening the open season. Killing of fur-bearing animals to open November 15th and close January 15th. The turkey and deer season not to exceed thirty days, and eliminate hunting with dogs, and the killing of gobblers and buck only were the main items. A recommendation was made to reduce the bag limit on quail to twelve and make the season December 1st to January 31st. A closed season on prairie chicken and pheasants for five years was also recommended.

Recommendations were made that hunting and trapping licenses be issued for the fiscal rather than the calendar year.

Horace F. Endsley, President Arkansas State Division.

Recommendations were made for legislation against unwise and indiscriminate drainage.

It was also urged that the taking of game fish, except with a hook and line, be prohibited, as well as the taking of fish with nets, except under supervision of the Fish and Game Department.

A sufficient force of regular and special game wardens vested with police powers to successfully and effectively enforce the game laws was recommended.

License—Recommend a law providing for a proper hunting and fishing license at nominal price, and that feature of the law bearing on fur-bearing animals be made comprehensive.

A. C. Williams,
Secretary Arkansas State Division.

Reforestation—Earnestly recommended proper laws for the preservation of the forest resources.

The passing of a law was urgently recommended vesting in the game and fish department authority for the purchasing or leasing of lands for creating game refuges and maintenance of same.

Pollution—Recommended a stringent set of laws against pollution or befouling all waters of the state in any form or manner.

The proposed National Park near Mena was given unstinted support by the Izaak Walton League through the delegates present. It was recommended that this be called the "Ouachita National Park."

A resolution was passed on the converting of some one hundred and sixty thousand acres into a national park, which resolution is as follows:

"Whereas, there is now a bill pending in both Houses of our National Congress to establish from lands now owned by our National Government in the counties of Montgomery and Polk, a National Park. Be it therefore

"Resolved, that this convention endorse and give the full support of this, the Arkansas Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, to this movement. Be it further

"Resolved, that the name of this proposed park be changed and be called the 'Ouachita National Park.' Be it further

"Resolved, that the Secretary of this organization be instructed to send copies of these resolutions to the Headquarters of the National Izaak Walton League of America, to the organization itself and to the National President, Will H. Dilg."

Mr. Guy Amsler, Fish and Game Commissioner, a member of the Little Rock Chapter, served as Chairman of the Convention, and he very ably handled the meeting.

A banquet, held at the Marion Hotel, by the Convention, was very well attended. Hon. H. T. Harrison acted as toastmaster.

Forester Casey of Hot Springs spoke on "The Relation of Forestry to Wild Life Conservation." He has his heart in this work, and gave the delegates and visitors much to think about.

Frank Stearn, also of Hot Springs, gave an interesting talk to the delegates on the activities of the Hot Springs Chapter, and also informed the delegates that their Chapter had hired their own Game Warden and are footing the bill.

Judges Mann, Carmichael and Newton, also Hal Norwood, gave talks that were very much enjoyed at the banquet.

Lee Miles of the Fish and Game Commission also gave an interesting talk on needed legislation and how the Izaak Walton League can help.

Everyone missed the presence of Will H. Dilg, the national president, but his address was very ably read by K. E. Merren, of Shreveport, President of the Louisiana Division of the Izaak Walton League. It was very well received by those present.

Mrs. Joe Frauenthal, of Conway, read a very interesting paper which showed that the Women's Federated Clubs is with the Izaak Walton League in Arkansas in all conservation measures and enforcement of laws.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Horace F. Endsley (re-elected); Vice-President, D. P. Hilton (re-elected); Second Vice-President, Dr. Geo. Love (re-elected); Third Vice-President, E. L. Farley; Secretary, A. C. Williams (re-elected); Treasurer, J. F. Lennon (re-elected).

Indiana State Convention

By C. A. MacDonald

Officers of Indiana Division.

A MOST representative gathering of Waltonians from practically every Chapter of Indiana, gathered at Elkhart, November 30, for their third annual convention. The convention was notable for its splendid program of addresses, on subjects of great interest to Indiana Waltonians, and for the smooth and efficient way in which the business affairs of the state division were handled. Credit for the program, of course, goes largely to the Elkhart hosts. The reason attributed to the splendid manner in which the business affairs and selection of new officers was handled, was due to quite some extent to a joint unofficial meeting of the leading members of a large number of the Chapters of the state, in South Bend a week previous to the convention.

The address of welcome was given by Rev. A. U. Ogilvie, of Elkhart.

Dr. Karl T. Brown, of Muncie, Indiana—the retiring president—outlined the spirit of the convention in his address. He called to the attention of the delegates, the great amount of work that had to be accomplished in this state if the anti-pollution and reforestation programs are to be accomplished. He outlined generally what had been done along this line, and urged the members present to do their utmost to bring about the closest kind of working arrangement with all of the conservation organizations within the state, so that there could be a unified effort and unified program for future work.

Dr. Brown acted as chairman for the convention.

George Phillips, a member of the State Forestry Department, was the next on the program. His talk was full of most interesting and specific facts regarding present conditions of forestry.

Mr. Phillips said that in Indiana at one time, twenty million out of the twenty-three million acres in the state were in forest trees. Now there are only 1,300,000 acres of timber in existence. At the present time seventy to ninety thousand acres are being cut each year, and at that rate in twenty years, practically every available foot of timber will be gone.

Another vital point brought out by Mr. Phillips was the fact that 2,300,000 acres of this land which had been cut over, has already been abandoned for farming purposes because of the fact that it is unsuitable to them. He told how some of this land was being reclaimed through reforestation projects. He particularly mentioned the Clark County twenty-year experimental project which has produced splendid results. In this territory they are raising trees as a crop and selling them at from five to ten dollars per thousand, as seedlings for forest purposes to any citizen of the state. He told how Indiana legislation had made forestry an attractive proposition by reducing the taxes on such property to $1.00 per acre. There are now 13,000 acres registered under this law in the state of Indiana. This is, of course, in addition to the Clark County experimental station which consists of 35,000 acres. From this territory they will secure 210,000 seedlings in 1926.

He urged each Chapter to adopt a plot of ground to be developed as a forest.

One of the most interesting addresses of the convention was given by H. H. Evans, president of the Indiana Fish, Game and Forest League, and a resident of Newcastle. He urged the cooperation of all sportsman organizations in the state to put over the conservation program. He said that in his estimation conservation ranked to religion in importance. Mr. Evans' talk was filled with interesting stories, every one of which illustrated a point in behalf of the conservation movement.

The next address on the program was made by George N. Mannfeld, superintendent of the Fish and Game Division of the Conservation Department of the state of Indiana. He pointed out how

In their campaign to save the Quail, Joplin (Missouri) Chapter arranged this atttractive window.

much greater the interest is in conservation as shown by the correspondence coming into their office now, as contrasted with several years ago.

He told how Indiana had developed the fish and game division until it now ranks second in the cultivation of fish. He told in detail how the Conservation Department has worked out a preserve of 8,000 acres in Brown County, in which a number of different birds and other wild life are being cultivated. It is the intention of the Conservation Department to breed and scatter this game throughout the state so that hunting may be fully as good in all parts.

Closing the first afternoon session was a talk by John G. Diggs, chief engineer of the Department of Conservation of the state of Indiana. Mr. Diggs outlined to the members the definite progress being made in various states throughout the country in the elimination of pollution of our streams.

Mr. Diggs offered the cooperation of his department to all Chapters at any and all times for the carrying on of this most important work in our state.

During the latter part of the afternoon, beautiful motion pictures of the Canadian wilds were shown by Cal Johnson of South Bend, and with it Mr. Johnson gave a talk on his experiences in Canada this past summer. The evening's entertainment was furnished by Mr. C. E. Jones, who gave an address with motion pictures and colored slides of hunting and fishing in eastern Canada and Maine.

The first talk of the second day's session was given by Mr. H. O. Pershing of South Bend, who talked very interestingly on the songs and habits of Indiana birds.

The second talk of the morning was given by Captain C. G. Sauer, of the Department of Conservation, who told the delegation facts regarding the state parks.

Dr. William H. Beachler of South Bend was next on the program with a very inspirational message. He picked up points from various speeches throughout the convention and summarized and presented them in a most forceful manner.

He urged the chapters to get speakers before all the clubs of the city and schools, and get the message of conservation into the churches. He urged that every avenue of printed publicity be used and that every member of the chapter preach the cause of conservation. He stressed the bigness of the job to be done and said that it was going to take big men to do it. Dr. Beachler is a capable speaker and presented his story in a most effective manner.

Next on the program was an address by Col. Everett Gardner on the subject of Dunes Park, located on Lake Michigan between Michigan City and Gary, Ind. He said that to really appreciate Dunes Park which is absolutely unlike anything else of the country, you have to go there.

Carl Simon next addressed the convention. He told how as executive secretary he wanted to cooperate in every way in helping the Indiana Department to develop.

The State Division regretted greatly the enforced absence of the originator of the Izaak Walton movement, Will H. Dilg, and sent a message of greeting and best wishes for his speedy recovery. The assembled body paused in prayer in his behalf.

Officers elected for the coming year were: Senator L. G. Bradford of South Bend, President; Dr. B. Billman of Hymera, Ind., Vice-president; Charles L. Biederwolf, Fort Wayne, Ind., Secretary; Chas. Bowden, Muncie, Ind., Treasurer.

The three directors appointed were Harry Hilgemann of Fort Wayne; Dr. Karl Brown of Muncie; and Ivar Hennings of South Bend.

At the banquet held on Friday evening, Dr. Walter H. MacPherson, of Joliet, gave the principal address. Harry Hilgemann, of Fort Wayne, acted as toastmaster. Music was furnished by Horace G. Wells, tenor, of South Bend, and the Conn Saxophone Four. Dr. MacPherson's address was given in his usual charming and highly interesting manner, even to such a degree that your reporter was so well entertained he neglected to copy any of it.

The next convention will be held in October, 1926, at Terre Haute, Ind.

Chapter Notes

TEXAS

WHILE discussing a program for William Greene Sterett Chapter (Texas), at the meeting on February 27th, it seemed to be the sense of the meeting that they concentrate on the anti-pollution of the Trinity River, the securing of a Game Preserve for Dallas County, the placing of White Rock Lake under the supervision of the Game, Fish and Oyster Department, and the enlargement of the Bill Sterett Fish Hatchery.

Realizing that co-operation and team work were necessary to carry out the above program, the officers got in touch with Hon. Turner E. Hubby, Game, Fish and Oyster Commissioner, and the net results of their combined efforts for Dallas, were: a Game Preserve of fifty thousand acres in the Northeast corner of Dallas County, the placing of White Rock Lake under State supervision, which led directly to the placing of Lake Worth under State supervision, the enlargement of Bill Sterett Fish Hatchery, which improvement is now being completed. Through the co-operation of the State Health Officer, as well as the Game, Fish and Oyster Department, the polluted condition of the Trinity River from the headwaters to Trinity Bay, was examined and reported on by experts, disclosing such deplorable conditions as to cause the Mayor of Dallas to call a meeting of representative citizens as delegates from all interested towns and communities along the Trinity River, from the headwaters to Trinity Bay. This meeting took place in Dallas on September 17th,

which resulted in the appointment of a committee to devise ways and means to immediately stop the pollution of Trinity River.

If we can co-operate with all parties interested in the stopping of the pollution of the Trinity River; the building of dams, controlling the flood waters and creating of lakes so that it would be practical and feasible (as we have been informed by civil engineers that it would be) to either cultivate and irrigate the lands below the lakes or park the river valley between Dallas and Oak Cliff, and between Dallas and Ft. Worth; build a scenic highway between Dallas and Ft. Worth, so that we would have a number of lakes, including a resort lake, between Dallas and Ft. Worth, all of which would be stocked with fish and connected with paved highways, thus affording the citizens of Dallas and Tarrant Counties additional parks and playgrounds, not surpassed by any section in the United States, making Dallas one of the most attractive tourist cities in the Southwest, in this manner the Izaak Walton League will have repaid to its members all the time, effort and money they have given it.

Escar Floyd, President, Wm. Greene Sterett Chapter, said: "We are very fortunate in having a Game, Fish and Oyster Department that has not only co-operated with us in every way, but one that is in thorough sympathy with the entire Waltonian program. In paragraph three of a recent letter received from Mr. Hubby, speaking of the Waltonian members, he says: 'We appeal to them and ask for their assistance more often than they come to us; we want this condition to last, and want the feeling to grow among those interested'."

PENNSYLVANIA

One of the most active Chapters of the League in Pennsylvania is the Butler Chapter.

Meetings are held fortnightly and the program is so arranged that they have a good attendance at every meeting.

At the last meeting, held on October 25th, Postmaster C. G. Chase read a communication on the new dog law enacted by West Virginia which permits dog owners to register their animals and have them assessed as personal property, and the owners will then have recourse when the dog is unlawfully killed. With a view to having a similar law enacted in Pennsylvania by the next legislature, a committee consisting of C. G. Chase, State Senator Howard I. Painter and Claude Aiken was appointed to investigate the West Virginia act and ascertain whether it can be made applicable in Pennsylvania.

The Chapter has also arranged for an Old Time Rifle Match. It was proposed that a rifle shoot should be held under the auspices of the Butler Chapter, which would be open to all comers upon payment of an entrance fee in the different events. The match will be held on the range of the Butler Chapter. Telescope sights are barred and all shooting will be off-hand at ranges from fifty to two hundred yards.

The committee on game sanctuaries reported at this meeting that they had made progress in obtaining leases on land in different parts of the county. The probability is that by Fall sanctuaries will be located in Winfield, Oakland and Fairview townships.

Manager Claud Aiken reported the stage set for coon dog trials to be at Alameda Park. Dog fanciers from six of the surrounding counties entered dogs in the trial.

A program of activities for the winter months has already been outlined by the entertainment committee.

The officers of the Butler Chapter are: President, Dallas Young; Vice-Pres., M. A. Schlicht; Secretary, V. J. Schaffner; Treasurer, V. J. Schaffner.

The Radio Chapter No. 1, of the Izaak Walton League, organized at Pittsburgh, is being sponsored by the officers of the Pittsburgh Chapter. This has been brought about through the courtesy of the Westinghouse Electric Company and the "National Stockman and Farmer."

One night each month will be devoted to broadcasting from station KDKA an Izaak Walton program, which will start at 7:10 P. M. on the third Saturday of each month.

Anyone can become a member of the Radio Chapter by paying the regular membership dues.

The first program was broadcast on October 17th, and within four days word had been received from fifteen states that they had "listened in" on the program.

Mr. E. S. Bayard, Editor of the "National Stockman and Farmer," is largely responsible for this arrangement and is anxious to hear from every state in the Union; so, if any of our members "listen in" on the program, it would be well to send word to Mr. Bayard.

The officers of the Pittsburgh Chapter are: President, Ralph L. Smith; Vice-Pres., E. S. Bayard; Secretary, Frederick North; Treasurer, J. W. Sherrer.

Frank M. Judd, John Pellersels and F. C. Hoyt, President of Sac City (Iowa) Chapter, rescue bullheads.

IOWA

Oil on the Des Moines River is thought to be responsible for the death of hundreds of fish south of Fort Dodge. The state authorities were notified and traced the oil to the mouth of Soldier Creek, a small stream that runs through Fort Dodge. The Fort Dodge Chapter is pushing the investigation, and will sift it to the bottom. Game fish have been dying by the hundreds in the vicinity south of Fort Dodge, and the reason has long been sought.

The officers of the Fort Dodge Chapter are: President, Joe Mulroney; Vice-Pres., C. V. Findlay; Secretary, Joe Kautzky, Jr.; Treasurer, Joe Kautzky, Jr.

MINNESOTA

Plainview (Minn.) is listed as one of the most active Chapters in Minnesota. This Chapter started with fifteen members in February, and now its membership numbers over sixty.

The first real work of the Chapter started in April, when many members of the Chapter patrolled the trout streams to see that there were no violators of fishing before the season opened on April 15th.

Next came the planting of three shipments of trout received from the Federal hatcheries.

In the latter part of June two violators were caught taking black bass from a stream with a dip net. They were promptly taken before a Justice and fined $50.00 and costs.

Next, a committee was appointed to secure permission to use land and streams at the head of Beaver Creek for a trout nursery and growing pond. The permission was granted and members of the Chapter constructed the pond. This pond has a large capacity and is well planted with water cress.

Late in the summer one hundred and sixty cans of brook trout fingerlings were placed in nearby streams.

The officers of the Plainview Chapter are: President, M. J. Manchester; Vice-Pres., W. O. Garrell; Secretary, Art W. Wimpner; Treasurer, Art W. Wimpner.

The new Lake Crystal Chapter states that they are in the field for service and at their first meeting signed up thirty-six new members. Visitors were present from two of the neighboring Chapters on their opening night and helped in the perfecting of the organization.

Their first consideration will be to have one of their three lakes set aside as a game refuge, particularly for waterfowl.

Frank O. Swain, president of the Chapter, writes that the spirit of Waltonism is strong and the state of ten thousand lakes needs a Chapter in every town to protect and promote their big asset of lakes and forests.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly—Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

WILL H. DILG, PRESIDENT
NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
CHAIRMAN—J. R. CUNNINGHAM, KANSAS CITY, MO.

JUDGE GEO. W. WOOD, WATERLOO, IOWA
CHAS. W. FOLDS, CHICAGO, ILL.
GEO. H. SELOVER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
HENRY A. SCHUIL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
DR. KARL T. BROWN, MUNCIE, INDIANA
HASKELL NOYES, MILWAUKEE, WISC.
JUDGE FRED C. BECKER, LIMA, OHIO
FRANK STICK, ASBURY PARK, N. J.

EWART H. ROSS
Managing Editor

President Dilg Convalescing

Will H. Dilg

EVERY member of the Izaak Walton League will rejoice to know that Will H. Dilg, our National President, is recovering from a serious throat affliction.

Mr. Dilg left the hospital, where he was attended by two nationally prominent throat specialists, on December 1, returning to his quarters in the Chicago Athletic Club.

In response to a letter written by Mr. Dilg, sportsmen throughout the country offered a prayer for his recovery and scores of letters sympathizing with our President have been received.

State conventions have passed resolutions extending their sympathy and wishes for his speedy recovery. Flowers have been received in profusion. Every possible means is being employed for his comfort and everyone is confident that he will soon recover.

His boundless enthusiasm and indomitable will power have done a great deal to combat the insidious disease with which he has been afflicted, and his love of America's out of doors, for which he has done so much, will help him greatly.

Accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Dilg will leave within a few days for the south. He plans to remain there for the next month.

SLOP!

SENTIMENTAL mush is the product of stupidity and gross egotism—a distinctly undesirable commodity of which there is an over-abundance.

The slopist is a parasite whose selfishness and charming lack of analytical powers creates, like the skunk, an obnoxious aroma designed only to attract attention and befog the issue at stake.

There are many types of slopists, but we refer specifically to the type which is prone to shed alligator tears and blubber weird phrases of condemnation when the shooting of game or game birds is mentioned.

Tell this victim of cerebral paralysis of having shot a duck and he rises up, waxes rhetorical and sinks back in his chair exhausted, only to rise up again, rush home and wade into a steaming platter of lamb chops, fried chicken or roasted TAME duck!

He feels no great qualms of conscience when he sinks his teeth into the meat. He pens no oozy epitaph to the passing of lamb chops. He gargles no quatrain to the dearth of filet mignon. Ah, no indeed!

He wipes the gravy from his countenance, sighs and lets his belt out another hole. After a short nap he recovers his dyspeptic disposition and whangs out a tirade against the "blood-thirsty hunter."

Have you ever seen a butcher kill a lamb?

No doubt you have, but in case you haven't—he walks right up to this bleating child of the sheep and with its swimming brown eyes looking straight up into his face, he calmly cuts its throat.

A hog is hung up by its hind leg and its throat is cut. A steer is driven into a pen and clouted over the head with a hammer, and some of us recall the sporting chance the old Dominicker rooster is given just before the hatchet separates him from his power to think.

All of this meets with the approval of the average slopist. He will even take his out of town friends to visit the killing pens with a pardonable quantity of civic pride.

We do not recall having seen a "blood-thirsty hunter" tie his game to a tree so that he could bat it over the head with a hammer or cut its throat. We have, however, sat for hours in a bitter cold blind, and with our blood half congealed, and waited for one lone mallard to come by.

We have tramped miles behind a good dog for a crack at a field bird (and have tramped back home many times without even getting the barrel dirty).

We have followed the merry little beagle over many a mile after the cotton-tail, and sat in deer runs until the steam from our breath froze our eyelashes (and we don't regret one moment of it).

The average man who enjoys a day with the gun is a mighty clean citizen who makes his kills in a thoroughly sporting way which is above the criticism of the muck-raking slopist. The hunter knows that a reasonable amount of game must be killed to prevent its becoming a pest and he further knows that this game must have a place to rest and breed or the species will become extinct. He is for hard-headed, clear-thinking and ACTING in a constructive way to *perpetuate sports afield* and *astream*.

Of course we have the game hog and the market hunter. This type of vermin should be boiled in oil. But we should go further with this good work and reserve at least one vat of oil in which to fricassee the slopist who classes sportsmen with thugs.

Let's make it conservation—not prohibition!

Mostly About Boys

Here we go Fellows—Starting the New Year. Let's Make this the Biggest and Best Year of All

Edited by BEN EAST

John Otto in Dad's snipe blind.

CHUCKEE MUQUA, the Moon of the Little Bear—and the new fire burns in the lodge!

Our first year's letter contest is past, boys, and if ever there was a better contest of its kind, with better letters, more fun or finer prizes, I don't know where it was held!

About a week before Christmas we sent out the prizes.

The registered Scottish terrier puppy given us by G. A. Ward, owner of the Mesquakie Kennels at Dysart, Iowa, for our first prize, was shipped direct from the kennels to George Moreland, whose letter on coyote hunting appeared in the October issue.

The Savage .22 Sporter—as pretty a rifle as a fellow ever looked at, and as accurate and hard hitting as it is pretty—the second prize, went to Albert Krinke, who wrote the duck hunting story in the May number. Albert's description of the supper on the beach went a long way in winning the judges favor.

In the beginning of the contest we invited in fellows whose names were Roberta instead of Robert, if they had good outdoor stories to tell. Some of them came and sat by the fire, and told some mighty good yarns. As good as we heard, in fact, and so good that the judges decided that one of the prizes should go to a Roberta. Dorothy Baily is the lucky girl. She won the third prize, an Eastman folding Kodak, Autographic, 1-A Junior, with her letter on trapping in Canada, in the October issue. Hurrah for Dorothy, eh, fellows?

The fourth prize, a smooth running South Bend anti-back-lash reel, a piece of real tackle for a real fisherman, was sent to Carlton Kreuter for his letter about his prize bass, which appeared with his picture in May. The judges felt his letter was a fine one to come from a seven-year-old lad.

Among the letters so good that the judges were sorry there weren't more prizes, were Clarence Tandy's, Ed Tim's, Mike's, Art Hamilton's, E. Hedrics', Marion Woods' and Edward Plow's. Though this doesn't mean that these were all the good ones, by any means.

We had three splendid judges, and we owe them a lot of thanks for their work and fairness.

They were Omer Mitchel, I. S. Cooper and Edwin Mason.

Mr. Mitchel is vice-president of the Congress of Michigan Game Associations.

Mr. Cooper is the best woodsman the editor knows, and one of his best friends.

Mr. Mason is a Boy Scout executive, in charge of scout work in this section, and a regular fellow.

Our first contest is ended, boys, and it was a big success. How I would like to have seen those four fellows' eyes shine when their prizes arrived! If they will all write and tell us just what they think of their prizes, we will make room for all the letters, in the next month or so. Now, let's get together, all of us, and make the next year even better, if we can, than last year was.

R. R. No. 4, Trenton, N. J.

Dear Editor:

I've hugged the fire listening to the other fellows' yarns, without saying anything, long enough.

I wonder if any of you fellows have caught a five-pound bass while fishing for sunfish on sunfish tackle? Well, I did, and I'll tell you I expected to be pulled in any minute.

It was a cool, clear day in September, last year. The sunfish and shiners had been biting like the dickens all day, and I had a nice mess. It was beginning to get late and I was thinking about going home. I put a big black cricket on the hook and tossed out for the last time. The line just about hit the water, when splash! bang! out went the line with a buzz. I let it go for a ways, then set the hood. He came out of the water like an arrow, shaking his head like a dog with a rat. Then away he went like a flash. Gee whiz! Would he never stop? He made four or five rushes and then slowed down. I pulled him in slowly until near the bank and then tossed him out. There he lay in the grass, his silvery sides shining in the last rays of Old Sol. Gosh! as I looked at him I guessed his weight at about twenty pounds. Funny how fish shrink when you get home.

Yours for OUTDOOR AMERICA,

WILLIAM SALT.

That is the kind of luck that makes Dad wish he had gone along, Bill. Come again.

616 Reservoir Ave., Norfolk, Va.

Dear Editor:

I live at Norfolk, "down in ole Virginy." About five miles from here is one of the finest fresh water lakes for fishing in Virginia. Every pretty Saturday afternoon, Dad, brother and I get our lines out and head for the lake.

One Saturday we went there and got some bait from Charlie, the boatman, and started out. We would drift around a while and then tie to a stump or some tree that had blown down in the water. We fished for about an hour, but the fish seemed to be wary that day, as we had no strikes.

It was very hot out in the sun so we tied to a tree in the shade, where the water was very deep. I was in the stern

Continued on page 66

Ozark—himself.

Field Guns

If There Is a Man in America Who Knows Guns It Is Ozark Ripley, Known to Sportsmen Throughout the North American Continent. The Readers of Outdoor America Are Fortunate in Being Able to Call on Him for Advice on Arms and Ammunition

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

The Right Shotgun

THE writer is particularly adverse to declarations that such a thing as an all-purpose gun exists—the perfect gun for grouse, geese, quail, and no one knows what, besides the ability to handle buckshot when it is deemed a necessary requirement.

Facts are facts, however much we disagree with them, and the all-purpose shotgun is as difficult to find as a combined single bird and covey pointer or setter, and probably more so, because they do not exist except in the minds of those who become so sentimentally attached to their pets they are prone to create fanciful blandishments, through self-hypnosis.

There is always a short-coming when one imagines they are in possession of an all-purpose shotgun. It is there and will come out. Probably the writer's experience is no different than many others who longed, in their youth, for a gun, and saved pennies until they were able to purchase their ideal. And, finally, when they became the owner of it realized that a tangible something was very much lacking.

I recall to mind the first breech-loader I purchased. The sum was fourteen dollars, and I saved a long time to acquire this huge amount. My mind was fixed on a double barrel Lefancheux action gun, which remained for a long time in the window of an unostentatious gun store. It never occurred to me that if this arm was such a jewel and was so desirable, that an unresponsive public waited a long while to purchase it. Three long summer months it steadfastly remained in that window, ever alluring, and each visit on my part showing another distinct appeal. How I longed for the time when that paragon of the gunsmith's artistry or craftsmanship would be mine. Several times, the old dealer placed it in my hands. The reverence which I bestowed upon it was never regarded sacred things. I placed the butt to my shoulder and delectably ran my eye along the rib, squinting my eye in which I thought to be the proper way to impress the owner with my prowess and right to handle it—explaining alternating thrills and expectations of the kind which only assail a boy with abounding love for hunting.

Finally came the day when the gun was purchased and a pang of regret entering my system after I parted with my horde of copper and silver coins of small denominations wrapped up meticulously in a tough brown paper sack. Now, indeed, I was properly equipped with a shotgun which was serviceable against all game that ran or flew.

I tried out the precious arm on quails, and missed more than I ever acknowledged at that time. Wiser heads advised me that it was too choked bored for such shooting, furthermore it was altogether too heavy for a youth of my strength and build. Finally, I began to appreciate the first accusation against my pet property. Finally, the second one, after I had tramped all day with it and its eight pounds of wood and metal felt like a hundred before I reached home.

I was never able to get that gun up in the brush fast enough to kill quail or grouse or even running rabbits. The same thing confronted me when I frequented the marshes for jacksnipe. Nevertheless, it required many long days to convince me that it was no all-purpose gun, nor did such a thing exist, and that I could invest money easily in a cheap gun far better adapted to my avoirdupois and strength.

One always wonders, especially while after quail or upland game of any variety, why so many sportsmen complain about their ability to make kills, when they are packing a gun along which was built for trap shooting, or to be used on ducks. Their failure to provide the proper sort penalizes their opportunities for enjoying sport out of doors. No gunmaker in the world can build an all-purpose gun. His closest approach to it, and this is a real sensible achievement, is by building one with two sets of barrels.

Success in shooting comes only to those who think ahead and equip right. More attention should always be paid to having a gun fit you—its balance, and the way it is bored—than the name of the manufacturer. All the gunmakers of the day who advertise nationally make guns fully worth the price they ask for them. The make of a gun, no matter of what grade or pattern, means nothing unless it fits you properly, and is the right weight and boring for the particular game you are hunting. It is as necessary for a gun to fit each individual as it is shoes.

In every instance upland game is shot at very close quarters. Most quail are killed within twenty-five yards of the hunter. You have heard hunters declare some of the long kills they made to be sixty yards, but when you stepped off the distance it was slightly under thirty yards.

What other requirements of a shotgun

to be used entirely on upland game, such as quail and grouse? Irrespective of price, they should be light, both for comfort and quick, accurate shooting in the open and in brush. Please yourself with the gauge, whether it is twelve, twenty, sixteen, or the fast disappearing twenty-eight. But the proper boring should be, right barrel cylinder bored and left barrel modified choke. Nobody will be displeased with such a combination unless a fanciful imagination trends to something else that is not necessary and usually combined with right barrel—improved cylinder—and left barrel—full choked.

With a right barrel cylinder bored and left modified choke at close range, you get sufficiently proper spread of pattern. And with the modified choke the very same thing at a little greater distance.

For marsh shooting ducks or geese, the old favorite boring is right barrel modified choke and left barrel full choked. In these you get two mighty good constrictions for hard long distance shooting. But quite a number prefer both barrels full choked, and we have no good reason for quarreling with their preference when ducks are flying wild or they want to do some trap shooting or long distance shooting of any sort.

You hear of worlds of people who everlastingly indulge in arguments over the shooting qualities of long and short barrels. The belief is general, though erroneous, that a thirty-inch or thirty-two inch barrel will shoot farther than one of twenty-eight inches or twenty-six inches. Let them be bored alike, and a twenty-six or twenty-eight inch barrel will shoot as far as the longer ones. Every test will prove this when using modern smokeless powders.

In fact, Lou Smith, the gun maker at Ithaca, New York, uses one with a twenty-five inch barrel on ducks, and he declares it is a hard shooting gun and makes as perfect a pattern as any gun he ever built.

Here are little facts to store in your memory when you are confused between the selection of long and short barrels. At close range you can line up a short barrel easier and quicker than a long one. At long range the case is exactly the reverse. But, whether you are the owner of long or short barrel, you can accustom yourself to holding properly with them if you recall these facts; and learn to estimate distance correctly. Never blame the gun for faults which solely are yours.

Address all inquiries on Arms and Ammunition to Field Guns, Ozark Ripley, Editor, in care of Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

© Bert Brown

The blind on a frosty morning.

There He Goes

(*Continued from page 16*)

ported that his charge was a model prisoner all the way back, shooting at three rabbits and getting one of them. This one ran out in an open patch of sand and was apparently in a hurry. Charlie

(*Continued on page 49*)

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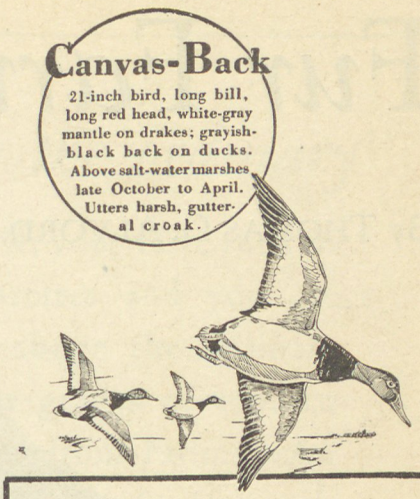
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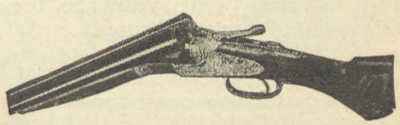

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Fur Farming—A New Industry

By THOMAS G. ALVORD, SR.

A fine specimen of Silver Tip Fox.

IMAGINE young ladies and their robust brothers growing a crop of Christmas presents at trifling cost, but worth hundreds of dollars to their sweethearts and beaus, or their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. There is a lot of this sort of thing going on just now, widespread over this industrious land, except in the hottest parts where even the silver fox cannot wear fur the year around in health and comfort. These gifts are the costly neckpieces and trimming obtained from the silver fox, whose fur, ever fashionable, is most desired because of its rareness and unapproachable beauty.

This is but a side light on the very serious undertaking called fur farming—the raising of wild fur bearers in captivity—going on in more than half our states in a highly successful manner and gradually becoming one of our great national enterprises. Few people know the importance which already it has attained. No one knows the number of silver fox ranches in the nation, but a member of the United States Biological Survey says there are fully five hundred farms, perhaps more, with the number of live animals therein running well up into the thousands.

Although the Department of Agriculture, less than twenty years ago, because of the diminishing wild supply, urged the people into this business, which has become a very popular one, the replies to the Department's questionnaires are so vague or entirely wanting that accurate information as to the exact extent of the business is unobtainable short of a Federal Census. This is in contemplation. Some of the well-informed ranchers and larger breeders believe that there are three thousand five hundred fur ranches in the country, and that three thousand of them are devoted to the production of the Silver Fox. This branch of the industry alone, it is estimated, represents an investment of between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000.

This impossibility of keeping statistical pace with the increase of the fur farming industry indicates the firm grasp it has taken on the popular fancy. In Ohio, ranking sixth in the matter of ranches, Silver Fox farms have been started at the rate of fifteen a month since the first of January. New York, with about one hundred ranches, is second in fox raising. Michigan has twice as many ranches as New York, but has not so many animals per ranch. The industry in the Empire State, while widely scattered, centers principally around Watertown, Malone and Boonville. The most notable ranch is at Henderson in Jefferson County. Windswept Farms, as it is called, is a general breeding plant of eleven hundred acres which, starting on a small farm in 1920, did a business last year of approximately one million dollars. The bulk of its commerce is in furs, raw pelts and live silver foxes. There are fur farms of great growth in California, Wisconsin, Washington, Oregon, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, the Dakotas, and throughout New England, with many small ranches and regular farms with a few pairs to raise fur as a second crop.

This development is in essence the greatest conservation movement in our history. Its value in that respect transcends in importance the annual addition to our national economic wealth. All the worth while of our smaller fur bearers now are safe from extinction and their domestication has done more for the preservation of the imperiled species than the most stringent game laws ever could accomplish, or closed seasons, safe sanctuaries and fear of jail and heavy fines, possibly could bring about.

The American-National Fox Breeders Association has just held its annual convention in Buffalo. There was a splendid show of more than four hundred high bred "silvers," all of them wonderfully fine animals, many worth for their pelts alone fully a thousand or more dollars and as breeders two or three times that amount. There were nearly one hundred delegates to the convention. These were noticeably intelligent men, intensely serious, with brighter visions than ever of the future of this new undertaking. All had been successful. The foxes in appearance and the men in debate very strongly supported the finding of Ernest Thompson Seton, the naturalist and writer, who after a survey of silver fox raising, at the end of its first twelve years, not long ago reported that it had been put upon a rational basis and is sure to become one of our greatest national industries.

The number of professional men and women, workers of all sorts in towns and cities who have taken up fox farming, naturally an agricultural pursuit, or who have become interested in it by buying breeding pairs and boarding them on the home ranch at a nominal charge, with an eye to pelting their increase, or, in time, through profit from pairs and pelts, conducting a ranch of their own, is astonishing. All do not seem to have been actuated solely by the unusual profit that there is in the business. Some confess they have been moved considerably by the romance and the history which

(Continued on page 74)

There He Goes

(*Continued from page 47*)

reported that the old timer shot at him so fast that he had five empty shells out of his automatic in a straight line like a broomstick, but he got the rabbit.

We reached the car, unloaded, and dropped our backs up against a straw stack, rabbits on all sides like tumble-weeds along a fence. And, beautiful was the mass of food tied up in all sorts of paper and topping the heap. You could tell pretty much what each man weighed by the size of his bundle. Louie, good old sport, went away from the barn and started a fire to boil some weenies and make some new coffee. We sure waited for him, and I guess those old hot dogs didn't complete a happy hour in the sun! There was not a great deal of talk, but everyone settled back against the warm straw, and ate and ate, now and then smiling at a cup of coffee or scowling at Mark.

After a leisurely lunch and a short loaf in the sun we started to load up and go home. We piled the stuff inside and threw the rabbits in sacks to carry on the running board. This guaranteed me one warm foot, anyway, and I wished I had some way to hang a couple over the door where I was accumulating a few corns from the bumps we didn't miss.

We rattled along a few miles and then somebody spied a few brush piles in a clearing on a hill-side topped by a grassy hill and flanked by cornfields—ideal rabbit territory. We piled out and climbed through the fence, loaded up and charged. Two of the gang went up along the grass to act as back-stops and the rest of us lined up along the cornfield side and started to jump them out of the brush. Mark chose the first pile, and about the time he was well on top, out went mister long ears on the jump. "There he goes!" yelled Mark, and as we all got lined up on him he turned and flashed back into the pile he had just left, while five ounces of nice round shot dug a big hole where he would have been. Mark jumped and, smashed in the middle of the brush and, with a little help from the rest of us almost demolished the whole thing, but no rabbit. Finally under the last little bunch, Ed saw his majesty all curled up in a ball, his little round eyes blinking with surprise at all the commotion. Ed reached in and grabbed the little fellow while we all stepped back to see what he would do. Bunny never moved after the first kick, and when Ed set him down he stayed put. Finally, when we had about decided we had him scared to death, away he went, a mile a minute for the corn and not a gun raised. I have seen the same thing on quail but never before on running game, but we all felt good about losing him.

The next cottontail had bad luck; I stepped up on a nice leafy brush-pile and out he went, headed for the grass. "There he goes," I hollered. It seemed like a dozen out of our five shooters landed on him at once and he never got near our outfielders on the hill. This started some fast work and we seemed able to get one or two shots out of every heap of twigs

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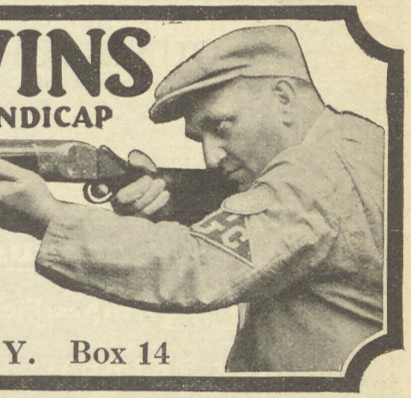

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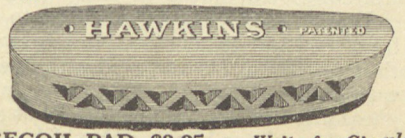

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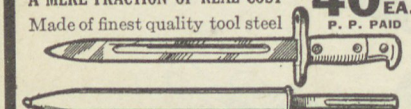

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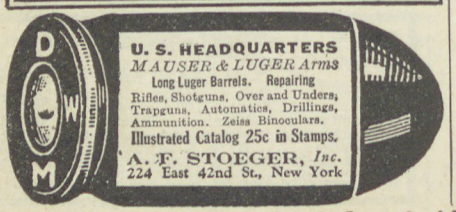

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while the boys in the grass kicked up a few, and also picked up some of ours after we had missed them. One pile held four rabbits, and the fun was fast and varied as they all went different ways at once and we don't know yet whether we got them all or not. However, all things must end, and we soon ran out of brush. We had twenty-one more rabbits down, and plenty got away.

We reached the car and unloaded our coats feeling that the day was over and a real day at that. Surely no more fun could be crowded in before sunset, but we lost the bet. One of the bunnies was in fair shape and when Charlie took him out of his coat to throw him on the pile, brother rabbit started up the road. "There he goes," shouted all of us.

Now Charlie, after spending long years with King George's army in Russia was not going to shoot that rabbit in the back, so he charged bayonets. Up the road went the cripple, and up the road behind him went the old bolshevik chaser, as far as we could see. It looked like our Charlie was gaining most of the time, but it also looked like his quarry had it on him in the sprints. Up the hill and over it they went, one running like he wanted to get away, and the other running like he thought the rabbit would get away. Finally we heard a few savage yells, and over the hill echoed a shot—another yell, and two shots—then finally we saw a hat and a face, and then a body and a gun dragging on the ground. Charlie reached us with his tongue out and fire in his eye. We didn't ask what became of the rabbit.

Old Dogs and New Tricks

(*Continued from page 11*)

hind the bushes. Hank picked the fox up and held him out at arm's length admiringly.

"By Jove, he's a dandy! Look at that beautiful—"

"Oh, Hank! Look! Look! Bob's running another one," I cried out, as I happened to catch sight of Bob coming down the hill on the heels of the second fox.

Hank scanned the hillside closely for a moment, studying the chase intently.

"Another fox, nothing! That's another dog. By Jimminy, it looks like Yellowlegs!"

He waited a few minutes, watching.

"Sure as shootin', it is Yellowlegs!" exclaimed Hank as the dogs came closer to view. "Where in thunder did that mongrel come from, anyway?"

We watched the dogs swinging down the valley, Yellowlegs in the lead, not uttering a sound, Bob following a short distance behind, making all the noise.

The dogs soon came up and Hank patted Bob affectionately.

"Is it you or Yellowlegs that's teaching Bob new tricks?" I inquired as I stooped to give the half-breed his justly earned share of petting. "Well—I—" Hank hesitated, and the puzzled frown changed to a smile.

"Yes, I guess I'll have to give that dog full credit." Then turning to the dogs: "Come on, Yellowlegs! Any dog that's game enough to follow his pal on foot for twenty-five miles is good enough to run with Bob any old day."

Feed the Birds

(*Continued from page 17*)

frequently, but most of their time is spent on the pieces of suet tacked to the trees. The birds that spend more time on the suet than on the grains are the chickadees, white and red-breasted nuthatches, brown creepers and the downy and hairy woodpeckers.

There is no bird on the list, however, that will become as tame or fearless as the little black-capped chickadee. Once they get to know you as their friend they will light upon your head, your shoulders, or cling to your clothes, eat from your hands or take food from between your lips. The white-breasted nuthatch also becomes quite tame and can be persuaded to eat from the hand or take food from between the lips. It has been worked with downy woodpeckers, with bluejays and with pheasant. As for quail and cardinals and the other winter birds, it should be possible, but it has never been my luck to get these species quite that fearless. I have had them feeding within five or six feet of me, but they have never eaten from my hands.

While the most enjoyment in winter feeding comes from establishing regular feeding stations, the most good comes from food planted during the spring or summer and just left in the fields or woods during the winter. Sunflowers planted in out of the way corners of the fields or woods, little stray patches of buckwheat, corn left in the stacks, staghorn sumac allowed to grow along the streams, and all the wild berries and seeds that the bird lover allowed to grow as nature intended—these are the kind of feeding places that will keep the birds on the premises the year around. Even with these, the birds will patronize a grain box, the only difference being more birds.

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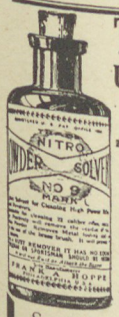

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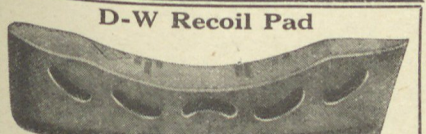

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307 N. Broadway — Forests — Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Tree People

(*Continued from page 9*)

he is less capable than we? I think we must concede that he is a good engineer who meets his problem exceedingly well and among us we credit a good engineer with possession of brains—and good brains too—and we class him as a thinker.

Yet Friend Tree does things equalling his best work and does them exceedingly well, therefore we must credit the tree with a thought-process equalling our own engineer, for both accomplish the same solution of an identical problem and do it along identical lines, which we class as scientifically correct because they are the logical, natural things to do.

We consider ourselves the only real wise natural forms inhabiting the world and we do not credit other forms with having to meet the same problems that we do, and thereby we acquire a colossal enlargement of the personal ego, which keeps us from learning to think in any new way.

As a matter of fact the Tree People have just about as many problems to meet in their daily lives as we do and they meet them the same way that we do, only they take time in doing it.

They are the most persistent folks I know and they never quit!

You can abuse, maltreat and cripple them, but you can't stop them unless you dig them up out of the ground, roots and all, and leave them out in the sun for days and even then there may be life enough left in them to start all over again, if given half a chance.

In following articles I shall show you by photograph and example just how Friend Tree manages his affairs from birth to the last day in the great coniferous forests of the northwest coast and I think in the end you will have more respect for the tribes of the Tree People and love them more than you ever did before, because they are, after all, pretty close kin of ours and they have some very fine traits of character that we could take into our own lives to good advantage.

They are always on the job; they never shirk; they never lose sight of the main object in life, and they carry on with a calm persistence that does not recognize any opposition as final or insurmountable.

I have seen trees fighting on in the face of conditions that, if applied in like to humanity, would discourage the greatest optimist who ever lived, yet the tree never faltered, never hesitated, never lost track of the original idea of carrying on to the end of its allotted time just as though it had never heard of such a thing as opposition.

Through articles to follow I shall show you all the ins and outs of the lives of the Tree People and why and how they live as they do, for they are folks well worth the knowing and such good friends of ours that it is time we are treating them as they should be treated and not go on carelessly regarding them as "just trees."

A Clean Gun Shoots Straight!

And a gun is clean only when the primer residue of *potassium chloride* (salt) has been removed. For this salt attracts moisture and corrosion soon sets in.

Chloroil Solvent

is an *alkali solvent* that does what oil and water won't. It dissolves and removes this salt, and cleans your gun thoroughly with one application. No sweating out.

Send the Coupon

with 35c in stamps for a full size bottle of the cleaner that is used by the Olympic teams, West Point, U. S. Navy and Marine Corps, National Rifle Association and many of the world's crack shots.

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Every gun tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in .410, 26 in., 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for catalogue*

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Our free camping service is at your disposal, anxious to help you.

Write to Murdo Gibson, Real Camping Department, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Dr., Chicago

Real Camping—*How to Do It*

Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

EVER-INCREASING numbers of men and women, worn by the vexations of urban life, are learning that a periodic return to a primitive nomadic existence in the open is the surest, swiftest and sanest method of recuperation. Many of the initiated decline to spend the winter months in pining for the wilds, in dully awaiting the coming of spring. When they feel the urge to get away from their pet aversions, and especially from people, they pack up a few well-chosen articles and go.

Camp life in the North has many phases. Each phase has its own psychology, being suited to some special season and set of conditions. Spring may be best for fishing and poetry, summer for loafing and botany, autumn for hunting and painting, but for pure fun, hilarious and glowing, there is no season like winter and no month like January.

It is chiefly because we wish to encourage camping for women as well as for men that we have selected the following letter for answering in this number. Although the Christmas holidays will be nearly over before this is delivered, there will yet remain three full months of good camping weather, during which time we hope that many of our readers will learn to love the winter woods.

Real Camping Department,
OUTDOOR AMERICA.

In your November issue you invited readers to write for information on their camping problems. Just at present I have quite a number and my wife insists that I get an opinion from you before accepting a tempting invitation to accompany some friends on a camping trip. They propose spending the Christmas holidays on a snowshoe trip through the Superior National Forest. There will be two other ladies in the party, and my wife wants to go if I do.

All of us have made canoe trips through that country and the others have done some winter camping in Michigan. Do

you really think that such a trip as we propose would be practicable?

What type and size of tent, stove or toboggan would you recommend?

When the ice is covered with snow, how do travelers determine its safety?

Is there any danger from wolves or other animals at that season of the year? What weapons should we carry?

Could this trip be safely undertaken by one who is still convalescing from typhoid, although nearly well?

What clothing would be most suitable for the women?

Do you know of any other accessible wilderness where conditions are similar to the Superior National Forest and where one could be absolutely undisturbed by human visitors?

A winter snowshoe trip through the Superior National Forest in Northern Minnesota is entirely practicable for those who have an elementary knowledge of campcraft and can travel by compass and map.

Whether it will be enjoyable depends on such matters as proper clothing, equipment, congenial companions and, perhaps most important of all, the right attitude toward wilderness life. Just what this attitude should be, I do not at present care to go into very deeply. Every camper knows that temper, vandalism and selfishness produce unpleasantness, deceit and friction; and that recklessness, foolhardiness and mismanagement often result in tragedy. Some day I shall devote a paper to "The Waltonian Attitude Toward Life in the Open."

For pulling a toboggan, as well as for general forest travel, web snowshoes are more practical than skis, but the latter are light, easily stowed and furnish the means for a lot of good sport around camp. Take both kinds if possible, but the webs anyhow. By the way, both skis and toboggan when turned upside down make convenient shelves and table tops.

The advantages of having a dog team to haul the outfit and a driver to act as guide on the march are too obvious to need description here, but there are many adventurous spirits who prefer the independent feeling of going it alone. As a rule, these vacationists resent the sometimes cynical supervision of experienced strangers and consider the extra work a small price to pay for freedom and privacy. Each party must decide for itself the question of hired help. All I can say to the writer of this letter is that dogs and drivers are seldom necessary, but often desirable.

If it is decided to dispense with hired help, I would suggest that the outfit be assembled on the unit plan. This means that each couple will have its own tent, stove, toboggan, bedding and cooking utensils. While this is not the usual method of organizing vacation camps, I find it the most satisfactory and the least likely to result in broken friendships. If there is an odd man in the party, so much the better. He can lead the way, find portage trails, locate camp sites, cut down fuel trees and chop or chisel water holes for the group—but he should not cut *up* wood nor carry water except for his own tent mates. Unpaid "chore boys" are

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Latest motor camping necessity. Keeps your food as clean and cold on tour as in the refrigerator at home. On your picnics or week-end trips you can enjoy crisp salads, firm butter, fresh fruits and cold drinks. The BARCLAY fastens easily to the running board with thumb bolts or snap on the detachable handles and you have a refrigerator basket to carry inside the car. Weather, dust and rain proof. Holds ice full 24 hours. Spill-proof ice container is movable to let you pack provisions to the best advantage.

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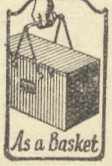

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RALPH H. EGAN **Ashland, Maine**

usually criticized by all and appreciated by none.

For cutting water holes through thick ice an ice chisel is much better than an axe. Fitted with a suitable staff it is useful for testing doubtful ice and is quite a help when walking; but my chief reason for recommending it is to save axe handles. A novice is almost sure to break the handle of any two-handed axe he uses for chopping ice.

Experienced travelers don't *guess* at the strength of ice. When in doubt they test it constantly. On questionable ice every toboggan ought to have at least ten feet of rope dragging behind. If the person in front breaks through, he can hold on to the toboggan and be pulled back to safety. Unless some excitable nit wit loses his presence of mind and crowds too close to a companion, there is little danger of tragedy resulting from these involuntary wettings.

An eight by ten silkolene tent with three-foot walls and twelve-inch sod cloth weighs about eleven pounds and is a good size for one couple or three bachelors.

I would recommend a coarse meshed snowshoe of a design similar to what is known as the "Maine" model. All members of the party should wear snowshoes of the same width, otherwise the one with the widest shoes will never have a good trail. Foot harnesses for snowshoes and skis should be tried on and properly adjusted before leaving town.

Toboggans should be narrow enough to clear easily both sides of the snowshoe track and should be long enough to carry their loads *low*. Even then they will tip over frequently, but these upsets will not delay progress too much if one person remains behind every load. The rear guard usually has a pole with which to push while the man in front pulls. When the trail is very crooked both assist in steering.

In regard to the danger from ferocious beasts and the proper firearms to carry for protection, I have spent many entire winters in that region, but do not know of a single instance where a living person was ever attacked by a wild animal. You are in greater danger when you meet your neighbor's dog on the sidewalk than you are ever likely to be in the North Woods, even if you are lucky enough to see a score of wolves. These are sometimes seen crossing the frozen lakes, but generally at a perfectly safe distance. The only firearm that I consider worth its weight and trouble during the closed season in that country is a well-sighted twenty-two calibre pistol for shooting snowshoe rabbits. If a wolf or lynx is seen within hitting range, a twenty-two long rifle bullet is deadly enough.

And the smoke curls.

If the bottom edges are banked so as to exclude drafts, these tents can be kept warm in any weather.

Tent stoves for a toboggan trip need not be collapsible. Those without bottoms are not practical for use in Northern Minnesota. Figure 1 shows a type of camp stove that has given me perfect satisfaction on many long trips. Its design is so simple that any sheet metal worker can make one in a few hours. When traveling, the telescoped pipe, elbows, damper and most of the cooking utensils are stowed inside, so there is little waste of space. These articles should be measured, singly and together, and the stove made large enough to contain them easily—provided, however, that in every case it be at least two inches narrower than the toboggan. Stove pipe hole is placed at extreme corner, to allow maximum cooking surface. The large feed-hole eliminates all need for the ordinary hinged door. A flat sheet of the stove material is used to cover this hole. I prefer it without ring or handle and unattached to stove. This type of stove will hold wood enough to keep fire all night and good baking can be done with it by using an ordinary reflecting oven.

I do not care to advise concerning the wisdom of such a jaunt for a convalescent. That is a physician's province. I might mention, however (to all save government inspectors), that a brief exposure to the pure crisp atmosphere of the North Woods often produces symptoms closely resembling those displayed by the midnight celebrants of some football victory.

The proper clothing for a woman on a toboggan trip was described in the December number of this magazine. Perhaps it did not specifically state that it was a woman's outfit, but I can see no reason why any item of it need be changed to meet her requirements. She may not care for the suspenders, but that is a

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

minor detail. As for appearance, the "Parka" is a perfect disguise and no one but her tent mate need know what she is wearing underneath. If an extra pair of light, loose fitting overalls and a loose blouse of the same material are carried on the toboggan within easy reach, a woman can dress herself to withstand any conditions of wind and weather, without much hindrance to walking or skiing.

Is there, you ask, such a thing as an "accessible wilderness," to which the ordinary person, living in the north central states, can go to satisfy his craving for solitude, exploration and adventure? The answer is: Yes.

The Minnesota-Ontario region, bounded on the north by the Albany and English Rivers, and on the south by Lake Superior, is traversed by three transcontinental railways and tapped (from the south) by several branch lines and automobile highways. Although there are hamlets at frequent intervals along the railroads and in the Rainy River Valley, the country as a whole is so sparsely settled that the camper may travel for days and weeks without seeing a human being. It is a region so well supplied with lakes and navigable streams that almost any part may be reached by canoe without serious difficulty or excessive portaging. That is, in summer. In winter, the frozen surfaces of these thoroughfares make travel comparatively easy for the snowshoe hiker who pulls his own toboggan, as well as for the expedition equipped with dog teams and Indian drivers. For canoe cruising in summer and extended camping trips in winter, the district is probably without an equal. Those who know and love this wilderness, glory in the fact that it is generally so rough and non-agricultural in character that it will never be aught but a vast natural playground. Roads, dams and resorts may desecrate portions of it in the future, but for at least one more generation there will be sanctuary and solitude for those of us who care.

© Bert Brown

Motor Camping

Touring by Automobile Is Annually Becoming More Popular. Mr. Bow Will Answer All Queries of Our Readers

Conducted by HOMER BOW

THE migration of auto campers to Florida this season will probably mark an era in the sport that is fast becoming the vacation of America. It is stated by those who are familiar with the sales of camping equipment that the dope is entirely upset and that there is an unprecedented demand for those accessories that go to make up an auto camp.

At the other end of the road—Florida—those who will profit by the migration are aware of the crowds that will come from the northern states and are making preparations to receive them. Camps of the finest kind will probably greet the tourists.

The general motoring public's opinion of Florida roads has always included sand, swamps and hard going, but there is at the present time a network of modern highways that will bring joy to the heart of the motorist. From the northern limits of the

Armchair Comfort

When you drive—or ride—if you are cramped for leg room, if you must stretch to reach pedals and wheel or if you brace yourself as a protection against jolts and jars, let an Airubber Auto Cushion bring you new comfort.

It is a cushion, backrest or a support for the head and shoulders as desired. Easily inflated and adjusted to any position in the car.

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Get this cushion. Like it, keep it. If not, return for refund. You must be pleased.

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Just as the illustrations show, this amazing belt reduces your waistline from two to four inches—the moment you put it on. And by *supporting* and *strengthening* the abdominal muscles in a natural way, this reduction quickly becomes *permanent.*

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No need of carrying excess fat like this

Director does exactly as we claim—without drugs—without diet—without strenuous exercise. Slip into a Director in the morning and note the feeling of *ease* and *comfort* it immediately gives you. The sagging muscles are supported comfortably and held firmly in their natural position. Not only does this give you a more trim and athletic figure by reducing the waistline 2 to 4 inches, but more important still it has a direct bearing on your physical condition. When you wear a Director the weight of the abdomen is supported by the *muscles of the back,* just as it should be. Thus you experience greater comfort and added energy throughout the whole day. The weakened front muscles are held together by a firm but gentle pressure and with every step you take and every movement of your body these muscles are kneaded together and fatty tissue is dissolved. Wearing a Director gives immediate reduction, great comfort, and a permanent dispersion of fat. It works every hour of the day.

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Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic — *all in one piece.* There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure,* no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.

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Write today for a Director and see how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only $6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. Tear out and mail coupon today.

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state there are several hard surfaced and semi-hard surfaced highways that link with the main arteries of travel from the north. All have a tendency to lead into Lake City and Jacksonville.

Heading south from Jacksonville is a hard surfaced road which will lead the motorist to St. Augustine, a distance of perhaps 40 miles. The highway then leads away from the coast and draws back again to reach Ormond, about 20 miles north of Jacksonville.

From Jacksonville the highway splits and the motorist can either continue down the coast to Miami or cut inland and visit the lake district.

From Lake City to the south is another highway that opens the cities of the west coast to the motorist. Those mentioned above are but a few of the routes of travel.

Below are listed the cities that afford accommodation to motorists and are situated on main traveled highways.

Sanford—On the St. Johns River about 130 miles south of Jacksonville. Near Lake Monroe, which is noted for its fishing. The town has a hotel and a service station.

Pensacola—Is about 28 miles from the Gulf and 50 miles from Mobile, Ala. The city is beautiful and affords good hotel and garage accommodations.

Palatka—About 50 miles south of Jacksonville. Popular winter resort and affords several interesting side trips; hotels and garages.

Ormond—A few miles north of Daytona. Has a wonderful beach and is the outlet for the network of highways that lead to picturesque inland drives.

New Smyrna—A little better than ten miles south of Daytona. Coronado beach and its surf bathing. One of the oldest cities in an old state and very beautiful.

Miami—The last large city for the southward bound motorist. It is 363 miles south of Jacksonville. One of the largest resort cities. Busy port, good side trips. Beautiful drives and parks.

Belleair—Situated on the divide between Tampa Bay and the Gulf.

Bradentown—Is quite a resort center. On the Manatee River, and is a shipping point. Good hotels.

Daytona—Fifty miles south of St. Augustine on the beautiful Halifax River is Daytona beach with its speedway, also bathing, tennis, golf, etc. It is one of the greatest winter resorts in the state.

De Leon Springs.—Near De Land. Large medicinal spring said to have remedial properties is located here. It is stated that the flow of the spring is 80,000 gallons per minute, so in spite of the rush to the Everglade state this winter there should be enough to go around.

Fort Myers—This is said to be the most tropical city in the United States. Tarpon fishing excels.

Gainesville—About 70 miles south of Jacksonville and located in the phosphate belt. It is quite a health resort and is very picturesque.

Jacksonville — A metropolitan city. Manufacturing industries and accommodations of all kinds.

Lake City—Located about 55 miles west of Jacksonville. Is the port of departure for the west coast highways. Hotels and garages.

Ocala—Is another city with a famous spring. It is stated that this one has the largest flow of any in the state, so there seems to be no immediate danger of a water shortage. Located perhaps 70 miles south of St. Augustine.

Orlando—Is one of the more popular of the resorts in the lake region. Plenty of amusements, side trips, etc.

Palm Beach—Needs no introduction.

St. Augustine—Bears the title of being the oldest city in the United States. Rich in history. Complete accommodations.

St. Petersburg—This is also one of the well known cities and needs no introduction.

Tallahassee—In spite of its spelling, is a modern city in all respects and will afford the tourist anything he desires.

Tampa—Is the second city of the state and is modern and will stand a visit.

The following list of cities contain tourist camps, some municipal and free, and others with private camps where a small charge is made: Apopka, Arcadia, Bradentown, Branford, Brooksville, Cocoa, Daytona, Dade City, De Land, Eustis, Fort Myers, Gainesville, Jacksonville, Lakeland, Manatee, Monticello, New Smyrna, Orlando, Penacola, St. Augustine, St. Cloud, St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Sebring, Tampa, Valparaiso, West Tampa, White Springs and others.

Florida has a speed limit of 30 miles per hour, with a restriction of 15 miles on bridges, etc. If your state extends a similar courtesy you are allowed thirty days in the state on your own license. For a longer period tourists' licenses are issued. Better carry your registration card from your home state.

TOURING QUERIES

Two of us intend taking a trip south this winter with a motorcycle and side car. Do you think that this type of machine is suitable for a trip? Both of us have camped before and are not tenderfeet. What equipment would you recommend?—S. H. B., Dayton, O.

For two men, the motorcycle and side car is indeed a real vehicle. In 1916 I made a trip through the East with an outfit of this kind and it proved its worth. For trips through country where improved roads are not common it is excellent, as it can go places an automobile can not, and when mired is a simple matter to release.

For a trip South I believe that the ordinary army pup tent with air mattresses for sleeping purposes would be ideal. This tent when properly pitched and ditched is very dry. A ground cloth sewed on would add to your comfort.

Of course there are several other tents that would do just as well, but space is an essential when a motorcycle and side car is used.—H. B.

There will be three of us on a tour this winter. We expect to spend the winter months in Florida. Do you think it is practical to spend the entire winter in a camp down there? What type tent would you suggest?—W. C., Cazenovia, N. Y.

You will probably be one of thousands in the motor camps of Florida this winter, as many are intending to join the "gold rush" and will resort to this manner of

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

living while in the Everglade state. Any of the standard tents of sufficient size to accommodate your party would do, but I would suggest that you get one that is entirely independent of your machine, as you will more than likely wish to make side trips for a day at a time.

Would also believe that a tent of the lean-to variety for kitchen purposes would be valuable, as it is better to keep the culinary department separate from the living and sleeping end of things.—H. B.

Five of us, between the ages of seventeen and twenty, intend to make the round trip to the Pacific coast next summer. We already have the necessary wherewithal to purchase our car. It will be of a light popular make. What general suggestions can you give us in the way of equipment?—H. G. S., Reading, Pa.

Answer: Five in the car that I imagine you have reference to, would be a load in itself. By all means invest in a trailer. This will make traveling in the car a great deal more comfortable for the five of you and will relieve a great amount of wear and tear on the car.

I would suggest that before you hit the worst of the mountains that you drop in an agency and have the gear ratio of the car changed. The manufacturers provide a smaller pinion that will enable you to do more work in high gear.

The trailer will also enable you to carry the equipment that you will need in a party of five without stinting. Would suggest that you obtain two of the double beds of the folding steel variety, and a single cot of any kind. One large tent for sleeping purposes if you want it, or pup tents and sleeping bags and no cots if you want to conserve space and rough it a little more.

My experience with cars of the type that you mention is that where heavily loaded they can not be driven fast without detrimental effects. Take it easy, you will get to see more of the country and, after all, that is the prime object of the trip.—H. B.

Take Old Friend Husband Fishin'

(*Continued from page 7*)

grumble under his breath, while he began to put on his bathing suit. "There's nothing the matter with my health, and besides I don't need a bath," etc., etc. When he was ready, we went down to the lake, and to show him that I was not afraid of a little water so early in the morning, I stepped boldly in, and John jumped in head first. By the time I had waded in to about my knees, John came up sputtering, and gasping for breath. "Great Jumping Jehoshaphat, the ice ain't melted out of this lake yet. Get out of my way, woman, I'm coming to shore." The water did feel rather cool, and it isn't any fun swimming by oneself, so I waded ashore also.

Did you ever take a bath in a tincup full of water? Really, when you get used to it, it is very easy. I took one every morning while we were in camp, so did John. Of course we got the water out of the lake, and it was very invigorating. Heating did not seem to affect its qualities one bit.

In the evenings we would build a huge fire—for it would get very cold as soon as the sun went down—pull our bench as close to the fire as we dared, and sit and watch the marvelous sunsets, with their ever changing colors of gorgeous and brilliant hues. As soon as the sun began to sink back of the hills the sky would seem to be on fire, then the glow would die and a pure gold would take its place, shading into pinks, blues, lavenders. The splendor of it, and the awe in which we would sit and watch this matchless display! It would again change, and the colors would grow deeper, a wonderful carmine and a royal purple taking their place, then fading into a magnificent night with the stars shining brilliantly as they do only when one is watching them in the quiet of the vast open spaces.

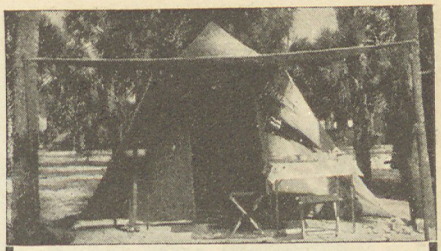
One night we saw a glow in the sky coming from the north, and stood with bated breath, watching a magnificent display of the northern lights.

No feeble words of mine can describe the glory and the beauty of the sky, as you see it in the northern country. Each night we discovered a new and more wonderful display of some kind. One morning we went out on the lake at two o'clock, to watch the full moon come up over the islands. First it shone through a mist, then as the mist cleared and the moon rose higher in the heavens, its reflection crept across the water, right toward our boat, and finally we were bathed in its glow. We sat and marvelled, and thanked the Creator, who had given us this privilege of beholding His wonders.

One evening while sitting by our camp fire, we saw something moving just outside of the glow of the fire light. We could not see it clearly enough to discover just what it was. Our talking and movements did not seem to affect it at all. Then we saw a second something make its appearance. They came close enough so that we could distinguish two lovely plumed tails moving to and fro. Finally they came within the circle of firelight, and there were two of the prettiest and most graceful creatures that inhabit the outdoors. They were coal black, all but two white stripes on their bodies starting at the tip of their noses, separating and running down each side of their bodies and again joining at their tails.

I looked at John and John looked at me. Finally I said, "Oh, the lovely things, aren't they beautiful?" etc., etc.

John then spoke up scornfully, "Lovely! beautiful! woman, sit still and don't move, on pain of death (or something just as desperate as that). Don't you



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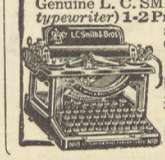

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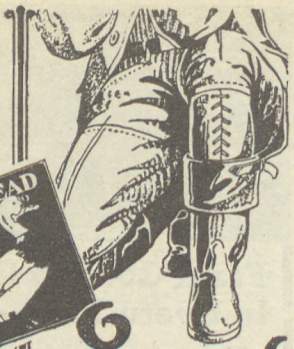

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know that those miserable creatures are the most revengeful animals known to man?"

"Revengeful," I queried, with as much scorn as I could muster, "why, they are too small to hurt anyone, and besides, if you don't catch me one so I can make a pet out of it, I will get one myself."

I looked at John, and saw the perspiration running down his forehead. He fairly shrieked at me. "For the love of Mike, don't you know they are skunks?"

"Skunks," I replied, "well, why in the dickens didn't you tell me that before?"

After that we just sat there and watched them. They walked all around us, picked the crumbs from off the ground, and when they had satisfied their curiosity and their appetites, they meandered off without even showing their appreciation.

They came around every night to forage. We never molested them, which was very considerate of us, considering that they were eating our food. When they were through they would wander off, and we would not see them until the next night. You know we actually grew fond of our neighbors the month we lived with them on that island. And never once did they betray our confidence.

We had some other neighbors. They were very shy ones. We had to sit very, very still and the wind had to be blowing in the right direction, to induce these *deer* neighbors to make a call. They would come down the ravine back of our camp, on moonlight nights, to the lake to drink. We could see these graceful creatures silhouetted against the sky, as they moved along the edge of the lake. Sometimes the wind would change, they would get our scent, or we would make a noise, strange to their ears. They would throw up their heads, stand motionless for just a second, then turn, and fairly fly through the woods, their hoofs crashing through the underbrush.

One night after we had gone to bed, I heard something shuffling around, and making a funny, snuffing noise. I lay perfectly still, and finally decided that something was trying to get into the commissary tent. I nudged John. He didn't move. I nudged him again. The same thing happened. Then the awful thought came to me. If that animal eats our food, we will have to leave camp, and it will be two days before we can possibly get any place where we can buy more. In the excitement this thought created, I reached over and made a pass at John, that landed right on the end of his nose. This wakened him. Yes, it wakened him. He opened one eye and said, "Darn these mosquitoes, they don't care where they land on a fellow." I finally hushed him enough to tell him there was something at the commissary tent, trying to get at our food, that we would starve before we could get any more, and that he must get up and see what it was. He didn't move; all the answer I got was a snore. The wretch was asleep again!

I grew desperate, and realized that I would have to rescue the food, danger or no danger. I calmly arose, flashlight in one hand, revolver in the other. I was very calm; that is, all but my knees. They did some very queer things. That was no way for knees to act, when I was calm, and had to be brave. I managed to get to the front of the tent, without knocking more than half of it down. I untied the flap just enough to see out with one eye. I didn't see anything, so I risked the other one. Still nothing happened. Then I poked the flashlight out of the tent, and becoming very bold pulled the trig—I mean—er—er—pushed the button, and trained the light on the commissary tent. To my consternation I saw a little black bear. As soon as the light hit him, he turned around and ran as fast as his little short legs would let him go. I could hardly wait until morning to tell John about it. I had a vision of him looking at me with awe and admiration in his eyes, and went to sleep with this happy thought in mind.

The next morning, with all the dramatic ability at my command, I told John of the huge bear I had chased away from our camp, not only saving the food, but our lives as well. He listened attentively until I had finished, and then that wretch started to laugh and he laughed himself sick, and to this day he refuses to believe that I saved his life. I shall never do it again; he can save his own life hereafter. I have concluded that ungrateful husbands don't deserve to have their lives saved. There are plenty of grateful husbands in this world.

I know this started out to be a story of a fishing trip and its influence on our dispositions, but why waste a lot of good paper telling about fish, either the ones we caught, or the big ones that got away. No fisherman would believe half of it. For instance, if I should tell you that the first cast into the lake, John pulled out a ten pounder, I can hear you say, "Yes, he did—not." But he really did. Oh, what's the use!

We did fish, because we had to eat, and that was our most important dish, every day for one month. After wandering on different parts of the lake each day, stopping to explore some intriguing looking place on an island, or sitting and watching, through a pair of binoculars, a bird or animal busily engaged in foraging for food, we would decide it was time to catch our food for the day. We would take turns paddling the boat, and casting in the likely looking places for the gentlemen of the lake. And some rare sport we did have. After catching as many as we could use that day, we would go to our camp, build our fire. Sometimes we would fry them, other times bake them, but whatever we did to them we never got tired or enough of them.

The morning we broke camp was indeed a sad one. We packed our duffle, loaded our boat, and then walked around the end of the island looking in all directions. It seemed as if we could not leave. We finally got into the boat, started our engine, and looking back watched our island as long as we could see it.

When we returned home, tanned, rested, our thoughts filled with a wonderful country, a wonderful peace, our troubles and differences had burst like a bubble. The neighbors, after they had taken one look at our faces, beamed upon us. They could see that all was well. And do you know what did it?

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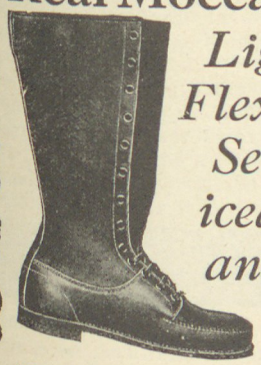

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Lost River

(*Continued from page 20*)

know Bulbous, if he was her uncle! You couldn't have one with him.

"Koot-nai and Jim and you two can go away in the woods somewhere," she continued, "and clean up before you come back. I won't need to see any of it. I suppose you think it's dreadful for me to plan such a thing, but I hate to let a thing like you did this morning go unpaid!"

Jean thought for an instant. It was evident from that last that she took it for granted that Mayhew would whip him. If he added the beating Bulbous deserved, to the injury he had already put upon him, this tempestuous Helen would hate him indeed! And to quietly take a beating at the hands of the big gross coward was a thing he could not do even for her sake. Without thinking how it would sound to her, "I guess we'd better break camp, Miss Mayhew," he said, slowly.

She turned away from him, up the slope. "So I was right after all. You pushed him this morning because you were afraid to strike him!" Her voice had the chill of the little ice-fringed stream.

Afterward Jean thought it might have been better had he fought Bulbous and whipped him.

He came up to Koot-nai and me.

"We break camp within an hour," he said, soberly. We asked him no questions, but from his voice I knew that the wind in the spruce tops had died down for him, and the school of sunbeams on a river rapid no longer flashed.

Koot-nai and Jean led the way out. We came to the foot of the ridge where it swirled in, under the giant log jam, to drop down toward the hidden rumbling waterfall. There we stopped to rest.

Helen stood for a long time, without speaking, balanced on a big pine trunk.

Bulbous had growled a surly warning at her when she clambered up over the foot of the jam and onto the out-thrust log.

Jean had said nothing, but I noticed that he had laid down his pack and rifle, and moved nearer to the river bank, almost below her.

Koot-nai nudged me and pointed up. Stuck between the logs, almost at the top of the ragged pile, was the broad antler of a huge moose.

I called up to her, and pointed out the antler. "Of course I'd like it," she told us in pleased surprise. "It's the only way I'll ever get one of my own, and besides it's from Lost River."

We started up together, Koot-nai and I. It would be no easy climb down again for one man with the fifty pound trophy. Almost as we started Jean's voice rang out, gay and natural again. "Would you take the antler of the Lost River moose from my hands, Miss Mayhew?"

I think in her heart Helen hoped to see him retrieve himself from the disgrace she had put on him that morning, by some act so outstripping our lesser deeds that she could not ignore the courage of it. Perhaps she only felt reckless—was still

(*Continued on page 77*)

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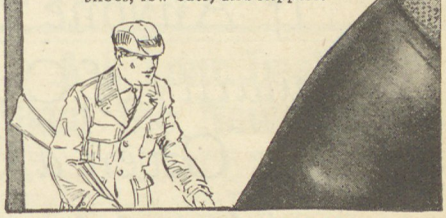

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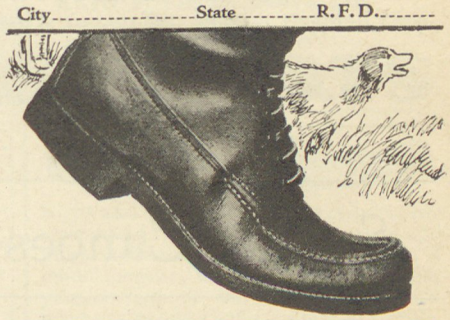

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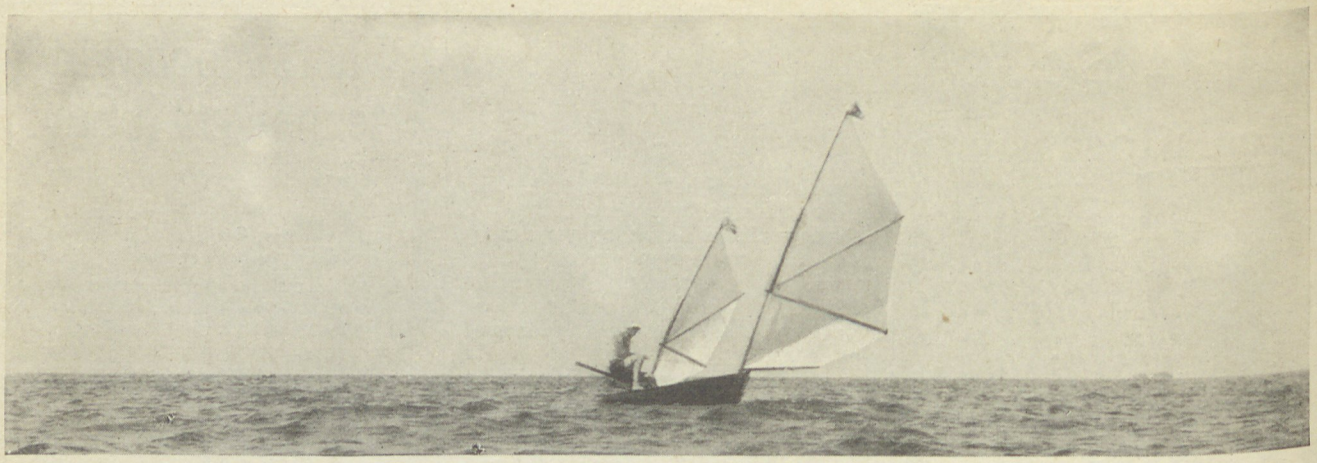

Canoes and Small Boats

If Anyone Doubts for a Moment the Popularity of Canoeing and Boating They Should Be Given a Chance to Answer the Hundreds of Inquiries to this Department. Mr. Perkins Will Answer any Question on this Sport

Conducted by EDGAR S. PERKINS
EDITOR, WATER SPORTS

Sailing Canoes—Their Rigging and Equipment

IN a real ethical discussion on sailing canoes, from the point of length, beam sail area, etc., it is easy to prove that the ordinary paddling canoe should not be sailed. Some, after trying, are even more sure than ever. However, all arguments in the world cannot change the fact that there are more ordinary paddling, or, as the term is used, open canoes sailed than any other.

This fact can be laid to several reasons. The open paddling canoe even when fitted with leeboards, sails and rubber is much cheaper than buying a regular decked sailing canoe. The decked craft is good only for sailing and will carry only two people with comfort, if there is such a thing, except in the most favorable winds. The open canoe eighteen feet long will often carry four or more for sailing and the additional weight is at times a great help, also equipment may be carried in packs with the open type. Another feature with the open boat is when through sailing the equipment may be taken down and the boat used for general paddling or on a cruising trip. From these few reasons it is easy to see that unless one has a great deal of money to spend on the sport, or is merely interested in high speed sailing, the open canoe is the best purchase.

The sailing rigs that are used most generally are lateen, leg of mutton, bat wing and marconi. The lateen or leg of mutton rig is favored the most for a single rig, although the past year has seen quite an increase in the marconi rig, which is considered the latest and fastest sailing rig for a boat. The double rigs favored are bat wing and marconi with some partiality to the lateen. The objection to the lateen double rig on a canoe, especially those of sixteen-foot length, is that the boom on the forward sail will either hit or come too close to the mast in the stern. On this type of rig the booms on both sails have a tendency to hang low, oftentimes touching the tip ends of the boat, and when raised sufficiently to give comfortable moving room are apt to decrease the stability of your canoe. Whereas on the bat wing, the sails clear the boat and crew very handily and for the sixteen-foot or shorter boats is unquestionably the best rig.

The single rig used and manufactured for the trade is the lateen and is made in forty-five, fifty, sixty and seventy-five square foot areas. The beginner will do well to use a smaller sail at first and then either graduate to larger ones or the double rig. It might be well to add that the decked sailing canoe calls for the utmost quick work and thinking of all sailing types, and for this reason is considered the most exciting of them all.

The question of leeboards to the average sailor, especially the beginner, is not so important, except that they should be well made and strong as there is a good deal more strain than a first glance would show. The principal thing is the place to set the leeboards; this will vary according to the dimensions of the canoe, but for a single rig should be well forward of the

center overall length. On the double rig this is even a more important matter, as it has much more to do with the quickness with which the canoe answers the rudder and a little too much one way or the other is apt to make the work very difficult for the skipper. The general practice is to set the leeboards as near the correct place as can be estimated and then try the boat, and you can tell by its ability to point into and lay away from the wind just what should be done to correct the location. If there are two experienced canoeists in the boat and the wind is light and steady, the boards may be changed while sailing, otherwise it is well worth your while to go ashore before making the change.

You have perhaps seen centerboards and keels on the open canoe, but there does not seem to be many that will furnish good performance consistently. In the first place a centerboard means cutting a canoe in a bad place and one that will weaken it considerably, and also the box takes up room that is valuable for other uses, more so in the double rigged boat than in the single. The only keel except some hooking arrangement that will permit using the boat for paddling, is the folding or hinge keel that is worked by a wire running from the side of the boat to the keel, and aside from the fact that the wires are noisy, this is also very likely to catch on something when beaching the boat. It can therefore be seen that unless a boat is constructed for something else, a pair of leeboards are the most practical thing to use from the standpoint of safety and economy.

The question of a suitable rudder is very much up to the individual, as while the larger canoe manufacturers have them, most generally it is a home made affair. The important items are to be sure it will drop into the water far enough to work the boat quickly, especially in heavy seas. The rudder should be of light thin material, but thick enough not to bend. It is better to have a little extra weight and thickness, rather than have to brace the blade with strips as these strips increase resistance when traveling, also with the added weight the rudder is more apt to drop of its own accord when starting out. The best place to fit your rudder lines is on the brace just forward the stern seat.

While many use a paddle to steer with, and in some races it is a rule in the single rig class where a small sail is used, the rudder enables the sailor to ride well up in the center of his boat and this will cause it to sail much closer to the wind, which is an important thing in a race. A canoe can be steered by a paddle from this position, but it requires much more work and practice and furnishes more resistance than when used from the stern seat.

In the double rig it is very impractical to attempt to use a paddle for consistent steering. Therefore, if you do not have a rudder, learn to steer by using your sails. I have one double rigged canoe that has never had a rudder on it and for ordinary sailing handles very well. The only disadvantage is that when racing on a course that has one leg running before the wind the boat will invariably lose distance over a canoe equipped with a rud-

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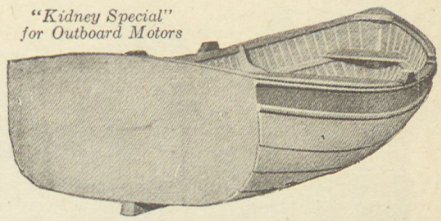

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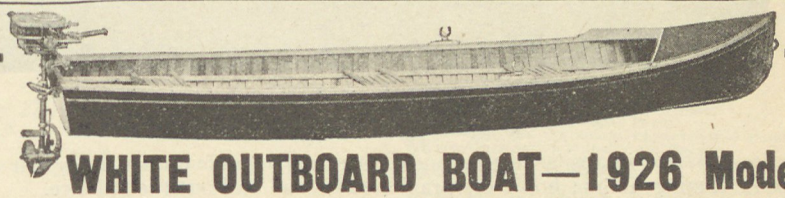

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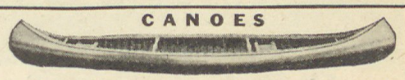

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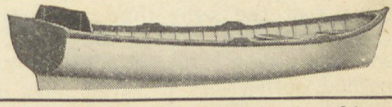


Before the wind.

der. It also is perhaps a few seconds slower in coming about; however, practice will make this difference very small and in a heavy wind there will not be any. Although it has been stated that the difference of time in tacking is made up on a run owing to the fact that the absence of a rudder decreases the resistance to the water.

A sponson boat makes a very good sailing canoe and tends to minimize accidents although you are cautioned to remember that while it will take more to lay it over than the other type, you can put a sponson into the water in a heavy wind or when carrying too large a set of canvas.

Never go sailing without a paddle in your canoe, or even two may be very useful sometimes in an emergency. It is also well to learn to steer with a paddle in case your steering gear goes bad.

Canoe Queries and Answers

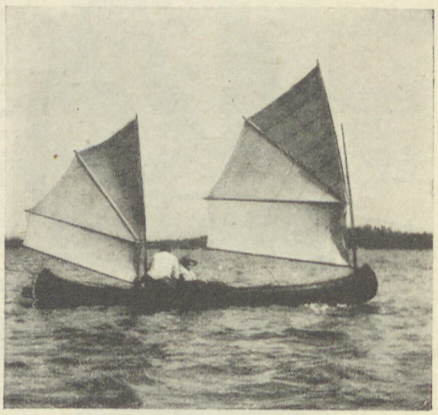
Is it possible to empty a canoe in deep water?

E. M. T.:—Yes, it is possible and in many cases necessary. If there are two strong swimmers in the accident the situation can be handled by them in this manner, one at each end of the canoe, keeping it bottom side up, in this position there will be air space at the ends. Then simply lift the canoe straight up, turning it sufficient to release any suction; when the boat is out of the water, flip it right side up. This may sound easy, but is hard work, as in lifting the canoe the men are submerged and must tread water to gain power for their lift. Sometimes all of the water will not be out, but the majority will and you can then bail the rest out. This will work much better on calm water, as a wave is apt to catch it when you flip the boat over and also it must be lifted over the top of the wave.

The other method is to turn the canoe right side up and sink one end, pushing it forward at the same time, causing the water to rush out over the stern. If worked in relays this is a fairly quick method, otherwise it takes time and patience as well as strength, but you can eventually remove a large portion of the water and bail out the balance.

To settle an argument, can you tell me how many people a canoe will hold after overturning?

H. C. R.:—This would of course depend on the size and model of canoe, as well as the way the occupants conduct



Takin' it easy.

themselves in the water. Generally speaking, a fifteen-foot canoe will sustain two people; an eighteen-foot four and a twenty-foot six people. Have seen a sixteen and seventeen-foot craft hold up from four to six people. You realize that if the people in the water are fairly good swimmers the boat will be holding but very little of their weight, while with one who cannot swim it will have to hold the weight entirely.

The way the load is applied will also have much to do with it; this should be balanced or divided as evenly as possible, such as one at each end and one at each side in the middle. Never allow the canoe to revolve, and hold on, do not try to climb on. Being calm and controlling the others so that they do not get excited will help as much as anything. Panic drowns more people than anything else.

How can I tell the size paddle I need?

W. McL.:—The only way you can do this is by standing up to it. Your paddle should reach to your mouth or eyes. After you have done a lot of paddling you can tell by picking up the paddle and going through the motions of paddling. The weight must suit the individual.

What type of canoe is best for single or doubles in racing?

B. J.:—The torpedo model wood and the cedar canoes are considered the fastest and are also very light. These are also made in larger sizes for a racing four. If you contemplate using a canvas canoe, get a narrow or river model.

Would you advise using a canoe to fish from for game fish?

P. S. E.:—If you are an experienced canoeist and have another with you to handle the boat, it is not only safe but will be much better, as there is no craft on the water that handles as fast and with less effort than the canoe. Fishing from canoes is being done more all the time as people through experience come to realize their stability and convenience.

What size canoe would three need for a cruising trip?

N. R. C.—You would have to use an eighteen-foot boat and with your packs you would be well loaded, thus riding low in the water, and it might be cramped for the middle passenger, especially if you were going to be out long and had to pack all of your equipment. If possible get another in the party and take two sixteen or seventeen foot boats. It will be more comfortable, and much safer, and all your eggs will not be in one basket.

On the starboard tack.

Will it do any harm to take a brace out of my canoe; there are three of them?

D. T. P.:—The fact that they are in answers the question. If you must remove one at any time, always put it back when putting the canoe away, or its lines will soon be off. The manufacturers know from experience how many braces a canoe needs to keep it in shape. If you want the boat to last and not warp do not remove any of them.

Would you consider it advisable to take a wilderness trip without guides?

A. F. J.—This depends on the party and location. If you are all experienced canoeists and woodsmen, that is, able to take care of yourselves and travel by map, compass and sun, have plenty of food and time, you will no doubt have more enjoyment working the route by yourselves. However, if you cannot do the above and do it well, especially if you are heading for country in which there is not much travel, by all means take a reliable guide. It may be a little more expensive, but it is a good investment.

Chubs

(*Continued from page 27*)

line sung tight. Once below us the fish remained there. Yet never did he leap, but kept continually tugging and pulling. When Jack would try to recover his line it would not come easily, but seemed like dragging a stick through the heavy current. Twice the fish circled in the slack water, and I began to wonder if it was a brown.

"I glanced back at Jack. Now his jaw had a new set, his eyes a new light. I could have patted the old river as it rushed by me. That one glance was nearly fatal. With a sweeping run, the fish had swung towards a nest of snags. I yelled a warning, but Jack, inexperienced, failed to snub the run and into the snags he went.

"I am an old man, and I was no youngster then. I hate to get wet, and I always have. But I forgot my age and my inclination then; I only knew that Jack must not lose that fish. So out I waded, out over the tops of the waders, clear to the arm pits, and fumbling with feet and hands, somehow I kicked him free. And as the line tightened again, Jack, not even looking at me, yelled, 'Thanks, old boy.' But the tone of his voice was thanks enough for me.

"Dripping, and with waders that weighed a ton, I sloughed over to the shallow side of the river. The fight was over now, and slowly Jack was taking in his line. Now the fish was about opposite me, and I saw him for the first time. I could not believe my eyes. He did not seem fifteen inches long—and headed down stream. Heedless I waded closer—and then I saw why no leaps, why those quick runs—the fish was hooked foul, on the back, near the tail. Quickly I eased my net below him, and with a quick scoop, had him head first."

Milton paused. Then seeming to talk to the moon-swathed flats beyond him, he said, "It was a chub, the biggest chub I ever saw, full twelve inches or more.

"I felt sick all over. My back was towards Jack, and somehow I couldn't turn and face him. My hopes were gone, and my river seemed to mock me with the snicker of its waters. Behind me sounded Jack's enthusiastic, happy voice. 'How big, old timer?'

"Quickly I loosened the hook and inserted it in the lower lip of the chub. Then slowly I turned, set for the unhappiest moment of my life.

" 'Jack,' I said, and my tongue seemed thick and dry, 'I was wrong. A chub can become a trout. This is a chub—but a fighter.'

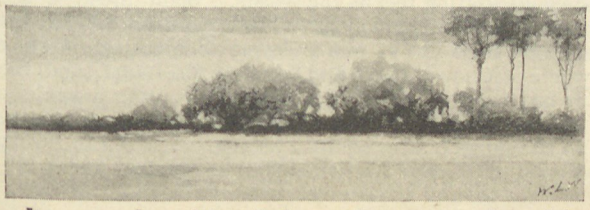
"Jack's jaw dropped; his eyes half closed, and his shoulders sagged. Then he turned and looked again, far off into the blue of the long hills. For a moment there was silence, save for the purling of the water, and the soft whine of a catbird. Watching Jack, with eyes that seemed blurred, I seemed to see his jaw renew its set—I saw his head lift up—his eyes open wide. With a snap he turned towards me.

" 'You're damn right; they can,' he cried, 'a chub can fight—he can be a trout,' and striding towards me, he unhooked the chub and laid it gently in his basket.

"Today that chub, mounted, hangs above Jack's desk. And from that day he no longer shunned his fights. And you know our Jack of today."

Milton's voice dropped, and turning towards the river, slipping away into the shadows, he spoke softly, "A miracle—the only chub that ever became a trout. That's why you saw him there today, Bill, looking for another miracle. But it can never happen again."

"I wonder," said Bill Ryan, gazing intently at the fingers that were all thumbs.



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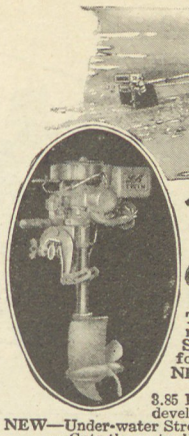

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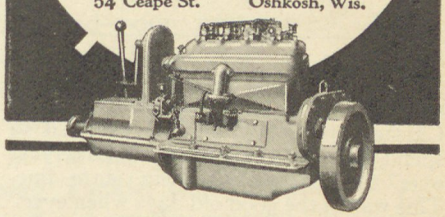

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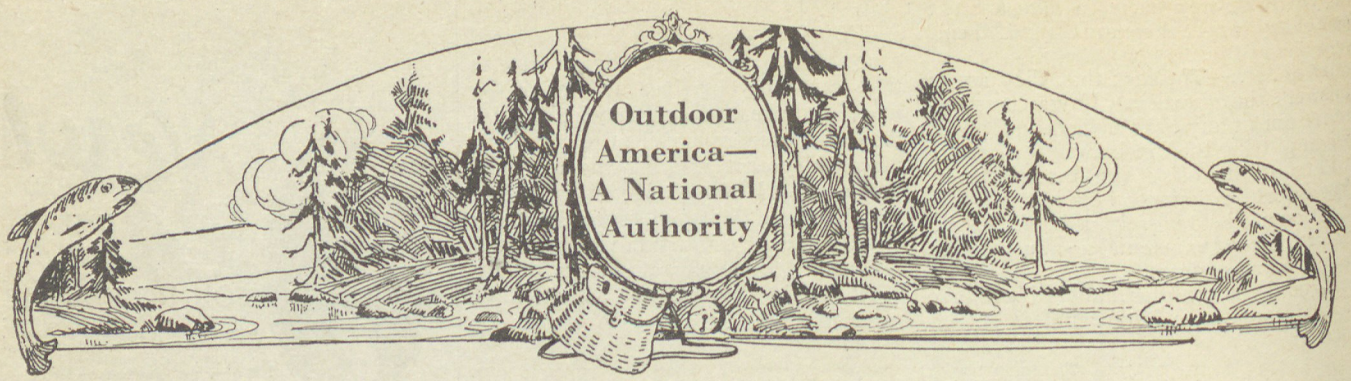

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Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

The Birth of Bait Casting

By E. R. Letterman, Past President, N. A. S. A. C.

AWAY back in the late '80s or early '90s a small but enthusiastic group of Chicago sportsmen were accustomed to spend their week ends at Camp Lake, just over the Illinois-Wisconsin state line. This was in the good old days when every lake and river was blessed with a surplus population of bass and pickerel, ready and waiting to pounce upon anything that looked like a square meal. Our friends probably chose Camp Lake because of its convenient location, the waters almost lapping the rails of the Wisconsin Central Railway, and it was not necessary to drive three or four miles from the railway station, and thus lose good fishing time, as was the case with some other lakes. Fishing was always good, and attendance was regular, so to add to the dignity of the occasions the Camp Lake Fishing Club was organized.

Members were well equipped with high class outfits, consisting of fifteen-foot poles, Skinner spoons, weedless hooks and anything that looked and acted like a reel. Some of them trolled along the weed beds, and others were strong for flipping a live frog over the lily pads. All sought fish in plenty, and between pipes after supper the favorite discussion was on the merits of the different methods and which was most deadly. The question was never decided, because at the peak of the argument one of the members discovered that by putting the click on his reel to prevent over-running he could shoot a frog or spoon out 50 or 60 feet, thereby covering more territory. He held no monopoly on the improved method, as the rest followed suit. Soon another genius found out that he was carrying excess baggage in his 15-foot pole, and he cut it down to 12 feet, then to 10, then to 9, and with this extremely short rod (note that it is no longer a pole, but a rod) he was able to turn the trick with one hand. So originated bait casting.

The shortening of the rod continued rapidly, and soon 6 or 6½ feet was the accepted length. It was then that the reel called for attention and improvement. Meek's and Milan's were obtainable, but who wanted to pay twenty dollars for a reel? Our newborn caster hit on the Abbie & Imbric compensating reel as the most fit for purse and practice, and as far as I know everybody used it. It was a good reel, but where is it now? Gone and forgotten, but it had its run back in the '90s.

To get back to the subject, after equipping themselves with practically frictionless reels, it was only natural that these pioneers soon found out that a sligh touch of the thumb on the spool gave bet ter control than the click, and that a 10 or 12-pound line mixed with a little science gave ideal results. Also about that time they began to discard the "side swipe" and adopt the more graceful and much more accurate "overhead," and soon the night's discussion had changed to tales of wonderful casts made during the day. The best way to settle the questions on the numerous boasts of accuracy and distance was to cast at a mark in the water. So originated tournament casting.

It is worth observing that the ½-ounce weight, as adopted at that time, is to this day the most popular weight, and with heavy rods and regular fishing lines used at that time it would have been almost impossible to cast anything lighter. The only available weight at that time was the regular ½-ounce pear-shaped dipsey, so this was used in their impromptu contests. Soon arose a serious obstacle. The weight was difficult to follow with the eye. Something more distinguishable had to be found, and the problem was solved by using a model of a somewhat life-like rubber frog, originally devised for fishing. A wire ran through the body, a ring at one end and a bit of lead at the other to balance the scale at ½-ounce. It

was with this frog weight and kingfisher lines that the following remarkable scores were made by the winners in the 1897 tournament given by the Chicago Fly Casting Club:

Accuracy bait ½ ounce—Fred N. Peet, average, 95 4-5%.

Long distance bait ½ ounce—F. B. Davidson, average, 98 4-5 feet.

As far as available records go, the Camp Lake Fishing Club ceased to function about 1891, when the Chicago Fly Casting Club was organized. My impression is that it was in the nature of a reorganization, but I am not positive. Improvements in tackle went slowly for several years, and it was not until about 1898 that any radical change was made in the casting weight. The compensating reel had been discarded for Meek's, Milan's & Talbot's, and rods were getting more flexible. The rubber frog referred to was still used, but it had a tendency to sail in the air, and many otherwise good casts were a total loss on that account. I was on a committee appointed by the Chicago Fly Casting Club to devise something better. We decided on a smaller rubber frog, with round body and legs, weighted inside and painted white. We had a mould made, and the new frog weight was in general use for about three years.

About 1901, I began to think of a weight made of wood, with lead nose. I had found by experiments that unless the principal weight was well forward an over and over spin was unavoidable. About this time our experts were asking for an event of more delicacy, and suggested a ¼-ounce event. I made some ½-ounce weights from a ⅝-inch dowel, and ¼-ounce from ½-inch dowels. They had no taper, were hollow, lead in nose, with an upholsterers' tack to protect same. They were very successful, and scores began to improve so wonderfully that in a short time all old records went into the discard. The trouble was, we could get nobody to manufacture the weight and guarantee the accuracy, as five and ten grains variation was all we would allow, so by force of circumstances I became official weight maker.

This weight was in use two or three years, and about 1904 or 1905 I submitted for approval a new design for both ½ and ¼-ounce. It was solid wood, tapered, with a lead nose protected and held in place by a round head screw. It was easier to make, more substantial and carried better. It was officially adopted, and at first was stamped C. F. C. C. and after the organization of the national body in 1906 the stamp was changed to N. A. S. A. C.

As we were still unable to find a manufacturer who would turn out these weights within our variation limit, I continued to supply the demand, which by this time was getting heavy, and my den was turned into a regular factory. This weight seemed to be satisfactory for several years, but I was unable to supply the demand. I was sick and tired of spending every minute of my spare time making weights, and hearing a constant clamor for more and still more. I began to experiment on a metal weight that could be cast in quantities. Lead and

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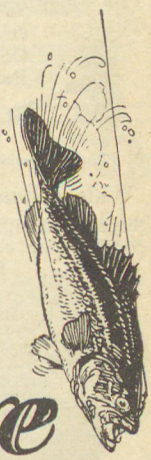

Happy Days Ahead — Shakespeare Company — Fishing Tackle — Kalamazoo, U.S.A.

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477 Pitcher St.,
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Send me a copy of the 1926 Shakespeare Catalog.

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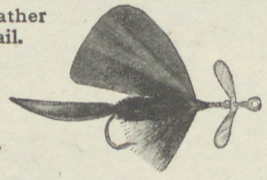
"The Fly-Tackle Capital of America"

STARTING as a hobby, developing as an art, continuing as a craft that preserves sportsmanlike ideals on an equality with the height of manufacturing excellence—that is the Weber institution. You fly-anglers for Trout and Bass should know us—so let's get acquainted by mail.

Fetherlite Floating Spinners

12 colors, Feather and Bucktail.

Trout Sizes 35¢ each
Bass sizes, 50¢ each.



The "Whiskerkaster"

⅝ oz. Bait-casting Lure

Eccentric celluloid spinner wobbles the head and wiggles every whisker; weedless and snag-proof—$1.00 each.

Single Hook Squirrel Tail
also Bucktails—each, 35¢

"Whisker-Bug" Bass Lure

each, 65¢

Deer tail in effective alternating stripe pattern; 6 color combinations with white, red or yellow tails. Hollow point Sproat hook. A deadly fly for bass.

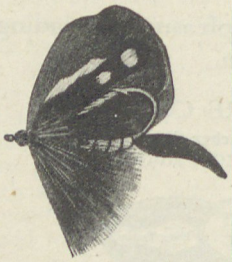
The "Acklenat" Early Season Dry Fly

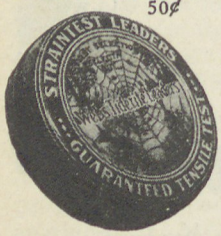
Ostrich body. Floats very high. Only on No. 16 and No. 18 Model Perfect hooks. $2.00 doz.

(Cut is oversize)

Walton Bass Fly

Superior design and construction, each 50¢





Straintest Level Leaders—
our value supreme.

Six, 6 ft. Trout, in metal leader box, $2.00

Send for the Weber Free Catalog. It is an education in fine tackle.

WEBER LIFELIKE FLY COMPANY
STEVENS POINT, WIS.
"If Weber makes it, a fish takes it"

brass were too heavy, the same objection in a less degree applied to iron, but aluminum seemed to fill the bill. The long pear shape was necessary to insure against whirling in flight. After numerous trials I settled on shape and size and the first models were lathe turned, from an aluminum bar. These weights were so superior to older models that they were adopted immediately, and steps taken to provide the rapidly growing army of tournament casters with both ½-ounce and ¼-ounce weights in unlimited quantities, and with practically no variation in weight. The changes since that time have been trivial. The originals had holes drilled in the stems for line. This left a sharp edge and cut the line. A wire loop inserted in the mould corrected this. A little trouble with broken stems was obviated by slightly increasing diameter.

It looks to me as if the present weight is as near perfection as is possible, but predictions are dangerous. Some fan may now have under his hat an idea he is working out, and it is quite possible that in a few months or a year our present weight will be one of the "has beens." One thing, however, is certain, when scores are running close to 100 per cent, you cannot improve them very much. Go to it boys, and if you cannot figure out a better weight, put telescopic sights on your rods.

CHICAGO CLUBS HOLD TURKEY SHOOTS. NOVEMBER WEATHER NO BAR TO THE CASTERS' ENTHUSIASM, IN SPITE OF SNOW AND ICE.

Until several years ago casting was confined to the summer months and few ventured to the pool after the heavy frosts, but recently the closed season has been lifted and among the winter novelties is the TURKEY SHOOT. The Chicago Fly Casting Club held its annual meet November 1st at Garfield Park. Two ⅝-ounce plug contests were scheduled with turkeys as prizes. In the morning contest five casters tied for first place with scores of 99.5. Edwin F. Sutter won the cast-off with 99.8 and the afternoon contest was won by Frank S. Leach with a score of 99.8. Looks like the National officers needed turkey dinners. The electric heater in the club house was appreciated as the weather was cold and stiff fingers were the general rule. The ice in the pool had to be broken up in order to get the targets in place. Twenty-seven members enjoyed this thrilling sport and are ready to start again.

The Illinois Casting Club performed on the next Sunday, November 8, with the weather at twenty-five degrees and the ground covered with snow. This contest was varied by requiring five shots at the rings placed on the snow-covered ground (as shown in the cuts) and five shots at the rings in the water. Ice formed on the leaders as they touched the water and also on the guides. The seventeen casters who braved the cold often warmed up at the roaring log fire kept burning in the club house by those who preferred the comfort of the house to winning a wonderful turkey out in the cold. F. J. Lane will have the pleasure of eating the club turkey at Thanksgiving as he led the bunch with a score of 99.6. Both clubs will hold other shoots during December.

If you cannot find a place in which to shoot ducks, try a casting contest for turkeys; you will get just as cold and there is quite a "kick" in the sport.

A CORRECTION

In reporting the scores of the recent National Tournament in the list of those winning a 98 Blue Button was given the name of Arthur Neu. This was a mistake on the part of the scorer as Arthur J. Neu won a 99 Blue Button and it appears that way in the records of the Association.

It was also mentioned that the average of Jack Schwinn in the Salmon Fly was close to the record. The record as published is 162 feet, made by Fred N. Peet at San Francisco in 1915, and has never been equalled at any National Tournament. In former days the records were based on the longest cast and now on an average of three or five casts. The averages now being made exceeded the old single cast records in all events except the Salmon Fly.

Mr. Schwinn's average IS the highest average ever cast in a National Tournament and is the RECORD for an average of three casts.

Mr. Peet's record is for the longest single cast.

Mostly About Boys

Continued from page 45

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of the boat and I fished all around it, with no result. Soon I let my line drift nearer inshore, pulled it back a little ways and left it, but it started back out again. I yanked impatiently at it again, but it moved only a few inches. Then I pulled it in earnest and a great weight seemed to leave the end of the line, and a large bass leaped clear out of the water trying to shake the hook out of his mouth.

Dad, who was in the other end of the boat, being an expert fisherman himself, wanted me to hand him the pole, but "nothing doing"—that was my fish and I was either going to lose him or land him without help.

Suddenly Dad lost all interest in me and my fish as just then he hooked one. After about five minutes I landed mine, and was the happiest boy alive. Then Dad landed his and it was an inch longer and a little broader than my fish was. They were the only strikes we had that day, but I was satisfied. When they were weighed, mine weighed three pounds and Dad's three pounds and three-quarters.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

Well, here's hoping the best letter wins.

THOMAS PETTY.

A fine trip, Tom, only it was too bad your fish couldn't have been the longer.

Clarksville, Iowa.

Dear Editor and Fellows:

I have been a reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA for nearly a year, and have enjoyed the boys' section very much. I like to read other fellows' stories, so will try to write one myself.

I will tell you of a fishing trip that turned out to be a hunting trip. I had planned to meet two of my friends at the river one Saturday in quite late fall. When I reached the place they were already there. We fished for a while but did not have any luck. All at once we heard a whir of wings and, looking up, we saw four large mallard ducks flying over and looking for a place to light. They circled around and finally lit a short distance up the river. We ran up to my neighbor's to get a gun. We got one good single-barreled and one rusty old repeater that all the rest of the boys were afraid to shoot. As I did not want to be left out it fell to my lot to take it.

Well, we sneaked up within range of the ducks and both fired at the same time. Well, that old gun went off and I slid back through the grass for about a rod, it seemed to me. When I came to, I saw a duck coming straight towards me. I loaded the old repeater and, when it was right over me, I shot. Well, you can believe it or not, that old gun drove me into the ground about six inches. I got my ducks anyhow, so that was all that mattered to me. Say, my arm was so sore for a week I could hardly move it.

I think I have taken up space enough, so will close for now.

Yours for sport,

VIRGIL L. SMITH.

How an old gun can set you back, can't it? But at any rate you got your ducks, as you say, and that was the main thing. A little kicking doesn't count in a case like that.

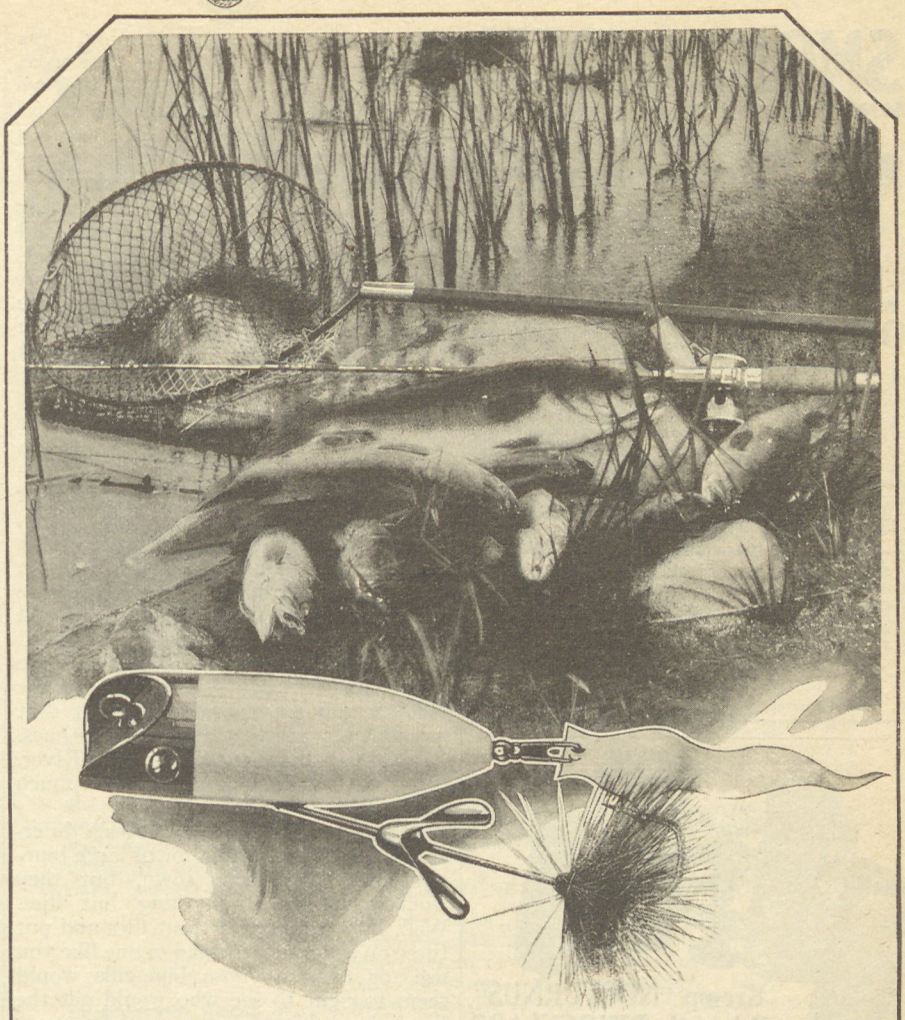
Big Rapids, Michigan.

Dear Fellows:

I've been reading OUTDOOR AMERICA for about a year, so I guess it's about time I helped with the shack.

I don't hunt much, but I fish whenever I get a chance and that's quite often. I suppose you read about the Pine River in the November issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Well, that's where I fish most of the time. It's some river, too. I never went up there without catching some trout. I fish with flies most of the time, and I think it is a lot more fun than any other way. Last season I used salted minnows some of the time, but now they have a law in Michigan that you can only flycast in a number of rivers, including the Pine. I am glad they passed it, too.

Last season, Harold Totten ("Tottie"), Dick Donley and I went up to the Pine to stay over the weekend. It was about the middle of June and the people who had been fishing up there had caught all they wanted. We packed our "pup" tent and tackle, and started out. It is about an hour and a half's drive to the river, and we made it in record time for us, because we were so anxious to start fishing. As soon as we reached the river we put our



HERE'S the lure to use when they're lying upshore 'neath the lily pads and rushes—the WIZ-ORENO —a single hook bait, practically weedless.

In action it is sensational—alluring. Wobbling erratically like a Bass-Oreno, its motion is further accentuated with a wiggly pork rind tail and a flashy, swirling spinner. Gay, crawling hackles mask the hook. It is a fish-tempter, a real fish getter. Ask your dealer—he will tell you

Jack's Wiggle-tail Pork Rind is recommended for use with the Wiz-Oreno

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1926 FISH-PHOTO CONTEST NOW ON! *Above is shown a prize winning photo in our last year's contest. 1926 contest now on. There are eight fish classes and $2,000 in prizes. WRITE FOR DETAILS.*

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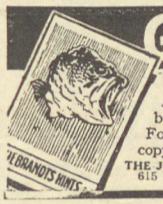

HILDEBRANDT'S NEW HINTS About fishin' is brimful of ideas and baits and things. Not a dry line in it! For all kinds of game fish. YOUR copy is ready. Send for it.

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Prescott Spinner Fly Gets 'em

Come home with the fish —not the story

FIFTEEN STANDARD PATTERNS

Tied on No. 1/0 hooks..... 50c
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THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

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Anglers Quality Tackle

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Spend some pleasant and profitable time this winter making and repairing your own tackle, and it sure will add to the fun next time you go fishing to play them on your own make. Send for free catalog.

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SMOKE on me FREE!

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON

Try this Old Kentucky Homespun Absolutely at My Risk Fill out and mail coupon below. I'll send you a FULL POUND CAN of Old Green River—or as many pound cans as you want. Fill your pipe with it—several times—give it a good tryout. Have your friends try it. If you like it—send me $1 per can. If not satisfied that it is the tobacco for you, send back the rest, it WON'T COST YOU A CENT.

Smokers everywhere are fast friends of

OLD GREEN RIVER

—the pleasing, comforting, always-satisfying tobacco. Real pure, genuine Homespun—sun-ripened and cured. Not a trace of harshness or bite! Mellow as old wine! "The richest, tastiest smoke you ever blew through your lips." Check your preference on the coupon in front of mild, medium or strong—granulated or long cut. Mail today.

PETE MOBERLY, Box 1095, Owensboro, Ky.

Send me.....Pound Can (s) of Old Green River, Granulated: ☐ Mild ☐ Medium ☐ Strong. Long Cut: ☐ Mild ☐ Medium. If after smoking any part of it, there is any dissatisfaction, I can return balance and I won't owe you anything. If I like it, I'll send you $1 per can.

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U. S. Government Certificate of Test with each instrument!

High quality optical glass. Magnification 6 times. Wide field, 140 yards at 1000 yards distance. Wonderful definition and illumination. Extra large objective lenses—32 mm—and large exit pupil especially adapt them for conditions where light is poor—in woods, at dusk or on cloudy days or at night. Exceptional limit of resolution. Flare, colored edges and astigmatism almost entirely eliminated. Axes closely parallel. Optical glass is proof against atmospheric corrosion. Body sturdily constructed. Dustproof and waterproof.

U. S. Bureau of Standards Certificate with each pair! You are doubly sure of the quality of these Kremp NOCTURNUS Binoculars because each pair has been tested by the National Bureau of Standards for magnification, angle of axes, true field, diameter of exit pupil, light transmitted, limit of resolution, and flare and color, and each pair delivered is accompanied by the Bureau's certificate for the individual instrument delivered to you. They are positively the best binoculars $59 can buy. If you want a pair of really good field glasses—fit for years of sure and unchanging satisfaction—buy these tested binoculars.

SEND NO MONEY! We will prepay postage and insurance and you may pay postman $59 on arrival of the binoculars. Price includes strong leather carrying case with straps.

$59 Including Bureau of Standards test fee.

THE R. Y. FERNER CO.
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Full size $1.50. *Booklet Free.* *** Sanitas Co., 1120 Sanitas Bldg., 33 Keap St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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rods together and started fishing. We fished until almost dark and then went back to put up the tent. After that we cooked the trout we had caught, and boy! but they sure tasted good. We were up early the next morning, but nothing happened worth telling about that day.

Sunday morning we started fishing about four o'clock. "Tottie," who had been fishing for about ten minutes, suddenly came into camp with a rainbow that weighed two and one-half pounds. He had caught it on salted minnows. We were all excited then and we all started fishing. Inside of five minutes "Tottie" caught another weighing two pounds, only it was a brook trout. After that we fished for over an hour without having a bit of luck. We were going to start fly-casting, when I had a bite. I let the trout take the bait until he ran away with it. Then I struck. Say! have you ever hooked a large trout? If you haven't, you've a treat coming. I had a five-ounce rod and it bent till I thought it would break. It seemed hours before I landed it. It was a rainbow, and weighed three pounds and was eighteen inches long. We didn't catch any more large trout that day, but we each got a lot of smaller ones. I have been on many trips to Pine River, but I don't think I have ever had much more fun than on that one.

This summer I used trout flies a different way. There were a lot of large blue-gills in a lake near town, but they wouldn't bite on anything but flies. Well, I took some old trout flies and put three on the leader instead of one like you use for trout. Those blue-gills would seem to fight to see who would get the flies. I would catch two or three every time I cast, and they were all eight or nine inches long, too. If you try fly casting for blue-gills, and some time you think you've got a whale, just play it easy, because it's only a bass. They will strike almost as quickly for trout flies as a blue-gill. I have hooked them many a time.

In the winter time I like to make my own fishing tackle. I am making a one-piece, six-foot casting rod now and it sure is fun.

Yours for better fishing,
ROBERT BERGELIN.

A fine trout fishing trip, Robert. The Pine, like so many of our Michigan rivers, is as fine fishing as a fellow can want, isn't it?

James Fleetwood, Jr., writes us from Galva, Iowa. We haven't room for his letter this time, but he would like to hear from the rest of you fellows.

White Pine

Continued from page 33

It is spring. The camps are about to close. The white pine is slaughtered. But the boss comes up from Bay City and says:

"Norway pine is coming into the market. They are getting $2.00 a thousand for the best lumber. It will pay us to cut the Norway before letting the land revert to the state through non-payment of taxes."

Fall again. Another siege of slaughter.

MOVING PICTURES OF FISHING

Especially suitable for Izaak Walton League Chapters

Just the thing to make a rousing success of your meeting. Great for organization work, membership drives, etc. They create a wonderful enthusiasm and bring in many new members.

BILL JAMISON'S BARBLESS HOOK FISHING PICTURES

Two-reel pictures

Release No. 1—Muskellunge, Trout and Bass.
Release No. 2—Trout and Atlantic Salmon.
Release No. 3—Bass and Rainbow Trout.

See "The Barbless Hook Girl"

Styles of fishing shown. Bait casting, fly fishing and live minnow fishing.

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Full of Fish — Full of Action

No nets or gaffs are used. All fish taken on Barbless Hooks and landed with the hand.

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Advertising Posters Furnished

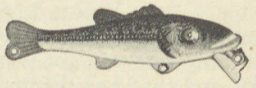
Large three-color illustrated posters for advertising the pictures and your show will be furnished. They will attract much attention to your meeting and will greatly increase the attendance. Do not fail to write at once for full details, giving date if possible.

CHAPTER SERVICE BUREAU OF THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

—or—

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
736 S. California Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

It's Tough—



Wt. ½ oz., ¼ Size Bassy Getum

It's Made of Good Tough Bronze

Bang it against a rock if you have to—slam it against the side of the boat if you can't help it—let a musky chew it like a bull pup chews a stick you're trying to pull away—it makes no difference. Still it's good. Maybe a dent or two—maybe a few chips of enamel off—still it's good—and will be as long as you are.

It's made of good tough bronze—that's why—hollow so it's just the right casting weight—but tough—tough as they make 'em—tougher than the roof of a 40 lb. musky's mouth—lots tougher.

And it's got a world of stuff on the ball that makes it the real fish-getter it is. So has its brother, the Piky-Getum.

Our literature tells you why. Don't you want it?

The Outing Line includes lures, steel rods, tackle boxes, nets, folding metal decoys and other Outing equipment.

Outing Mfg. Co.
558 Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.

OLD FISHERMAN'S 1926 CALENDAR
"tells when the fish bite"
USED BY THOUSANDS
PRICE 25¢ — 3 FOR $1.00
OF CALENDAR—Box 505 SPRINGFIELD — MASS.

Give OUTDOOR AMERICA as a gift any time during the year—*it* will be appreciated.

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.

Many noble cousins fall, victims of the axe and saw. Their warm, brown trunks make a striking contrast to the cold white snow on the skidways and banking grounds. A small sawmill is installed for cutting the Norway and the few small white pines that were overlooked in the first butchering. White pine now brings $7.00 a thousand; the mills are a little more lenient regarding shaky butts and knotty trunks. The pinch of pine is just beginning to be felt in the east, and the southern Michigan supply is going fast. The Flint, the Pine; all the other branches of the Saginaw and the lower reaches of the Muskegon Rivers are fast being denuded of their heavy forest growth. New life is injected into the camp operations about us. At last the Norways run low. Now only dead tops and jagged stumps are to be seen. Comes a hot, dry season in summer. High west winds extract the last drop of moisture from the slashing. The pitch oozes out on the ends of the cut limbs and stumps. The very air smells of turpentine. A man returning from town lights his clay pipe. Carelessly he throws the lighted sulphur match alongside the trail. The pale blue, sputtering thing runs along the match wood, flaring yellow in the hot summer sunlight as the odoriferous sulphur burns off. Leaves smoulder and burst into flame. Thirty minutes later the countryside is a wall of flame, fed by the dry, resinous slashing. Two days later the country is a desert waste. No seed trees living except a few of us along the lake shore or an occasional young pine sheltered by a sandy turn-out or wind-thrown tree. Winter comes on a desolate land. Game is burned or driven out. All is wide, white silence. A devastated country. "Development." "Civilization."

The warm rains and soft Western breezes of many seasons have whispered through my branches. The snows of two hundred winters have whitened my trunk. At other times red, roaring flames have licked the earth at my feet, but the small twigs, moss, and other combustible debris, fortunately did not lie close enough to my trunk to catch fire and destroy my bark. The Norways wear tougher barks about their feet. Fires burn about them indiscriminately, without injuring them, unless the fire is extremely hot. Bark of the white pine is thin, tender and easily burned. From my towering height I have seen afar on clear days. To the hardwood ridges on the west, far to the north, south and east, often forty miles on clear days. Again the clear atmosphere has been poisoned with the smoke of innumerable forest fires in the days when man cared little for the forest except to denude and rape it for the almighty dollar. Fire followed the slash, killing my numerous progeny that had grown up about me, leaving their burned and twisted bodies as mute evidence of the carnage wrought. The grey timber wolf skulked and howled the winter through, hungry for the snowshoe rabbits, grouse and other wild game that were wont to thrive in the thickets before the fire swept all clean.

Nature was ever kind, and in time healed my wounds. Quaking asp, oak and soft maple sprang up and served as a

You'd rather be seen *with* Heddon's

7½ lb. Largemouth Bass taken by Mr. J. A. May, Nashville, N. C. Entire outfit Heddon—No. 15 Rod, No. 3-35 Reel, Vamp bait, Simson Line. *"There's nothing like Heddon split-bamboo rods for strength and sportiness,"* says Mr. May.

* * *

In fourteen years of Field and Stream fishing contests Heddon baits have taken more prize Bass than all other artificial minnows combined.

JAS. HEDDON'S SONS
Dowagiac, Mich.

"The box with the red edge"

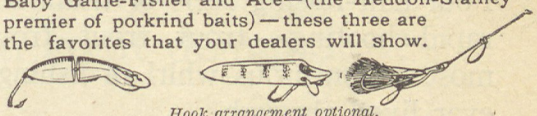
QUALITY cannot hide itself. It may lie in deep places, yet subtle proof of its presence shines through to the surface. Your fishing outfit built up with Heddon tackle as its main-stay, is the kind that you are glad to have inspected — perhaps envied — by the most critical. It is prideful equipment — with its downright inner worth sharply revealed by its external niceties and self-evident refinements. Business-like, sportsman-like—it is the kind of possession by which you like to be judged.

Heddon "Tempered"
SPLIT BAMBOO CASTING RODS

are the outstanding staple of the world's rod values — graceful, powerful, light but immensely strong — with all the service-life of metal yet free from "weave", recoil or tiresomeness. Every approved weight and length ..... $8.00 to $35.00

Popular Light Weight Baits

The new season's call is decidedly toward lures of lighter weight. Bullet-like casting quality with an extra margin of luring and hooking certainty—that tells the story of their popularity. Baby Vamp, Baby Game-Fisher and Ace—(the Heddon-Stanley premier of porkrind baits)—these three are the favorites that your dealers will show.

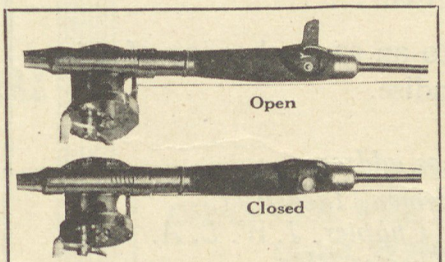


Hook arrangement optional.

Ask to see the new Heddon 3-25 Level-Winding Reel with *double* steady-bar—a new feature cutting down wear and friction, $25.00.

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac

Fly casting for Bass and Trout, and Salt Water Bait Casting are the two branches of fishing which are coming in on the top wave of popularity. Note the new items for these sports appearing in the 1926 free Heddon Tackle Catalog.



FISHERMEN!
STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

No more trouble with that hook getting caught in brush, clothes or fingers. Use a "DAVIS SAFETY HOOK HOLDER", a pliable rubber ring sufficiently elastic to fit the grip of any pole. Agents wanted in all states to carry it as side line.

Price 50 cents

RANIER NOVELTY CO., Renton, Wash.

High-Grade Split Bamboo
FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing
Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods
Made at the Rod Shop of
THOMAS ROD COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE
Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows.
Oriental Wiggler··$1.00
Shimmy Wiggler··$1.00
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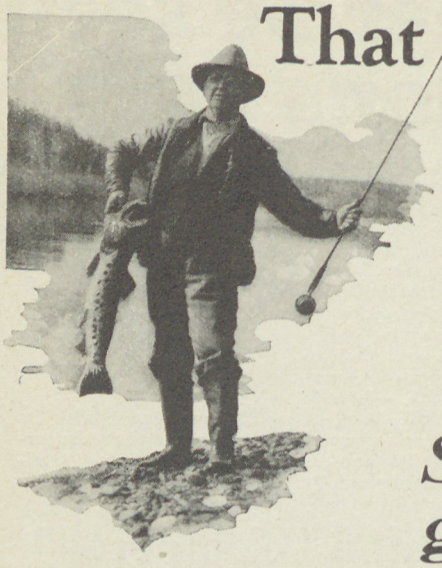
Shimmyette Fly Rod Wiggler 50¢
Bass, Musky or Fly Rod
Pork Rind Strips 45¢ Jar.
Mfg. By
Al. Foss 9526 Quincy Ave., Cleveland, O.



That Trout Trip Down the Nipigon

Stage this greatest of fishing films for your next Chapter meeting

Get after your entertainment committee to book this marvel film for your next get-together

Four hair-raising reels of thundering waters, perilous rapid-shooting—trout, trout, trout,—in the wildest, most adventurous whirl of fishing episodes that you ever lived through.

Brought the Chicago convention gasping to its feet. Has electrified scores of Chapter audiences.

Taken by a special Walton Expedition especially for Walton entertainment; receipts devoted to Walton progress.

Spur your committee men to an early showing of this graphic trip to anglers' paradise.

For bookings address:—
Sherman Brown, Treasurer,
Milwaukee Chapter, I. W. L. A.
Davidson Theater Bldg.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

SPECIAL

Write for details of a plan by which you can co-operate with your local picture house to make this a big profit event for your Chapter.

trunk. The bark will bulge and grow over the limb scar and more wood will add itself to the girth of the tree and the knot will eventually disappear. Here will rise a tall, dense forest with clean trunks, making for good, clear, number one pine lumber at a time when the market will be denuded. All this will be possible if fire is kept out. Lakes, swamps, streams and fire breaks will insure this. Then again will the forest be pine. Comrades will grow up about me waving their long, green arms in the cold winds of winter and the warm southern breezes of spring. It will be a good game cover, and the country will be rejuvenated and reborn. These now worthless acres will be taken up by those who appreciate the green of growing forests. Scientific forestry will come into its own and we will aid our nation in maintaining its preeminence among the nations of the earth. Giant airplane patrols will fly constantly over our heavy crowns, the pilots and observers ever on the lookout for the tell-tale smoke of fire. Lumber will be cut under strict rules. No longer will slash be tolerated. Clean cutting and the preservation of the young forest will be the rule of the day. Some system of universal cleaning up will be followed so the lumberman of Wisconsin will stand the same operating costs as his brother in Michigan and other states. The burden of scientific cutting will be borne by all alike and the selling price will thus be equalized. Again the deep forest will house the animals of the wilds. The forest trees will grow close together, twining their arms about one another, whispering day and night. The forest will be cathedral-like with lofty pillars, a veritable temple of the great out-of-doors.

Thus speaks the old White Pine. Darkness falls in a thick mantle about the old tree. A brisk south breeze riffles the water shining through under his broad arms. From behind a cloud the moon bursts forth, flooding the pines, changing their slender trunks to columns of ivory. The spot becomes enchanted. The moonlight displaces the familiar character of trees, rocks and lake, and wraps them in a mystery of white beauty in which there is something ghostly, yet fascinating. The old pine sleeps the sleep of the aged. Let us retire softly lest we awaken him.

Finis

A typographical error in the November 1925 advertisement of the Hunter Arms Co. Inc. was responsible for the wording:

"Every day during the hunting season, these guns are making clean kills at 60 yards."

The advertisement for L. C. Smith Long Range Guns should have read—

"Every day during the hunting season, these guns are making clean kills at 80 yards."

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Do you want

Special Outdoor Films?

We've got 'em!

Hunting, Fishing Camping, Boating and Forestry Films.

Make sure of a large Attendance at Chapter Meetings.

Order Early as these Films are in great demand.

Fill in and mail Coupon today. Get full information as to titles and available dates.

CHAPTER SERVICE BUREAU
Izaak Walton League
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Send titles of Outdoor Films, available dates and complete information.

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.....

With the Sporting Dogs

The Kennel Service Department of Outdoor America is Anxious to Help You With the Care and Selection of Your Dog

EDITED by SHADY LANE

Three Aces.

The Sussex Spaniel

By William H. Gordon

WE have read with much pleasure the description of the English Springer, by Mr. Chevrier of Winnipeg, Canada, published recently in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

We congratulate Mr. Chevrier on his pluck and foresight in bringing the Springer to the notice of American sportsmen who like a spaniel as an aid in hunting. He is entitled to great credit.

We have no story of "a dog's wise ways" but simply wish to introduce to the spaniel-loving sportsmen, another breed which is unknown in the U. S. A. except to those who came from "Old England."

We heartily agree with Mr. Chevrier that the cocker, while starting out full of energy and vim, can not stand the pace for a day's work in our heavy timbered country which is of course, interspersed with scrub spruce thickets, brier patches, and swamps.

Having a copy of "Stonehenge on the Dog," edition of 1887, and reading up on the various breeds of sporting spaniel, we decided that we would like a Sussex Spaniel. So in 1922 a bitch was shipped me, bred before shipment to the premier Sussex of Britain today. She arrived, and in due season, presented me with three puppies.

The beauty of the Sussex is beyond question, and their ability as fit companions for the bird hunter is unquestioned. As retrievers from land or water, they are the equal of a Labrador. "Stonehenge" (the late J. H. Walsh, one time editor of the "Field," London), writes of them thus:

"The Sussex Spaniel was almost unknown out of his own county until I drew attention to him in the first edition of this book in 1859. In the early dog shows no notice was taken of him, and until 1872, if shown, he was relegated to the miscellaneous classes. This spaniel is much faster in his work than the Clumber, and more lasting, by which qualities he recommends himself to the general shooter. A couple, or a leash, will suffice for most people, and even a single dog will beat a great extent of covert, if he is a good one. He is gifted with a full bell-like tongue, which he varies according to the game before him; and by this means an experienced shooter knows whether to expect "fur" or "feather," and can also distinguish a hot scent from a stale one, by which he is considerably benefited. There is no better

A splendid Sussex Type.

all-round spaniel than this, and I am not surprised at the rise in fashion shown in his case of late years. The correct color is a golden liver."

Then as now, fashion decrees the popularity of a breed. The Sussex almost died out since the great war, during which the breeding of dogs as a fancy was suspended. Since then, we are informed, the Sussex is again coming into his own. No mention was made in Mr. Walsh's book of the English Springer. There are very few in the United States, but there are a few good brood bitches and some stud dogs, but so very few have any idea what a Sussex Spaniel is that it would take a Chevrier and a Freeman Lloyd to bring them into public notice.

In point of ancestry, they go "way back," the "Rosehill" strain being justly celebrated. "Stonehenge" book shows illustrations of "George" and "Romp," bred by Mr. Fuller of Rose Hill, Brightling, Sussex, descended from the celebrated stock of Mr. Moneypenny, of Rolvendon. So brother sportsmen, we are showing herewith, a "Rosehill" Champion of former days, and a Sussex of 1922-23. Their weight is from 35 to 45 pounds. Coat is flat, no curl to be seen. Generally, after the first year the color shows a faded appearance.

It will be noticed that the modern Field spaniel, unless black in color, can not be distinguished by a novice from a springer, while the Sussex *must* be of a golden liver color, though a little white is allowable on breast and throat.

Many have never seen a "Welch Springer." They are of a white and orange color, with orange or lemon colored ears. Their weight is from 25 to 35 pounds. I do not know of a Welch springer in the U. S.

Mrs. C. Youell, White Bushes, Earlswood, Surrey, England, is an enthusiastic breeder of the Sussex, and will gladly answer inquiries concerning the breed.

Nippers, pictured above, a female cross-bred setter and pointer, was stolen from the summer home of F. J. Sober, at Union Lake, Michigan, last August. For the return of Nippers to Mr. Sober at 565 Piquette Avenue, Detroit, Mich., he will pay a reward of a life membership in the Izaak Walton League and $50 cash.

NOTHING is more loathsome than the person who poisons a dog unless it can be the dog thief who steals your pal.

Dog stealing, particularly the theft

Strongheart Training School for Police Dogs

In charge of well known German Trainer

Your Police Dog must be *properly* trained, just as your child must be educated, if you expect to bring out and develop those fine inherent qualities that make a *well-trained* Police Dog the ideal Companion and Protector.

Champion Bero of Elmview

Strongheart Police Dogs

Character plus Appearance

Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elmview, and other noted Dogs at stud.

Puppies for sale at reasonable prices, shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. "You can pay more, but you can't get a better Dog."

SUN BEAM FARM STRONGHEART KENNELS

Eastern Road NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

AQUATIC FOODS—ATTRACT WILD DUCKS & FISH

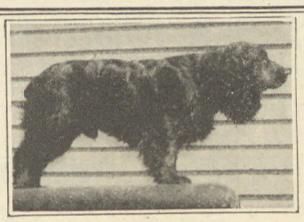
You can't drive wild ducks away from good feeding grounds. Thousands will come to your local waters after you provide plenty of their favorite foods. Many of the same plants provide food and cover for game fish.

PLANT WILD RICE, WILD CELERY, DUCK POTATO

and Sago Pondweed; 20 other natural foods which are hardy and guaranteed to grow are described in free literature. Write, tell us your problems, receive free expert planting advice and literature.

WISCONSIN'S AQUATIC NURSERIES, Box 331, OSHKOSH, WIS.

Sporting Spaniels Cockers and Springers



Send for list of our highest grade puppies in all colors. The supply will be adequate to meet your Xmas wants, but we advise a reservation in advance. Delivery can be made any time before Xmas.

Our Imported Studs at the service of your good matrons. Stud cards on request.

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Dr. and Mrs. A C. Gifford, Owners

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CHESACROFT KENNELS, Reg. Lutherville, Md.

A "CHESACROFT-BRED" Chesapeake is an INVESTMENT. Will you buy the best *Now*, or take a second-class older specimen and keep it for 14 years? Puppies only. Males $75, Females $50. Catalogue and particulars on request.

Arkansas Best Hunting Hounds

Extra High Class Coonhounds, $75.00 and $100.00 each. High Class Combination coon, skunk, opossum hounds, $50.00 each. Good Average tree hounds, $30.00 and $40.00 each. Old Coonhounds good for a season or two, $20.00 each. Extra High Class Foxhounds, $50.00 each. Good average Foxhounds, $30.00 and $40.00 each. Champion Rabbithounds, $20.00 each. Coon and Foxhound pups, $10.00 each. Partly trained Coonhounds, one and two years of age, $20 each.

10 Days' Trial. References in your state.

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Springer Pups Nine pups from Skein of Sedkirk, imported, her sire Chancefield Jack, sire of Anghrim Flashing, winner Fisher's Island trials, 1924 and 1925. "Sire of pups a fine field dog and bench winner." Buyer must be satisfied or no sale. Although we ship no dogs C. O. D. we will agree to refund purchase price on safe return of pups.

Springers are wonderful all around hunting dogs and make excellent retrievers.

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500 Local Agents Wanted to sell Springer Spaniel Puppies. $65 to $150 delivered.

Send for new lists.

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Largest Kennels of this Breed in America

65 Prizes won at New York Newark and New Haven Shows

POLICE DOGS

Western-bred, ranch-raised. Not back-yard pups, but the big working type, worked on stock and game. Our only entry in the last Denver show won all the firsts in his class of 80 dogs, including best American-bred. He was sired by our "Flock of Rexden-Belcarza."

OZONE KENNELS, Box 4445, Fort Collins, Colo.

Ye Olden Tyme extra long eared registered

BLACK AND TAN AMERICAN FOXHOUND PUPPIES

Headquarters for the best. Puppies of ultra merit and bluest breeding for sale. Descriptive illustrated circular. 10 cents. At stud: Hermosa Vista King. Fee $10.00.

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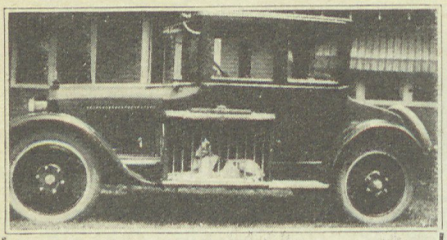
AIREDALE TERRIERS OF RANK

Every Desired Quality That Gives Satisfaction to the Purchaser. **Dr. Knox, Box 50, Danbury, Conn.**



The New Bird Dog's Palace

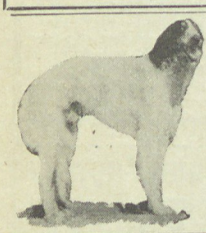
with reinforced back and finished in du Pont Duco, is a value for the money and piece of workmanship that has delighted sportsmen in all parts of the United States.

It takes less than one-half a minute to clamp it on the running board, and may be removed just as quickly, and is adjustable so that it does not touch the body of the car. The top is built like the tops on the closed cars, has storm curtain, and all wooden parts are protected so the dog cannot gnaw. The floor is trimmed with bright metal moulding to match the running board and all trimmings are nickel-plated. The patented door on the Bird Dog's Palace enables you to let the dog or dogs in or out without leaving the driver's seat. It is built throughout of quality materials and finished to go with the good looking cars. Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15 for the two-dog size.

Immediate shipment, packed in strawboard boxes.

Manufactured by

The Dwight McBride Yellow Pine Sales Co.
GOLDEN CITY, MO.



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for hunting or pets and companions. Grown dogs or pups ready for shipment in each breed. Some well trained on coyotes.

GEO. E. HINEMAN
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German Police Puppies

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

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ALVA - OKLAHOMA

100% Llewellin Setters

2 lightly marked, registered, proven brood bitches less than 2 years old, $50 each. Sires Lad Rodney and Mohawk's Sandy.
3 litters puppies (all farm raised) either sex, $25 each, all papers to register. 6 generation, Llewellin certified pedigrees on all of these may be obtained from American Field Pub. Co.
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Springer Spaniels

At Stud: Ch. Corseletts Son of a Gun. Puppies for immediate delivery by Ch. Corseletts Son of a Gun and Ch. Loyal Lord. Dams by Champions and bred to Champions. No puppies better bred. *Prices right.*

Arndale Kennels, W. J. Arnold, Mgr.
646 Archer Ave. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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The Dog for Upland Birds or Water Fowl

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WHITE COLLIE PUPS

The most beautiful specimens the dog world can offer. Home guards, loyal companions, useful and intelligent. Low prices. Illustrated circulars free.

Comrade Farm Kennels, Galion, Ohio

of hunting dogs at the opening of the hunting season, prevails throughout the country, and we believe that some drastic action should be taken to curb this activity. Therefore, OUTDOOR AMERICA *will do everything possible to aid the recovery of a lost or stolen dog.*

We will devote a lot of space to this with your cooperation and will publish a picture of the dog for the cost of making the engraving. A photograph such as we reproduce herewith of Nippers will cost you $3.75.

Our only purpose in doing this is to give the readers of this department every cooperation in connection with our kennel department which will aid you in anything pertaining to dogs, without charge of any kind. Simply address Kennel Service Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA, *536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.*

Fur Farming

(Continued from page 48)

attaches to the silver fox, and by the many fascinating things that pertain to his nature, as disclosed in his propagation.

He is found to be a royal good fellow, the prince of all his kind, a loyal lover, a one wife gentleman. All attempts to turn him into a *Mormon* or *Turk* with a harem, have been extremely risky to the owner and his female stock. Some breeders are trying to corrupt his morals by supplying a seraglio, but this is not generally practiced. It fails because domesticated Silver Foxes, while not particular as to species, insist on choosing their own lifemates as they do in the wild. Furnished with an unacceptable bride the male gets a divorce "sudden and final" by a snap of his jaws or a blow from his sharp-toed paw; the vixen is killed on the spot. That is the reason for the tall towers seen on every Silver Fox Ranch. Watchers night and day in the breeding season must be alert to separate mismated pairs at the first sign of disagreement, or lose one fox, perhaps two.

It was this monogamous character of the silver fox which, unsuspected for a long time, caused the failure to breed them. Even Lord Strathcoma, one of the most renowned of the long line of talented governors of the famous Hudson Bay Fur Company, Dr. Anderson, a learned Danish biologist, and scores of trappers and hunters before and after them, familiar with wild animal life, failed in efforts extending over many years to raise the silver fox, because they did not give him credit for the virtue of constancy unpossessed by the beasts that run in packs.

It was not until 1887 that silver foxes were born in captivity. Old Ben Haywood, half trapper, half farmer, on Prince Edward Island, succeeded in breeding silvers but failed in bringing their litters

Co-Operation!

THE W. E. MILLER COMPANY
DEPARTMENT STORE
WINCHESTER, INDIANA

November 12, 1925

Lefever Arms Co.
Ithaca, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We want to thank you for giving us the price you did on the Lefever gun for our Izaak Walton Picnic. The gun was drawn by Mr. Herbert Hinshaw, Winchester, Ind., R. F. D. It certainly was a drawing card. We advertised it extensively as a Lefever gun and had it on exhibition for over a week prior to the shoot.

Thanking you again for your kind offer, I remain,

Very truly yours,

(signed) John P. Clark

JPC/LEH

THE LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY, INC.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
LEFEVER NITRO SPECIAL
ITHACA, N. Y.

Nov. 17, 1925

John P. Clark,
% The W. E. Miller Co.,
Winchester, Ind.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for telling us that Herbert Hinshaw won the Lefever gun sent you to be used as a prize at the Izaak Walton Picnic. We thank you for advertising the gun extensively. We have known that Izaak Walton crowd for some years, especially that part of the crowd which publishes the official magazine up in Chicago, and we are here to state that they are the right kind of people, and we are always glad to help any member of the Izaak Walton League.

Very truly yours,

LEFEVER ARMS CO., Inc.

TB.LST

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

Help Your Dog

to be a happy, cheerful companion. You will find, at every Drug Store and Pet shop, GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES for every dog affection and our book, sent FREE, will tell you many things you should know about your dog.

Write, address Dept. D.Y. 3

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL MEDICINES

Free Dog Book

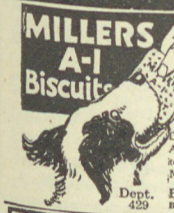
by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY
and
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 70 Bound Brook, New Jersey

MILLERS A-1 Biscuit



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Feed the BEST—That's
Perfection Dog Food

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Complete Game Laws of every State and Canada mailed Free on request. Mighty handy for ready reference.

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DEALERS IN DOG HAPPINESS.

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DELCREO DOG REMEDIES

Recommended by the leading breeders and fanciers.

FREE KENNEL MANUAL

How to care for your dog.

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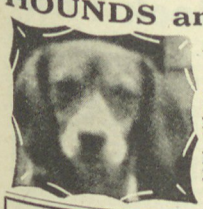
42 Penn Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOUNDS and HUNTING



A monthly magazine devoted to the
BEAGLE HOUND

Field trials, shows reviewed, Health and disease column, hunting stories, articles on training and care of your hound.

HOUNDS and HUNTING
247 Main Street, Decatur, Ill.
Sample 20c., yearly $1.50

IF YOU WANT A DOG

Write to our Kennel Service Department

I. W. L. A., 536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO

to maturity because he herded them together in a pen and the outraged dogs and vixens battled so fiercely together that their young were killed and most of the adults exterminated. A little later Richard Oulton, an Island cattle breeder, succeeded in fixing the type and in raising the progeny by discovering that the silver fox was not polygamous and required a separate home, like a white man, for himself, his wife and his family. Warm and damp-proof shelters followed, and from that time on there has been no trouble in raising silver foxes which, as the Government's handbook says, are the hardiest fur bearers in captivity, as well as the most remunerative live stock that can be kept on a farm.

There are other things which, until late years, biologists and breeders did not know about the silver fox and facts accepted, which, as Mark Twain would say, were not so. It is still a dispute as to whether the silver fox is a special species or not. Some have tried to prove that the silver and the red fox are different species. Scientific selective breeding tends to prove that this cannot be so. The wild silver fox would seem to be a bit of evidence that Darwin was right. In the wild there never were very many silver foxes. Red pups mostly were found in their litters, and a silver whelp only now and then among the offspring of the red. The rarity as well as the beauty of the black silver pelt gave it its comparatively great value and the added fact that it may not be imitated by the dyer's art has been strong recommendation for centuries in its favor to women of taste, style and affluence.

Selected breeding has done for the silver fox that which it has accomplished for the other domesticated animals. The color has been fixed, the fur texture refined, the sheen increased, and the fox itself improved in conformation. Greater knowledge of breeding actually has made it possible to augment or diminish the proportion of silver on the pelt, and thus is met the ever-changing modes of fashion. These pelts sell on the average from twenty-five to two hundred dollars, while the purest strains of properly bred domesticated silver foxes carefully cared for, produce skins superior to those of the wild, and may bring from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars each and even more.

Herein lies much of the secret of the great interest in the fur industry. None can tell what yet may be produced by breeding for a superfine fox, which will gain enduring fame and ample fortune for the breeder. There is no secret in raising foxes; the mystery lies in the breeding of them.

In the new Fox Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA both branches, breeding and raising, as well as the methods of pelting, curing of skins and the marketing of fur, will be covered. It will be a pleasure to answer all questions on these topics, but not on the subject of the diseases to which in some degree, less than with most domesticated animals, silver foxes are liable. This is not because there are not curatives for fox ailments, but is due to the fact that prudent doctors refuse to

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(In Cans)

The Dogs Food Supreme

Should Be Your Dogs Favorite Food

All meat used in this PERFECT BALANCED RATION is inspected and passed by United States Department of Agriculture (Est. E67). For sale by grocers, druggists, sporting goods stores, seed stores, veterinarians, pet shops.

Pound sample will be gladly furnished upon request.

CHAPPEL BROS., Inc.
Rockford Illinois

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Has Your Dog Distemper?

He deserves the best remedy known. For 32 years Spohn's has been the standard treatment for Distemper. Give as a preventive before too late. Cannot possibly harm the youngest puppies. 60 cents and $1.20 per bottle at drug stores or direct. Write for our free booklet on Distemper and its treatment.

Spohn Medical Company, Dept. 28, Goshen, Ind.

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No. 3x **65c**

No. 8x **$2.00**

Also round collars **$1.25**, Spike Training **$2.00**, Leads **60c**, Couplings **50c**, Muzzles **$1.00**.

The originators of the Name-On collar.

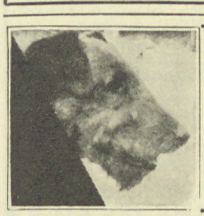
THAD DORSEY CO. CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Rowcliffe Red Man
At Stud. Fee $30.00

ROWCLIFFE KENNELS
Poughkeepsie N. Y.

Breeders and Exhibitors of High-Class Cocker Spaniels for Hunting, Show and Companions

Puppies for Sale, $50 Up



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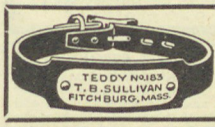

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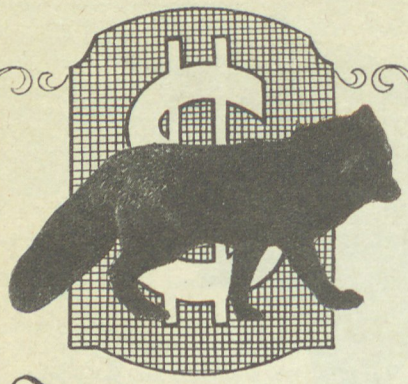

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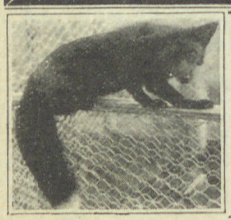

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prescribe by mail for the ill, lest in the hands of those unskilled, the remedy may prove worse than the disease. Such information may be found in reliable publications to which those needing advice may be referred when in doubt as to the treatment required.

Get It Off Your Chest

(*Continued from page 21*)

Then by way of variety we have the following:

Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA
Dear Sir:

Your wishy-washy attitude on sportsmanship makes me sick. What is this League—a bunch of cuckoos, who do nothing but preach to the hunter and fisherman, and attempt to curtail his enjoyment?

These people that groan about taking fish and killing game are in my estimation a sad tribe.

For me, I'd a lot rather find my boy shooting ducks on the river than find him shooting craps in the alley. Raise more game and more fish so that the coming generation will not entirely become a race of cake eaters.

Cordially yours,
L. B. F.

There they are—take your choice.

Address all communications to Ewart H. Ross, Managing Editor, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Action—Not Talk

(*Continued from page 39*)

man, woman and child in the country."

Dr. Brown is right. Waltonism is more than a goodfellowship organization. It has a definite purpose to accomplish and each individual Chapter must work with a definite objective in view.

The ancient reference to good intentions holds good in this work as in everything else. It is the accomplishments that count, and unless you and your Chapter bend your every effort toward concrete achievement you are not getting any place and are falling down in your duty to your community and yourself.

If Sioux Falls Chapter can put over a bond issue for $600,000 to build a sewage disposal plant *your* Chapter can do the same thing with concentrated effort and the application of common sense.

A sewage disposal plant is not a luxury for the fisherman. It is a vitally important factor in the health and the consequent prosperity of the community.

We are mighty proud of Sioux Falls. Let us know what your Chapter has *done*.

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Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

Lost River

(*Continued from page 59*)

angry at him. At any rate we all caught her clear answer. "I should like it doubly that way—if you were brave enough and quick enough to take it first!"

We knew Jean would want no yielded victory, and that she would dispise him all the more if we did not make him fight for it. We had a start, and we made a race of it, up the rough tangled wall of the jam. How he passed Koot-nai, climbing like a marten, I do not know—but he caught the antler almost from under the Indian's hand, wrenched it out from between the logs and held it out toward her. Then his face clouded. Seventy feet below us, on the river bank, Bulbous was aiming into a thick clump of young cedar, growing up among the logs on the opposite shore, just at the foot of the jam. From where we hung against the face of the pile we could see a pair of chick-a-dees flitting in and out of the dense branches. The elephant gun crashed—and from the cedar thicket there came a roar of rage, a heavy startled movement—the swishing of branches as something tore through them—and on the bottom logs the Mad Bear of Lost River stood suddenly out from the green thicket! Big and gaunt, and dirty white, like the foam that whirled on the river below the log jam. He lifted his head and snarled up at us, and then twisted to champ furiously at a place on his flank where a red stain was lengthening. Mayhew's bullet had cut through the thick flesh of the leg and driven him out of his bed in the cedars. He stopped only a brief instant and when he came on we saw that the wound had only angered him. It was for Helen Mayhew, nearest him and in plainest sight, atop the outjutting log, that he began to climb. I had one glimpse of Bulbous, working frenziedly at the bolt of his heavy gun, and knew that in his carelessness he had failed to fill the magazine that morning. The gun was empty and useless. Jean and Koot-nai went streaking past me, fairly falling from log to log.

Helen had not stirred. She seemed to know that she could not reach the ground, and she waited, crowded back against the root-mass of the great pine. Still a dozen feet above the trestle of logs the big white beast was following, I saw Jean land on a gnarled stub—balance for an instant, crouching, tugging at the sheath of his hunting knife—and then as the snarling beast raced by beneath him he flung himself out and down!

He buried the knife to his hand in the shoulder of the Mad Bear—and his weight drove the beast from his footing! They fell together, bumping from log to log, scrambling and clawing—down toward the black racing water. The bear was first to catch footing, but the log on which he gained it was twenty feet beneath the one where Helen Mayhew stood, and there was no span between. Jean brought up in the branches of a water bleached spruce, and his legs trailed to the knees in a tiny whirlpool of the river.

For a brief instant the bear clung, dazed and confused, growling up at the girl above him. Then he spied Bulbous. Mayhew had remembered our guns at last. He caught up Jean's and emptied it as the bear clambered down over the logs. I knew from the wabbling barrel that he would not hit. He flung the gun suddenly from him, and a squirrel never climbed as did Bulbous Mayhew in that minute! He had stood beside a straight low branched young pine when the bear left the last log—he was dangerously far up the trunk when the bear stopped beneath him. The brute upreared against the pine, growling for a short minute. Behind him Koot-nai leaped down from the log pile onto the river bank, and I behind him. The Mad Bear of Lost River turned once and looked back at us, dropped away from the pine and bounded up the side of the ridge into the heavy timber. We caught a glint of his white coat through the spruce twice as we raced for our rifles, but when we reached them he was gone.

Jean carried Helen down from the jam in his arms, and set her on a fallen log. She did not thank him—save with her eyes, perhaps. We did not speak at all. There was no sense of the dramatic left in us. Only, behind me, I heard Koot-nai helping Bulbous down from the tree, and chuckling softly. And then—"I don't write much—but I send one letter to Dan Taylor to tell him how man of gray iron hunts bear!"

We camped that night five miles up Lost River, above the spot where the Chippewa embarked.

The bright leaves had fallen from the hard woods in a week, and when the moon came up over a steep ridge to the east its light fell like silver mist through the black bars of the tree tops. Two moose challenged each other on opposite sides of the river, above us. The gray wolves gathered on the trail of a deer just over the ridge. Jean sat apart with Helen, at the edge of the firelight. Their low voices reached us faintly at times. I caught a word or two from Jean, and I knew he was telling her the Indian legends of the moose and wolves and deer. They came in when the fire was down, and from his blanket Jean said to me finally, "He will go back alone, Jim. She has promised."

The story we brought down is the last word that has ever come out of the Lost River country of the Mad Bear. Whether he is still there no one knows. Whether he was ever mad, and why, probably no one will ever know. But there are five of us who know this, at least. The tale of the Indians was not all legend. There is a Lost River, and its shores have been ruled by a bear, that mad or not, was white in color, and as savage as a grizzly.

* * * * * * * * * *

Jim refilled his pipe and lighted it. I waited, while he drew the first few deep breaths, for the final word.

"There is a single, bleached moose antler above Helen Dardin's fireplace now," he finished. "Koot-nai carried it out for her." THE END

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